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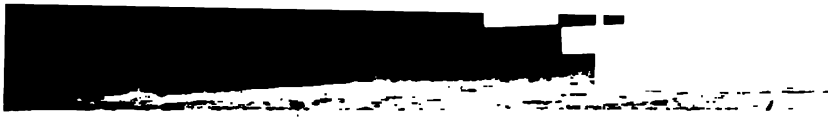
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LETTERS FROM ROME

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LETTERS FROM ROME

ON THE OCCASION OF THE

ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL

1869—1870

BY THE

REV. THOMAS MOZLEY, M.A.

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IN TWO VOLUMES

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LETTERS FROM ROME

INTRODUCTION

ROME IN 1869 AND 1870

THE year 1869 was a season of great events, greater beginnings, and still greater expectations. Mr. Gladstone returned to power. The Anglo-Irish Church was disestablished. The Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland were demanding either a Catholic university or, at least, the entire reconstruction of the Irish educational institutions on the denominational plan, and a settlement of the land question. An English episcopal appointment was solemnly protested against and threatened with formal opposition. The British constituency had been launched on that downward course which could only stop at the lowest level. At Paris the Republicans and Irreconcilables were carrying the polls and showing themselves in the streets. There were some serious collisions. The Emperor was offering to modify and constitutionalise the Empire. In Spain a Regency was established, the Republicans were in arms, and had to be put down by force. For the first time in history Protestants were allowed public religious service at Madrid. The Bible

was allowed in Spain. It was excluded next year from the new public elementary school system in England. There was much muttered thunder between France and Prussia, the latter too full of hope, and too confident, to show even common civility to the former. The presentiments of political earthquake were felt all over central Europe, and Germany knew it must soon consolidate, or shiver, or drift.

Neither Austria nor Italy had much reason to be satisfied with things as they were. The former had more capitals than it wanted, and the latter was neither a political unity nor a geographical name.

All these powers had to maintain order between rival and aggressive faiths, including that most positive and self-asserting of all faiths, which is no faith. Rome, as of old, held peace to be worthless under such conditions. Everywhere, most of all in England, there were able and ambitious men whose only chance of emerging from the slough of mediocrity was to appeal, as it might be, to the higher, or to the lower, estimate of the electors. The possessor of a vote carried about him, not a Marshal's baton, but a share in the government of a great empire. The old-fashioned piety of England had just been stirred to its quiet depths by a new Table of Lessons for the Church Service, and even worse by a threatened revision of the authorised version of the Bible. Menaced on all sides, chiefly on flank and rear, English Church-people were quite ready to encounter their old Roman enemy, challenging it to a radical, comprehensive, and conclusive arbitrament. A popular Scotch theologian insisted on his Biblical right and duty to enlighten the assembled areopagites of the Vatican, and

cited its own professions to justify the demand. How could it be œcumenical if it would not hear him then and there? Sooth to say, while the German professors and philosophers went to the very depths of things, and abundantly demonstrated that the Pope was either a Pope without a Council, or a Pope with one, and in either case no Pope at all, the general English public were content to play on the surface of the matter. True, the question was serious, at all events in its Irish complications, but, as the Irish question was mainly one between landlord and tenant, each wishing to own the soil, it did not much concern the vast majority of Englishmen, belonging as they do to neither of these classes.

Romish aggression had now so entirely ceased to be a terror, that when any man conspicuous for talent, piety, and earnestness should but seem to have a leaning in the direction of Rome, there arose an almost universal cry—'Be off at once. Don't stay to think about it. Let's have no doubts, no lingering on the threshold, no looking back; clear the course; spare us your presence. Rome is welcome to you.' This was not the language of men dreaming of actual danger from that quarter.

While this was the state of things at home, and in Western Europe, it was known that Rome was everywhere showing its presence in the universal turmoil of conflicting creeds, rituals, and liturgies in the East, and holding more than its own in the very face of the Sultan and of the Czar, though every now and then having to repair a failure.

Such a crisis, covering so much ground, affecting so

many peoples and States, and taking so many forms, could only have been arrived at by successive stages, one arising out of another, and easily forecasted by those who could look ahead. In fact, Rome was ready for the crisis—indeed, ready to fulfil the prophecy as well as to make it.

Nowhere, in no place, in no institution, are there so many men keenly interested, practised, and skilled in discovering the signs of the times. By a succession of studied manifestos, claiming to be timely revelations, not to say creations, Rome had long been educating her children for the consummate act of loyal devotion by which they were to surrender to her all that they had hitherto called their own, for her to deal with at her own and sole discretion—indeed, her own will and pleasure. This may be deemed an exaggerated estimate of the required sacrifice, but if it be taken with the same reserves as all social and domestic engagements, it really is what the concession of infallibility amounts to. This, then, in 1869, was the blow ready to fall on European liberty—to some a blind terror, to some a sore difficulty, to some an outrage, to some a snare and a trap, to most a foe to be encountered by the readiest and most effective measures of counteraction and self-defence.

It cannot be said that there was any concealment or craft in the matter. Papal Rome is true to her earliest republican traditions in preferring the open field to the ambuscade. She spreads her net in the sight of the bird. She demands assent to her dogmas on the very ground that they are inaccessible to reason; and she had now recently unfolded to the eyes of the world the famous Syllabus dictating, in the negative form, the

terms under which she claims to govern, even though condescending to tolerate.

The propositions thus dictated to the human race as the terms of her own rightful dominion, and their dutiful obedience, were in an ascending scale, as she seemed to view them; descending, as they might see the matter. The series began with the first principles of religion, the first instincts of humanity, and the first necessary conditions of civil life. Whoever accepted the first principles, it was held, was thereby committed to the next, and so on till there was no escape from the whole. If there is a God there must be a Pope, and whatever God is, the Pope must be that also.

The general policy of Western Europe was that if people chose thus to reason and thus to feel, they were welcome, so long as they did not try to force their own opinion on others with fire and sword. England, even then, was somewhat behindhand in her liberalism. Not only did the great majority of the Church of England still show their old Protestant antipathies, but even the Liberal thinkers had, not so very long before, entered on a crusade against the Pope's adherents on a question of territorial titles, and had had to submit to a defeat.

In any review of the crisis as it affected this country, it ought to be added, that what is called the Oxford Movement had now pretty well spent its initial force, and done its work. The immediate results could almost be numbered. Begun with lofty aims, disinterested motives, genius, learning, singular gifts of personal character, and an undoubted cause, it deeply affected those who could sympathise with the prime movers and understand the appeal. It became the heart-felt and

life-long loyalty of some five or six thousand gentlemen and ladies representing the best blood, the best traditions, the best qualities of the nation. But the mass of the British people, deaf from the first, and unable to perceive what was the matter, only saw it to recoil. When they heard of the most prominent men in the movement one by one taking the leap to Rome, they recoiled still more, and now it only remains to be seen whether more will be accomplished by what we must call the new intermediate formation occupying the space between England and Rome.

To myself, all this controversy upon questions better settled in the upper room of the Christian community, and in the innermost chamber of the soul, had long been most painful and embarrassing, and I had kept clear of it as far as possible. In my heart, I don't think there is much to choose between the infallibility of private judgment and that of the See of Rome. Theologians, whether public or private, whether professional or amateur, whether male or female, whether old or young, of whatever nation, language, or form of government, are a presumptuous and tyrannical race, ever trying to impose their words—words only, or sounds without sense—upon others more disposed, like Her whom we may call the first Christian, to ponder over these things in their hearts. With their outrageous language, their sophistical arguments, their foul play of words upon pretence of logic, and their systematic substitution of the form for the substance, they make, wherever they appear, a spiritual desolation, and then call it the Peace of God.

But I must come to my own part in the present

matter. I was just buckling up to brave the inclemency of mid-winter and the hard work of a scattered parish in an out-of-the-way part of Devonshire, when I was asked to go to Rome, at a very short notice, to write letters to the *Times*, on the opening of the Œcumenical Council. Two letters a week for four or five weeks—that is to say, till Christmas—it was thought would be as much as the British public would care to read. As I was known to have no acquaintance with either the language or the people, I was told I should have assistance; and it is only common justice that I should here say who my colleague was to be. Mr. Henry Wreford, whose acquaintance I had made at Naples twelve years before, had been for a much longer period the chief intermediary between all Italy and this country. With the Italians of all classes he had, and I have no doubt still has, the highest character for truth, geniality, candour and good sense.

I was also told—I have no doubt, in good faith, and with the kindest intentions on all sides—that Mr. Odo Russell, who had been for several years specially employed by the Foreign Office at Rome, would be glad to give me what information he properly could. The large and indefinite character of his own commission no doubt opened his heart, but he had to be official. Mr. Wreford had not much to bring me from that quarter. What information the quasi-diplomatist obtained—and it could not be very much—he probably invested in an interchange of news and ideas with the more congenial German party, particularly with the most highly cultured theologian, and the most highly cultured layman, of this century, as they were often described to me.

I must observe, by the way, that half-measures and ambiguities are as hazardous in diplomacy as in war, which peremptorily insists on knowing whether a man is a soldier or not. All the time I was at Rome, I was hearing of Mr. Odo Russell's troubles and mishaps. He had no place found him at the public opening of the Council. His lady got separated and hustled in the crowd before St. Peter's. English people went to him with complaints, and he could only listen and do nothing ; or they went to him for introductions, or guarantees of their right to be invited to good receptions. Finally it became recognised that the American minister could help them, but not Mr. Odo Russell, and accordingly on one grand occasion the American minister headed a train of twenty carriages, and introduced all the occupants to the lady of the house, who gracefully complimented him on his numerous family. As there was little doubt this irregular English mission was in view of certain contingencies, it could not but be distasteful to his Holiness, who, however, was then showing scant regard for the susceptibilities of the British Government.

I would not go without my wife, and, as I should be much occupied, we thought it best her sister should go with us. To myself it was anything but a pleasure trip. There is no need now to describe the misery of the Fell Railway over the crest of Mont Cenis, for it is happily a thing of the past ; but we had to undergo it twice. On arriving at Rome we found all prepared for us at the Angleterre, and my colleague ready with a teeming budget—then, and always, more than I had time, wit, or strength to utilise. The result, it will be seen, was

that, instead of writing twice a week for five weeks, I, or rather we, wrote almost every day for five months. The letters were read all over England, Europe, and North America. They were read carefully and critically. Mistakes—for I made some—were instantly spotted and duly commented upon. There is no excuse for mistakes, newspaper correspondents, indeed all writers, being officially infallible; but if you receive a handful of news at 2.30, and have to put it into form and despatch it at 2.55, it stands to reason, certainly to experience, that there will, now and then, be a slip, possibly serious to those concerned.

There was no reserve as to our position and occupation. We formed a distinct and prominent party at the Angleterre, and should have been molested by a crowd of curious inquirers, had the ladies and gentlemen there cared sufficiently for the Council. The Roman partisans of Victor Emmanuel were ready to give us any amount of information, if we would only give their cause some countenance in return. Mr. J. H. Parker urgently and persistently invoked our aid to decry and demolish a Roman architect, whom he described as the Pope's buffoon and jester, but a most destructive improver as well as ignorant antiquary. We were also asked to give the British public the benefit of some extensive discoveries of flint implements and personal decorations found in the drift far below the existing levels of Rome and the neighbourhood. M. le Docteur Louis Cecelli was a most interesting and agreeable man, and I spent a very pleasant hour in his little museum. He related with mirthful sorrow, how that the Pope would not tolerate the investigation, the collection, the

society, or its publications, unless he gave the name, that being the Papal prerogative. So the name he gave to this purely scientific institution was the 'Academy of the Immaculate Conception.' I regret to say it makes but a slight appearance in my letters. Prehistoric antiquities are beyond my mental grasp, and I felt they would have clashed with the principal object of my visit to Rome.

Of course the poor sculptors—an army of them, English, Italian, American, and even a pretty young Indian half-caste—wished to be better known to the world at large. I had to harden my heart in a good many directions.

By the end of March I felt the work was telling on me—the anxiety rather than the actual work—and I had to absent myself from the hot and noisy *table d'hôte*. Yet I wished to stay to the bitter end. At Easter my wife was alarmed at my looks, and at her own sensations, suggestive of Roman fever. I had therefore to return. For a month I had been lying every night with a bad case of Roman fever separated from me by a very thin door. I had thought it very hard that my close companion, on the other side, would keep up conversation at such unseasonable hours. It turned out these were the poor man's ramblings. He did not succumb, and that gave a more cheerful aspect to the matter. But Roman fever is a very insidious thing, and it may be months before it comes out.

At Paris I came in for the quasi-festive completion of Haussmann's long labours, and for the Plebiscite. Since its foundation, Paris, so I was told, had never looked so beautiful as it did that day. Never had the

population been so happy. It was the vision of a coming millennium.

It was not my fault that I did not witness and indeed share the realisation, such as it was, of these golden dreams. Immediately on my introducing myself to Mr. Hardman, the *Times* correspondent, he and his wife entreated me to take his place for the present. He was very ill—in fact, dying. He had already communicated with headquarters, whence I received a like request, with some urgency, promising an introduction to the French Minister, and an interpreter, as neither could I talk French nor Ollivier English. So I was told, though it seems strange that the Frenchman had omitted to add this to his many other accomplishments. I saw difficulties ahead, but was ready to rush at them. Not so my dear wife. Her only thought was to be home again, and she would neither stay at Paris, nor leave me there. Most reluctantly I submitted to my guardian angel, and thereby probably lost the rare opportunity of enduring an actual siege, and carrying out to the full extent the command once given to the Prince of the Apostles.

I cannot help asking myself, now and then, what difference it would have made in the course of human affairs, had my wife been as adventurous as myself on this occasion. Should I have given Ollivier any advice? Would he have cared a straw for it? My own memories are conflicting. On the one hand I could never have anticipated that the French military system was so utterly rotten—head, heart and limb, body and soul—as it proved to be. Had I ever read the 'De Bello Gallico,' as I have since, I might have been prepared for the catastrophe. On the other hand I had always

thought Arnold's estimate of the French soldier exaggerated, involving a needless depreciation of other nations. As it happens, I had delivered, on the floor of St. Peter's, to one much interested and concerned, a prophecy that the good people there would soon have to increase their accommodation for mediatised princes.

Had I consented to take the vacant post but for a day I should probably have stayed on. By the time Dr. Temple, then newly enthroned at Exeter, had discovered my absence, and requested me to choose between Paris and Plymtree, I should have been shut up in the beleaguered capital and unable to comply with the request—probably even to receive it. I now cannot but see in this story, whether of public or of private life, that all things are ordered for the best, and that, upon the whole, it is better not to aspire to make history after one's own ideas and one's own natural bent. I will only add here that I was early and often requested to collect and publish these letters, and that some of these requests came to me through the *Times* office. My hands were always too full, and my head too occupied with passing events, or engrossing work nearer home. Hence it is that the letters have slept till now, when length of days and survival of strength mercifully vouchsafed to me suggest the opportunity, and even the call, to reproduce them.

As I am now thrice seven years older than when I wrote these letters, and Time has been doing its work on me, as well as on human affairs generally, with quite its usual activity, I may be expected to give my readers the benefit of my later as well as my former self. Of

any human being as well as of the old sun-god it may be said,

Aliusque et idem
Nasceris.

How it may be with other writers I know not, but I never revisit my old handiwork without a wish that I could pass my pen through words and lines here and there, or at least modify, soften, and 'sophronise' them as we used to say in our golden Oriel days. In much haste and press it inevitably happens that the superficial thought and tone will take the lead and hold the ground. But were I once to begin reforming these letters, they would cease to have any contemporary worth—indeed, would no longer be what they profess to be. Over all the matters handled I think now with more gravity.

If any one definite conclusion stands out from the general survey, it is that all the forms, sections, and communions of our common Christianity will do well to give their first, highest, and most serious attention to improving themselves, and bringing forth the fruit of good words and good works, instead of waging war upon one another—instead, too, of passing without absolute necessity from one camp to another, and so losing half a life without quite winning the other half.

Within, or under, this larger conclusion lies another of a special character, which has been brought before me lately in the arrangement of these letters. Side by side with them I find 'leading articles' on the debates upon the Public Elementary Education Bill, then passing through Parliament. Who wrote these articles I know not, but they are excellent both in matter and in tone. Perhaps I may now see that the opinion that England is

not the country for a compulsory system of education is somewhat exaggerated, and rather cynically expressed, but the fact is only one of degree—for a fact it is certainly. As the writer of the present letters I will take a Church of England view of this matter. Here was this unhappy Church, then, as it had long been, under the guidance of some fanatical, headstrong, and narrow-minded gentlemen, still insisting on the exclusive right of the Church of England to educate all the children in the land in full and exact accordance with her own law-of-the-land formularies. Such an attempt condemned not only itself, but also every other course short of the extreme opposite. That extreme opposite became the only alternative, which was the Public Elementary Education Act, under which, as under hoofs, harrows, and steam-rollers, the Church of England has since been groaning to this day.

What is the result? After twenty years of painful, costly, and unsuccessful struggles, there is only one communion in England and Ireland that can be said to have, what was once thought indispensable to the idea of a Christian State, a religious education; religion, in a definite form, having a sufficient, free, and rightful place in the daily routine. There is also only one communion that has education to its mind, entirely State-paid. The one favoured communion that has a religious education to its mind, and that also State-paid, is the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. Can we wonder at the utter contempt felt by the clever, loquacious, uncompromising Roman Catholics of Celtic Ireland for the slavish, stupid, grovelling and blundering Saxons of this country, saddling themselves with an educational system which they hate, which their consciences revolt at, and which

they have to pay for themselves, at least in the schools euphemistically called Voluntary?

I am aware that I am doing scant justice to the noble aspirations of the Celt and his Church, when I say that he has an education to his mind? When, indeed, has he ever had, or ever will have, anything quite to his mind. But I believe that I am not far wrong in saying that the Irish National Schools do include religion in the regular course of daily instruction, with a conscience clause; while the so-called Industrial Schools, managed by Christian Brothers and Nuns, are State-aided, and teach, what is at least better than no religion at all, the doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome.

CHAPTER I

NEW ASPECT OF ROME

ROME was, and is, a many-gated city. But these gates, once realities, are now memorials of the past. They triumphantly spanned roads, always busy with traffic, often with armies, captives, and spoil. These roads began at the capital, and reached the extremities of the œcumenical world. At the point of convergence, with an easy stretch of imagination, it was possible to see all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time. From whatever point of the compass the stranger came, Rome did her best to impress him with a due sense of her eternal destiny and imperishable grandeur. Even far into what we call the middle ages, streams of pilgrims recalled the march of armies, and not less the old reproach that Rome was the sink of nations. Many thousands of our own countrymen crowded into the narrow space between St. Angelo and St. Peter's, and there kept up the continual faction fights they had held to be a necessity of healthful existence at home.

One by one the communications between Rome and the outer world dwindled to mere threads of vitality, and the Porta del Popolo became its chief front to the living world. Popes, architects, engineers and church-builders

devoted themselves to the not very easy task of dignifying the narrow pass between the Pincian and the Tiber. There was barely space for the Piazza and three narrow streets radiating from it into modern Rome.

Through this gate, from the days of Aurelian, entered all visitors from the north, and by it I should have entered Rome, already well seen afar off, had I come straight from the north, twelve years before the Council. But on that occasion I and my party had driven from Naples, and after a distant sight of Rome from the hills of Old Latium, found ourselves in the Via Appia, and at last under the Colosseum. There we encountered an immense waggon-load of wheelbarrows on their way for the construction of a railway. We were, in fact, just in time to see Rome, so far, spared this desecration. Not that Cæsar would have thought Rome the worse for it.

On the present occasion, after travelling by rail over many miles of not very striking country, looking out in vain for any sign of the Eternal City, we entered a temporary station, and were told our journey was ended. We emerged at the back of the Baths of Diocletian, passed over a rather dreary waste of vacant ground, then through some narrow winding streets, without anything to see worthy of a great city, and so at last were landed at our very homely, and rather dull, but nevertheless comfortable, well-conducted, and justly popular hotel.

Such a journey, and such a journey's end, will not compare with a conquest, a triumph, or a pilgrimage. To travel to the earth's centre in this fashion, to ramble through its by-streets, and to find oneself in a house

full of English people, is an experience rather destructive of cherished illusions. What is this compared with the Rome of the Cæsars, or even of the Popes? Here was a lesson that the old order ever changeth, and, indeed, passes away, as far as outward form is concerned. The assembling Fathers of the Council, at least such of them as could read the writing on the wall, might have interpreted it into a warning of departed power, or at least of a new era involving, may be, lesser losses, but certainly greater gains.

But there was a pathos even in the prosaic character of this first stage in the new ecclesiastical drama, as compared with the preliminaries and preparations of some former synods and councils. There were no sovereigns and ambassadors here, with their retinues, claiming to sit in the Council and to cast in their votes with the Fathers. There were indeed the nominal representatives of all nations, but they were not in force, nor always of a really national character. They showed little of that picturesque diversity which the Roman poets saw in the crowds assembled from all the world to see and be seen.

I and my colleague were in a company of able, eager, and more or less privileged competitors. First there were the correspondents of the London press generally helping one another in the interest of the British public. I had frequently to admire their letters, even when a little too lively for my taste. Then there were the telegrams sent by an organisation of which I knew nothing, but had no doubt it did its duty. They appeared in the London papers next morning, five or six days in anticipation of the letters travelling by the post, then

slower than now, and encountering more stoppages. We had to shape into the form of news what could not possibly be news to a memory good for a day. As the senders of the telegrams had to pay dearly for every word, they could only give the dry bones, leaving us to fill up the form, and infuse life and soul. Lastly, we were surrounded and beset by Germans and Germanisers, some at our own hotel, scowling at us across the tables, and making audible, though not always articulate, comments on the contents of the *Times* spread before them. There could be no feeling of rivalry as regards these gentlemen, for they never came into the running as far as England is concerned. It requires an immense amount of knowledge, or an exceptional thirst for it, to do common justice to the writings of these laborious and possibly well-intentioned scholars. Englishmen soon break down in a column consisting of long-winded and much-involved sentences, loaded with offensive epithets and personal allusions.

I early extracted a large mass of materials from the sources just indicated, but have now to consult my own powers, and the taste of my readers, in the selection. It would have required more strength than mine to crush and sift the German quartz for the precious grains of historical or ecclesiastical information. The limits of space, too, have compelled the rejection of much other interesting matter.

CHAPTER II

ARRIVALS AND PREPARATIONS

Rome : Nov. 26, 1869.

I AM here in a crowd of arrivals, chiefly my own countrymen from our northern provinces and our cousins from the western world. They are all looking for spectacles, and spectacles are evidently in preparation. Let me first note some differences as they strike me after an interval of a dozen years. There was then a French army ; now a number of very young-looking fellows in Papal uniform, making no great show either in number or in smartness. The shopkeepers in the Via Condotti have doubled their glass windows and trebled their display. You walk down the narrow street between Scylla and Charybdis : if you fly from cameos and mosaics you tumble into models and photographs ; or escape Tuscan jewelry to be wrecked in Byzantine. The streets are crowded. I actually found myself in a deadlock on my way to St. Peter's. The Corso is a stream of life. But it is the Council that everybody talks about, and happy is the man who possesses a distinct idea or a bit of reliable information on the subject. They who are not in the confidence of English converts or Italian cardinals gaze curiously or wistfully on the work of

preparation. St. Peter's is in the hands of carpenters and upholsterers, rather to the disgust of those who do not care for crimson drapery and gilt cornices. The Choir is being fitted with seats: the southern transept is being partitioned, and, as you know, the whole of the transept next the Vatican has been enclosed for the Council. The central portion of this temporary structure between the two piers supporting the dome can be removed as readily, so it is said, as so much stage scenery. Through the vast opening the Catholic world will see a Council opened or closed, a dogma solemnly enunciated, or a decree sent forth.[1]

If the object be to draw people to Rome, to make it the world's talk, and to concentrate on this spot all that curiosity and speculation which is apt to wander anywhere else, the purpose may be fulfilled; but it is amazing to find how little is known of the decisions, or even the propositions likely to be made, and how trivial is the only work that the Council is really likely to do. Certainly, any relaxation of the law of clerical celibacy would be important, if not so carefully guarded as to be inoperative. But when we are told it is probable some decayed Orders are to be abolished, or some with minute differences to be fused, one cannot see why Christendom is to be convoked for the business. Surely a thousand bishops are not necessary to empower a few barefooted men to wear sandals or to have 'upper leathers' in the place of thongs. A Parliament can do more than that.

It may be unreasonable to expect that the compact

[1] I have seen it stated that this screen interfered with the general effect of the interior. It was not seen till one had walked some way up the nave, and it was not nearly as high as the Baldachino in front of it.

and well-trained body of Churchmen and theologians who have been engaged all this year in the preparation of the programme should divulge what may be still incomplete, but it is also rather hard on the people who have crossed the Continent, or the globe, that they should be left still in the dark. The certainty that they will be told very little till it is necessary to tell them something or other may possibly account for their tardy arrival. They are not pouring into Rome quite as fast as people think, or as fast as might be concluded from a glance at the crowd in a railway station. Two or three bishops and their attendant clergy make a very great show, but the published arrivals do not mount high. Counting all heads there were not 200 here before the 20th, not more than 54 more arrivals by the 23rd, and only 37 since.

Of the first-mentioned number, and also of the subsequent arrivals, a good many are bishops *in partibus*, and for some years past it is said the Jesuits have used their influence largely in the creation of bishops *in partibus*, with a view to such a contingency. The countries from which the foreigners are announced contribute rather to the pomp of the approaching festival than to the gravity of the deliberations or the value of the decisions. There will at least be a specious, if not real, representation of Albania, Bulgaria, Palestine, Switzerland, Armenia, Chili, Mesopotamia, Anatolia, Greece, Kurdistan, Cappadocia, Turkey in Asia, Cilicia, Chaldea, and other countries in which antagonistic influences are known to prevail, and the Church of Rome to have little more than a nominal hold. But the rate of arrivals from the great States of Europe indicates either slackness of zeal or a reluctance to face

the difficulties of the Council before matters have been smoothed both at home and at the Vatican. As it is quite certain that the Papal authority will be asserted to the utmost practicable point, and that with a subtlety which ordinary bishops, and even cardinals, may be no match for, many of the Fathers would rather consider at a safe distance what they may be called to vote upon.

The Pope's people here say the recalcitrant French bishops must and will withdraw some of their utterances, for of course they are true sons of the Church ; but it remains to be seen what sort of true sonship is compatible with the position of a Gallican prelate. An Austrian cardinal is said to have declared that if he finds himself compelled to accept the dogma of Infallibility he will resign his rank, retire into private life, and not even return to his see, since it would be only to find schismatic clergy and Protestant flocks. The British and American bishops, it is said, will be as Ultramontane as can be desired, for they will not thereby offend the intellect or the taste of their flocks. As for Italy itself, its host of bishops will present strong contrasts. Some will be subservient enough, but the majority are said to be suspending their judgment with a caution and a method rather alarming to the Holy See. All this augurs ill for the success of the Council, except as a demonstration of strength and a vision of the Catholic Church addressed to the eyes of mankind. What real strength can come from gathering the weak and repelling the strong, or from flattering credulity in order to strike at reason one more blow? Is this good policy, or is it a wisdom above all vulgar policies? Cardinal Antonelli, it is said, is the

passive spectator of a performance in which he feels little sympathy. If it proves a failure it is the Pope's. But, I repeat, either there is studious concealment, and unusually successful concealment, or the greater matters which it was once assumed the Council would have to decide on will be left in the safer limbo of pious opinions, shunning rather than courting sharp and positive definition. I need not say how great a relief this will be, not only to most good Catholics, but also to many out of that pale. They have no wish to see the field of opinion anywhere further retrenched by the usurpations of authority.

The Empress of Austria was one of the most prominent figures in Rome during the Council, and one of the first to arrive.

The Marquis of Bute was an object of much interest all the time I was at Rome. The Romans are a poor race as regards their worldly gear, for their aspirations are sublime, their tastes refined, and their pursuits generally unproductive. The reputed income of the noble Marquis, and the fact of his recent conversion ('reception' on December 24, 1868), suggested that he was the rich young man who had received a special command to sell all he had and give to the poor. He was taken round from studio to studio, *atelier* to *atelier*, and expected to buy anything for which no other customer could be found. What he did with these works of art I know not, but they certainly would expose his artistic taste to adverse criticism. Two circumstances conspired to give his arrival a providential aspect—at least to bear that interpretation. Among many other

churches standing in long depopulated quarters, but full of marbles, sculptures, and paintings is, if I remember right, St. Gregory's on the Cœlian. I went to see it, and well remember my surprise at an interior so little in character with the surrounding solitude. But it had a chapel—one of several—say 50 feet high and 30 wide, remaining roughly stuccoed to receive the hoped-for marble. Although Popes and cardinals had spent large sums on the church, they had found this too much for them, besides that it would only have been completing some other man's work. The estimated cost was 18,000*l.* On the other hand, shortly before the Marquis's visit to Rome the people there had discovered the Marmorata or Marble Wharf, on the bank of the Tiber, with a great quantity of various coloured marbles that had there lain buried for many centuries. The wharf was almost in sight of St. Gregory's, and that at once suggested the proper destination. But who was to pay the bill? At that juncture there arrived the wealthy and zealous proselyte, and, if I can trust my recollection, he was soon committed to the work. I think I heard that the effect was somewhat to diminish the supply of golden eggs. Would one of my readers tell me whether the work has been done?

On one occasion I was glad to see the Marquis sufficiently aware of what was due to his rank and position. Every English visitor will remember that the daily service of St. Peter's is performed in the Cappella del Coro, a large and splendid building in the corner between the south transept and the nave. A numerous body of clergy have the chapel quite to themselves, and there they go through a series of evolutions very sug-

gestive of the movements of the Chorus in the Greek Drama. The chanting is exquisite. There is always a small but dense crowd peeping through the iron bars, or craning over the heads before them. I saw the Marquis introduced by a friend through a side door, seemingly a privileged entrance, and placed in a stall, of which there were some scores, all empty. An official emerged from the assembled choir, and, with some violence of gesture, urged the removal of the stranger. At last he was left in peace, and for once I wished myself a marquis with 100,000*l.* a year.

The *Mémorial Diplomatique* relates the following concerning the interview between the Empress of Austria and the Pope, which it describes as an edifying trait of piety on the part of the Empress :—'When the Holy Father went to the Farnese Palace to pay a visit to the august traveller, her Majesty not only insisted on re-conducting his Holiness to his carriage, but when they reached the outer door of the palace she dropped on her knees to beg anew the apostolic benediction. Pius IX., seeing the youthful Sovereign at his feet, hurriedly stretched out his hand to raise her, saying in a parental tone, "Empress, what are you doing? That is not your place." The Empress, however, persisted in remaining in the same position until the Sovereign Pontiff had again given her his benediction, which he accordingly pronounced with tears in his eyes in the following words, "I give it to you from the lowest depths of my paternal heart, and also to your august husband and the whole of the Imperial family."'

Mr. W. E. Williams, of Twllypant House, Caerphilly, who has just died in his 64th year, has bequeathed the whole of his property absolutely to the already enormously wealthy Marquis of Bute. The landed estates are worth 3,000*l.* to 4,000*l.* per annum, and with the mineral royalties and personalty, it is

calculated that 200,000*l.* will represent the value of the whole property. Deceased was a bachelor, and his only living blood relation is a sister, married to Mr. Gore Langton, late M.P. for Bristol. No family connection whatever existed between him and the Bute family, and it appears he scarcely knew the present Marquis. He had been often heard to express his admiration of the great benefits the late Marquis and the trustees of the present Marquis had conferred upon the district by the construction of docks at Cardiff, and this appears to be the only explanation of the extraordinary bequest.

The Marquis of Bute took with him from Scotland to Rome a magnificent silver cross of Gothic workmanship, adorned with Scottish stones, and presented it to the Holy Father, who directed that it was to be used as the processional cross of the Council. The cross was made by a well-known Catholic jeweller in Glasgow.—*Weekly Register.*

As such very contradictory accounts have got abroad respecting the opinions of the English bishops in Rome, it is as well to state the whole truth, which can be done in a very few words. With two exceptions, all the English prelates are known to be in favour of the dogma of Infallibility being declared by the Council. The two exceptions are, Archbishop Errington, who was coadjutor to the late Cardinal Wiseman, and is now Archbishop *in partibus* of Trebizond, without a diocese. The other is the Hon. and Right Rev. Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton. These two prelates are not opposed to the dogma, nor do they deny the doctrine of Infallibility; but they deem the declaration of it to be inexpedient at the present time. This we give, be it observed, as news, and, as the lawyers say, 'without prejudice.'—*Weekly Register.*

CHAPTER III

PAPAL HOSPITALITIES

Rome : Nov. 28, 1869.

ROME now witnesses a scene which could not be paralleled from any phase of her varied career. If the cause be due to antiquity and the idea be mediæval, the nineteenth century has largely contributed to the form. Railways, electric telegraphs, and all the appliances of art, rather in its common than in its higher applications, are as busily employed for the production of a General Council as they have been elsewhere for exhibitions, *fêtes*, and campaigns. Three or four hundred bishops, archbishops, patriarchs, and cardinals have already arrived, and bishops are pouring in at the rate of sixty a day. They are in every train and every carriage; they are seen securing their cups of coffee or their basins of *potage* like ordinary mortals; they hurry along the platforms with mysterious bags, suggesting embroidered copes, while cheerful young priests carry their more earthly gear. They fill the hotel omnibuses, and have to bear hurry, disappointment, and discomfort with the prosaic fortitude of lay gentlemen. They all seem hopeful and expectant. The trip is all gain to most of

them, whatever comes of it, for they will see Rome, and old friends, and new ones, and will enjoy that mutual countenance and cheer which their Church feels to be a necessity of its very existence. But for bits of purple peeping out here or there, they might be thought good Christian men bent on any errand rather than settling once more for ever the true faith of Christendom.

But it is at Rome itself that the Œcumencial Council wears most the suspicious look of an anachronism. It will be made as comfortable there as our own Lords and Commons are in the new Palace of Westminster. Every bishop will have a bed found for him elsewhere, and at early dawn he may walk into St. Peter's and enjoy himself as he likes all day, much as the citizens of old Rome could in the public baths. There are dining-rooms, reading and writing rooms, and every opportunity of bringing together these representatives of the Catholic world, and enabling them to report progress daily across the Atlantic or to the Antipodes. For the time our House of Commons must forego the boast that it is the best club in the world. The bishops all look, as they arrive, quite prepared to enjoy the session. As all the spectacles are to be on an unusual scale, and the Council itself is to be exhibited, there are already fears of crushing—not enough, however, to deter the tenderest and feeblest of our own countrywomen. Considering that nothing will occur except the reading of papers in ecclesiastical Latin, the ample provision of trained reporters seems rather superfluous. But there they will be. It is now stated on the best authority that the Hall is good for sound, and should an infirm old bishop be unable to raise his voice or articulate his words, the reporters will

be moved up to him. This will at least create the appearance of a debate, even though only such an appearance, some will think, as the Chinese achieved when they imitated our steamships by burning damp straw at the bottom of funnels. It will, however, be a substantial testimony to the value of individual opinion.

In the midst of these promises and preparations, however, a curious question has arisen, nowhere more a question than in Rome itself—What is the Council to be about? It is quite certain that by far the greater part know not wherefore they are come together, and that the first question they ask in Rome is what they are expected to do. It is doubtful whether any dogma on any of the matters which have been mooted in recent controversy will be propounded; and it is highly probable that next Easter may see only the most preliminary stage of the Council. The phantom of Papal infallibility staggers none more than it does those who raise it, and have to bear the burden. It is they who are themselves to be believed in who must recoil from a faith too absolutely, exactly, and irrevocably defined. Then as for discipline, or the rules of spiritual life, all know how utterly helpless caste is either to maintain its ground in the face of surrounding changes or to modify itself so as to meet them half way. The Roman Catholic Church feels that it stands not more by faith than by its exhibition of a preternatural sanctity of life and manners, which its faith alone could account for; and it dreads the least bending of that iron rod which forms the priest and the devotee, and which overawes even those who cannot entirely obey. So what is to be done? It is probable that the first busi-

ness of the Council will be to collect the widest variety of opinions and testimony, consistent with orthodoxy and piety, and then look for some common term which shall best satisfy all. But this is a work of time, and the prospect throws us back to the days when a General Council lasted half a generation, and only separated when the greater part of the original members had passed away from this world of controversies, opinions, words, and ideas.

Good Protestants who hear so much of Papal infallibility, and who imagine a General Council to perform much the same part as our own despotic kings expected from their parliaments, will be somewhat thrown aback when they hear that Pio Nono meets his thousand bishops in this mood. It throws some light also on the dogma of infallibility itself. The Court of Rome is to ascertain by the public proceedings, and by every means of private and personal sounding, what the great majority of the prelates are prepared to agree to; and when it has made the ground sure it will declare that to be certainly true which it is practically safe to maintain.

It will, perhaps, be said that this, in truth, has been the actual course at all the Councils of the Church: and that such is, indeed, the way in which the world is forced itself to arrive at its own conclusions. There may be some truth in this, but it strips the dogma of Papal infallibility of much of that awful mystery in which it has hitherto been shrouded. Does Rome merely ascertain and sanction and record the overwhelming opinion or traditions of the Church? If that be all it professes to do, or rather if that be all it does in aim and supposed

effect, then we cannot but be thrown back on some preliminary consideration. Is this a General Council? Has it been rightly summoned? Is there a cause for it? Has the business been done in the order required? Unfortunately, the argument is in a circle. Rome summons the submissive, and seeks from them the judgments and the sanctions which are valuable only as far ar they are free. The greater part of the Christian world stands aloof altogether, seeing the way to truth neither in a privileged centre of unity nor in a majority of voices. Reason in these days is timorous as well as bold, and if it shrinks from no inquiry, it dreads the compromises and submissions that would reduce it to a helpless servitude. It will not be fettered, hampered, or threatened into an abdication of its province and its powers. Such an abdication, it seems, at least in this our day, is an attempt to preclude all further controversy by a decision carefully, and, indeed, ingeniously collected from a thousand gatherers round the old throne of Italian policy and power. The last Council is a confessed failure. Its condemnation is found in the present state of the Church of Rome, which cannot boast a single State after its own ideal and entirely obedient to its authority. It cannot point to a single State yielding an unreserved submission or even demeaning itself with due filial piety. It is everywhere bound by compacts, and everywhere under well-founded apprehensions of further rebuffs, not to say further insults and injuries. Hence perhaps this Council, whether to mend, to retrieve, to modify, to undo, or to confirm the work of Trent, has yet to be seen.

The reason of the immediately following note will appear in a future chapter.

Windsor Castle: November 25.

This day had audience of her Majesty:—The Count de Lavradio, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the King of Portugal and the Algarves, to deliver his letter of recall; to which audience he was introduced by the Earl of Clarendon, K.G., her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Rome: November 29.

Count Trautmansdorff, the newly appointed Austrian Envoy to the Holy See, presented his credentials to the Pope to-day.

An agitation is going on in some of the Catholic provinces of Prussia in favour of transferring the observance of holy-days to Sundays alone. A report which has been addressed to the Minister of Agriculture shows that the cessation of labour on holy-days entails great individual as well as national loss, estimated in the province of Prussia alone at 2,665,000 f. a year. In the province of Posen an agricultural association has solicited the Minister to suggest to the Roman Catholic Archbishop the propriety of observing *fête* days on Sundays alone. Communications have been opened with the ecclesiastical authorities, and it is hoped that the Pope may be induced to sanction the proposed change, at least during the harvest season.

The *Neue Freie Presse*, of Vienna, thus summarises the history of the Popes:—'Since St. Peter (supposing that he ever was in Rome), there have been 297 Popes, of whom twenty-four were anti-Popes, and one female Pope. Nineteen Popes quitted Rome, and thirty-five reigned abroad. Eight Papal reigns did not exceed each a month's duration, forty extended over one year, twenty-two over two years, fifty-four over five years, fifty-one over fifteen years, eighteen over twenty

years, and only nine exceeded that duration. Of the 297 Popes, thirty-one were declared usurpers and heretics, and of the remaining 266 legitimate occupants of the Holy See sixty-four met with violent deaths, eighteen having been poisoned and four strangled. Independently of the Avignon Popes, twenty-six were deposed, expelled from Rome, and banished; twenty-eight others were only maintained in power by foreign aid.'

CHAPTER IV

THE COUNCIL HALL

Rome: Dec. 1.

THE event of this week has been the reception at the Austrian Embassy. After delivering his credentials at the Vatican, and paying his respects to all the shrines at St. Peter's, the ambassador opened his palace, that grand and gloomy pile which looks as if it had stood any number of sieges, in the Piazza di Venezia. It was reserved to the Austrians in the cession of Venetia to Italy. This was to be a very grand affair, and of course it was. It is evident that my travelling countrymen and countrywomen felt an irresistible attraction to a scene where Rome and Austria would be seen in happy unison. As for our American cousins, you know their aristocratic tastes and imperial tendencies. They were all dying to be at the reception. For some days I heard of little else. How were you to get there? Who were admissible? Whether a sword was indispensable? Wives were entreating, coaxing, terrifying, and abusing their husbands. What is the use of coming to Rome and not seeing the people? They were sick of outsides—an excusable sensation, perhaps, after a month at Rome—and wanted to see the inside of things. A reception seemed at least a

first step to this inner life, if not quite to the solution of the great Roman mystery. Everybody had heard that a Consul could do everything, if he only would, in the way of introduction. The British and American Consuls were talked about as if they were powerful locomotives that could draw any number of carriages in their train. The British Consul modestly measured his steam power at half-a-dozen carriages. No doubt the American Consul is stronger on this soil, and I should not be surprised to hear that he drew a train of twenty carriages.

I did not go. Perhaps hence my malice; for I am an Englishman, and if the American is my cousin, I am his. I heard a good deal about it. It was a mass of splendour, but an exceedingly dense mass, and very hot. The people who went there have not cooled yet. The variety of episcopal vestments was wonderful; the ladies were covered with diamonds; everybody of the least note was to be seen and heard talking to somebody else; there were some pretty women, and some good-looking men. The ambassador is an inoffensive and respectable man, who represents the Austrian Empire as well as any one man can pretend to do. Happily the reception is over, and they who did not go don't talk about it. Indeed, another question has taken its place—how to get to the grand ceremony of the opening this day week. There is a rumour that the ceremonies will begin with sunrise, and that there will be no reserved places for ladies in St. Peter's. On the other hand, I am assured that it is impossible for an Italian to stop a lady in a black veil from going wherever she chooses to go, and sitting down wherever she likes. Some friends of mine intend to try this 'Open Sesame,' and I trust these words

will not be read in Rome till after the ceremony. But the *Times* is coming in regularly now, and it is possible I may be the means of starting a procession of 2,000 British and American ladies in the garments of woe, gaining admission to a place where they can see what is to be seen.

I have just been into the Council Hall. It was a favour; and while I was there I heard a refusal given to an application in behalf of somebody who has not been quite so civil as might be. The Council Hall is the entire north transept of the church, from the dome to the apse, from the floor to the arch above, near 160 ft. high. The screen at the entrance rises only to about half the height of the arch, and the dome itself is visible from every part of the Council Hall. The lateral openings into the aisle are closed with galleries—tribunes I should call them—and large paintings of the four great Councils. Medallions and paintings have been introduced wherever possible, so that the general aspect is brighter and gayer than that of the rest of the church. It is a feast for the eye, and, were I a member of the Council, I fear my eye would always be wandering on the beauty of the proportions and the harmony of the colours.

The accommodation for the members of the Council estimates itself at once. It is the cube of eight. There are on each side of a very wide floor four blocks of benches with desks, each eight yards long and a yard deep. Giving each bishop a yard, this amounts to 512 sittings. Four of these blocks lack as yet the front bench; but there is the space for it. Upon occasion it is evident the bishops could sit much closer. From what I hear, the bishops with actual sees think the

bishops *in partibus* might be content with the smallest possible space. Besides what may be gained by sitting close, there is the vast space in the centre, far more than sufficient for a gangway. However, the reporters and a host of petty functionaries have to be provided for; and, when requisite, a small covey of reporters is to move up to an inaudible speaker, or one with a barbarous—that is, not Italian—pronunciation. There is then to be added all the semicircular space in the apse, and you know what the apses of St. Peter's are.

Then come the tribunes, raised in two stories in the lateral arches. The sovereigns were to be near the Pope, but so many are here, or coming, that it has been found necessary to give them ampler accommodation. Indeed, there is room for all the sovereigns of Europe, and the presidents of all the best known republics too. The personages expected are an empress, a queen, several other ladies, and some others who were kings, queens, or archdukes when this Council was first projected, but are so no longer—at least, not in the estimation of their former subjects. In the interest of the Council I cannot help lamenting that these victims of public opinion and national independence should be thus gratuitously and uselessly paraded. I know what it is to review a collection of things which retain a hold on the affections while they have lost all practical value, and I find it a heart-rending and strength-consuming occupation. No doubt, however, this array of faded or extinct royalties may serve to illustrate some of the doctrines of the Syllabus.

As the works have advanced, and the day draws nigh, it has been found necessary to enclose the whole

of the north aisle, from one end of the church to the other; and the bishops will turn into a robing-room immediately upon entering into St. Peter's. I think I have told you, or at least you must have been told, that in the tympanum of the screen at the grand entrance of the Council Hall there is a picture of our Saviour, and under it, in very large letters, an invitation to all the world to come and learn. In the inside, which I first entered this morning, is a picture of the Assumption —a bust of the Virgin in glory, and surrounded by an angelic host; and under it the words—

> Adsis, volens et propitia,
> Ecclesiæ decus et firmamentum,
> Imple spem in tuo præsidio positam,
> Quæ cunctas hæreses sola interemisti.

If we could suppose our Anglican bishops induced, by any hope, to cross the threshold below, I think a glance back at the inscription overhead must have compelled them to retrace their steps. In the short time I was there I did my best to ascertain the acoustic qualities of the place by listening to the echoes. There were voices, and also hammers at work. Of course, there was a good deal of reverberation from the lofty vaults, and from the stone or marble surfaces all around. On the other hand, there is now a good deal of woodwork and carpeting. By the by, all the benches are seated and backed with Brussels carpeting, of a large rose pattern in yellow. So the Council will, thus far, sit on a bed of roses. But to return to the acoustics. If it be found really necessary that the speakers be heard distinctly, I suspect that it will be advisable to intercept the sound with tapestry, both on the walls and suspended

from the roof. What would our House of Commons say to sitting in an arched marble hall, 150 ft. high and as long, with one end open to a dome more than 400 ft. high? Grant the Italian voice is rather penetrating, but these will not all be Italians; and there are some difficulties of pronunciation also to be surmounted.

The bishops are coming in at the rate of twenty or thirty a day. By the by, the bishop I saw celebrating mass at St. Peter's on Advent Sunday, when the Pope carried the Host down the nave, followed by all the assembled bishops, was the 'Patriarch of Constantinople.' This, I suppose, is thought a suitable rejoinder to the answer given by the real patriarch to the Pope's invitation. All the bishops as they arrive are supplied with a printed copy of the decisions come to by his Commissions. I should think that this document, about which there is so much mystery, is only another form of the Syllabus, and worth very little as an indicator of what is likely to be done. The talk of the bishops is that there is no matter at all to justify suspicion or to reward curiosity. There is no reason why anybody should be alarmed, or why anybody should doubt beforehand whether he will agree to it or not. The world, in the very long interval which has passed since the last Council, has changed its ways, its institutions, and its language; and the change goes on. The Church, therefore, without the least substantial change, must address itself to those novelties of time, and speak in a language to be understood by the thought and expression of the age. The principles of the world assert an authority, an independence, and a sort of sacredness which amount to an actual usurpation of the rights of revealed truth

and authority ; and, whether in politics, in morality, or in science, the Church is treated as a thing of the past, which cannot speak intelligibly to the living heart and mind of man. Mankind are like children that, by intercourse with a strange world, have lost the language, and the ear, and the ways of their youth, and cannot even understand their unchanged parents, or hold intercourse with them even if they would. So there arises a necessity for explanations and definitions, and for what may even be called new, so far as it has to meet that which is new indeed.

All this is very plausible if the world could only be persuaded that it does not understand the Roman Catholic Church. Unfortunately, it sees a great deal more than mystery and obscurity in the utterances and conduct of that Church. It sees a great deal which it believes itself to understand most thoroughly—aye, even more thoroughly than that Church does—and which it formerly did, does, and will most steadily and perseveringly dispute and resist. The world is most convinced on this point ; and Pius IX., with his Court and his theologians, is no doubt obstinately persuaded that he is right, and only requires to be better understood. We can see, of course, that the Church of Rome may labour under needless and venerable difficulties, in not being able to make changes in non-essential matters, or where truth is not really in question, till, by the growth of excesses and abuses, the world steps in before her, and seizes the opportunity to revolutionise and desolate. In this view of the case the Church has something to confess, and the world too. The Church has left undone, and the world has done, the former blamably at least, and the

latter wickedly. We can also understand and make large allowance for the fact that the language of the Church is that of all time, and therefore incapable of continual adjustment to the changing modes of thought and the very nomenclature of abstractions and ideas.

But all this is nothing in comparison with the positive, distinct, and unmistakable doctrines which Pius IX. has propounded to the world as the very bases of faith and duty. When it is stated that these, in one form or another, are to be proposed to the Council, and, in the same breath, that nothing will be proposed that need cause offence or give surprise and raise a controversy, of course we feel that we are laughed at, and that these seven hundred ecclesiastical gentlemen expect such an excellent understanding between one another that they can hardly take account of the impressions they may make on other people. In a very few days 'the ball will be opened,' and if it shall then appear that the Council is invited to proceed on the lines which Pius IX. has clearly indicated, and which certainly it would not be easy to relinquish, or even to modify, that will be the beginning of a controversy which the Council will find it far more easy to start than to conclude.

In these days the world will not require to be present at the Council in any form, by any representatives. It will not stop to inquire whether the personal composition of the Council, with its host of Italian bishops, its cloud of bishops *in partibus* and its numerous representatives of mere hothouse Churches, forced in the midst of utterly dissenting communions, is a plausible or even a decent representation of the Catholic Church. It will pass all this over, not much caring how the Council is

composed, and whether it be quite what it claims to be. It will only see certain fell issues between spiritual authority and civil society, and those issues it will pursue unto the end, whatever the end may be. The world is nothing loth to take up the quarrel, and only waits to see the gauntlet thrown down. Wise as it may seem in its generation, it is yet liable to violent reactions, and, in particular, to meet one extreme with another. A time there was when they who would deal with it for its good were admonished to be wise as serpents and harmless as doves. The policy of the Court of Rome, for some time past, has not shown either of these qualities. The consequence is, it has neither won success nor escaped offence. The like will be the result of this Council, as indeed will be found very speedily, unless it shows something like resipiscence on the part of Rome.

While I am closing this a little incident reaches me, and the information, I am told, may be thoroughly depended on. Soon after the arrival of Cardinal Bonnechose last week his Eminence went to pay his homage to the Pope, who inquired, 'What do they say of our Council in France?' 'They hope that its work will be for good.' 'Yes, but tell us some details.' 'It is hoped that its work will be one of conciliation.' 'But more details.' 'What does your Holiness mean by details?' 'What do they say of our infallibility?' 'Since, Holy Father, you have inquired so precisely,' said his Eminence, 'it is hoped that it will not be declared a dogma.' The Pope, in a state of great excitement, said,—'Your Eminence has always been in opposition. I remember that on a former occasion you were opposed to raising

the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception to a dogma, but, thank God, we willed that it should be so, and it was so; and we will that the infallibility of the Pope shall be made a dogma, and it shall become one through the influence of the Council of 1869.' His Eminence attempted to reply, but was prevented, and retired in a state of great agitation. They say that nothing is true in Rome, but this is on good authority. As to the probable duration of the Council, one who is intimately acquainted with what is going on says it is decided on, and is *in petto*, that it shall last until June 29, St. Peter's Day. If other business occurs which renders further deliberation necessary, it will be protracted to a later date.

I must add that the members of the Council were summoned last night for a preparatory meeting tomorrow morning, at 10 o'clock, in the Sixtine Chapel, of course with closed doors.

It may be as well to warn the reader that the 'Congregations,' or 'Commissions,' mentioned in the next and some following chapters, were Papal bodies charged with the preparation of Reports, or matters for deliberation, to be presented to the Council. The Four 'Committees' were supposed to be elected by the Council itself, and were the first thing it had to attend to.

CHAPTER V

COUNTING THE FORCES

Rome: Dec. 3.

IT has been raining all night; the streets are the cleaner, the sky brighter, and the air much fresher. As I was yesterday often reminded of the fact that General Councils have sometimes been interrupted by plagues, I rejoice in the change. The Archbishop of Paris has arrived. He was talked of as not likely to come till January, before which, it is stated confidently, no serious business will be done. This is to be a month of preparation. The printed copy of the Reports of the Pope's Congregations (or Commissions as we should call them) is not yet ready, some of the Congregations not having yet made their Reports. The bishops, however, are flowing in steadily; there were about 525 in Rome this morning, and the Council will muster 700 members next Wednesday. They will all have to meet in the Vatican Palace at early dawn, for the procession will be formed by half-past 8, when it will descend the Scala Regia, turn into the vestibule (as large as an ordinary English cathedral), enter St. Peter's, and pass up the nave into the Council Hall, all the way between the regular and secular clergy of Rome—about 5,000. All the members of the Council, except the Orientals, will be in white.

At the end of a solemn service the Council Hall will be cleared of all but the members, the doors will be closed, the decree for the Council will be read, and it will then be put to the vote whether there shall be a Council or not.

You are aware that attendance is by no means optional. Every bishop, on his confirmation, takes an oath that he will attend a General Council, unless there be reasonable hindrance ; and shortly after the opening there will be published a list of all the bishops in the Roman Catholic communion, the absentees marked. Our own Chapters, who sometimes think it rather hard that they have to elect a man for their See whether they like him or not, may take comfort in knowing that a good many cardinals and bishops will be in much the same case next Wednesday. However, the votes will be taken, collected, and declared ; the doors will be opened, and the Council declared to be duly constituted. The proceedings are expected to last six hours. For the time the clergy will be in possession of the church, and not the slightest provision will be made for sight-seers. I have no fears or compassion for men who can stand six hours and bear a little pressure, but I tremble for ladies and for those who have the charge of them. But the truth is, there will be little to be seen over the heads of the 5,000 clergy hedging in the procession, as the Pope will descend from his 'chair,' with its usual grotesque appendages, on entering the Church. The *Veni Creator* at the beginning, and the *Te Deum* at the end will be a sufficient reward for six hours' endurance.

From that day to Epiphany, I can only suppose that every member of the Council will be invited to offer his

private judgment upon the several points of the Reports by the Commissions. That done, it will be known how far any decision can be pressed in its integrity. There may be other ways for preparing the ground for aught I know. No one here doubts the necessity of this preliminary stage. It is assumed that there is to be a hard struggle, and each side counts on a majority. I should think it will be a game of surprises on both sides, not to speak of what may come unexpected by all sides.

The Gallicans, as I have already noticed, have now their chief, if they really mean to fight for dear liberty; and they will want a leader, for every attempt will be made to compromise them individually and collectively. Dr. Manning has taken great pains to prove that they have much to repent of, and a great act of submission to perform. Gallicanism, he says, is a disease close akin to Anglicanism, more dangerous because more catching. Their position represents a wish to think for themselves not carried to its legitimate results. He warns them that if they persist in thinking for themselves, and in qualifying the doctrine of Papal infallibility, they may find themselves going further than they expect. In these appeals to their spiritual loyalty he seems to forget, or to cast aside, that they are in certain relations to the French people and State, and that those relations may be further complicated should they be compelled to anathematise everyone who will not accept a Papal decree as an article of faith. He forgets that they are of a nation which believes itself behind no other nation in the world, and in which everyone claims an opinion of his own.

But if the Anglican Church has long been past hope,

and the Gallican is on the verge of a downfall, what Churches are there to contribute weight to the dogma of Papal infallibility by their more absolute acceptance? They are gravely enumerated, with Spain and Germany at the head. A light dawns upon the reader of these arguments, which the writer either misses or shuts his eyes to. It is that the most thorough-going supporters of the dogma are those who are the least able to bring national support. The Pope counts upon 450 good and true men. He is sure of the Italians who do not see their way to an intrigue. He has the votes of the bishops *in partibus*, and of all under Jesuit influence. We may expect those who have crossed oceans or the globe to do something worth the voyage. No one knows what some have suffered and what sacrifices they have made. The English, Irish, and American bishops represent the reaction against Anglicanism and its manifold progeny of free sects. Of course they are most faithful. The three score bishops of Oriental and African Churches are as much at his service as the exotics brought for an entertainment from the conservatory to the reception rooms. They might almost have brought their whole Churches with them. This is the phalanx behind which the dogma is now to ensconce itself. The estimate of 450 includes the cardinals.

But there remain 200 more, many of whom may be named as well as numbered, and whose dissent would be fatal to the acceptance of the dogma. There are 250 here, or expected, who think it worth while, even in the matter of faith, to be critical and judicial. They come from people who think for themselves, and they have to go back to them. Is it worth while to

challenge, to insult, to defy them by a majority which tells in numbers against weight, and in shadows against substance? As an Englishman I hardly feel competent even to hazard any opinion how it is proper to deal with Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, and such Southern folk. They are too far from me, and have too little of my nature—that is, the mass of them. I am glad to hear of their receiving any dogma that promises to strengthen and elevate them. But I feel nearer akin to French and Germans, and seem to know them better.

When the advocates of Rome have elaborately proved that for several centuries the general mind of Catholic Europe has steadily refused to accept certain hard, precise, and almost unintelligible definitions in matters almost inscrutable, and on points always open to speculation, and yet shunning it, I can see nothing but misery and disappointment in the attempt to do now what has been hitherto found impossible. Whatever causes have hitherto made educated Europe unwilling to add to the dogmas and definitions of Christian antiquity, they certainly have not lost their force in these latter times. Rome, of course, may deem it her best policy to meet one obstinacy with another, and to demand more submission the more it is refused. If that policy be Divine, and that wisdom infallible, it ought to appear in the fruits. The Council of Trent ought to have proved a great success. It did not. It found nations in revolt. It alienated them altogether. It made the Roman Catholics still more Roman, and it drove many millions, who would gladly have stood on the lines of the Primitive Church, into a fiercer and more dogmatic antagonism.

CHAPTER VI

PAPAL ALLOCUTION

Rome : Dec. 4.

THIS morning, soon after 6, I was waked by the roar of guns. It is the festival of St. Barbe, virgin and martyr, and the patron saint of gunnery and fireworks. I got up and walked to St. Peter's. Two immense flags, with the Pontifical arms, were raised on the Castle of St. Angelo. The neighbouring church was prepared for a grand military Mass, where, as I write, the soldiers are incensing their officers and exchanging the kiss of peace. In St. Peter's there was Mass at every altar, everywhere bells, and responses in boyish voices. The long counters are already there, for such a robing-room as the Christian world has not yet seen. On one side of the bridge, as I returned, there was a string of country carts with produce of all kinds ; on the other side, a line of carriages conveying ecclesiastics. St. Barbe's devotees are again making the streets echo, and shaking my walls and windows. Twenty-nine bishops arrived yesterday, making up the total in Rome to about 560. I see by the papers that a shipload of twenty-four bishops had a very bad passage from Marseilles to Cività Vecchia. It is estimated that one-third of the Council will be able to speak, or at least understand,

English. There will be forty English and Irish bishops, seventy North American, some from South America, some from the Australian and other English colonies. I can hardly make out 200; but even that is a large contribution from the British race. It suggests an interesting speculation as to the prevailing race and language of the next General Council, if there ever be another. It may find us in the majority.

The reporters were all sworn, in the Sixtine Chapel, last Thursday, to the proper discharge of their duties. The Pope addressed an Allocution to the assembled bishops in the Sixtine Chapel. He commenced by assuming the Council had been called to provide suitable remedies for the many evils that have invaded the Church and civil society in these days. Both have to be rescued and preserved, and the Apostolic See alone can do it. He spoke of all the tribulation he had to suffer for Christ, and the comfort he found in the presence of so many brethren bound by every consideration to be perfectly united with him. But he anticipated disunion, blindness, worldliness, stupidity, and a disposition to be offended at doctrines difficult to the human reason, or humbling to human pride. There were still among us the counterparts of those lowminded folk of Galilee who left the Preacher because his sayings were hard. He even expected the enemy sowing tares, and causing divisions in the flock. He felt himself, like the Apostle to the Gentiles, in daily conflict with them that are within as well as them that are without. The burden of everything was thrown upon him, and he looked for comfort where he could. In these trials and afflictions he naturally identified himself with his Master. When others left

that Master, the Apostles would not. Whom else could they go to? *He* had the words of eternal life. They went about with him always, everywhere, only leaving to return; however differing among themselves, yet one with Him. So he implored all to forget differences, to avoid them that caused offences, to come to the centre of unity—the House of the Lord, the Hill of Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem. He besought all to be of one heart and one mind, and assured them that they who were of God would hear His voice now. It was no neutral or moderate course that he could be content with. They who were not with Him would be against Him, for their allegiance would be sharply tested. The propositions to be made, so he implied, would be such as to leave no doubt who were the friends and who the foes of the Apostolic See.

Pius IX. is wont to speak warmly and emphatically, and he was not wanting to this occasion; but it remains to be seen whether even the Catholic world will carry its sympathy to the extent of sacrificing all its convictions, and abandoning the use of reason, for his sake. Upon this point I may observe that every day and every hour one hears of bishops who are disposed to think for themselves, and are expected by their flocks to do so. People talk of the democratic associations of the American bishops. There is even an English bishop who has read enough, and thought enough, to be able to call his soul his own. As for the French bishops, they may easily find their place in the Allocution above mentioned. The Pope, all say, can command a majority; but it is one he dare not use. By the by, I now hear the bishops declare they will not stay after Easter, and

would rather leave the work unfinished. I have this morning seen several of the Orientals shivering in the blast. It will be the turn of others to suffer next June.

I have read many sheets of ingenious reasoning on the question whether the Council is necessary, and whether it is opportune. On this point I am myself preoccupied. Good Churchmen of my own communion have long been saying, with much complacency, that they were ready to abide the issue of a General Council. Of course, they meant one that would be simply impossible. But I feel as if I had conceded the demand. It must also be conceded that every body and every institution is the best judge as to what concerns its existence, its efficiency, or its honour. Shut up in a corner as he is, reduced to this poor little Patrimony, and finding himself 'disestablished' in every State in the world, Pius IX. may fairly claim to play his last card, and try measures that under ordinary circumstances might seem rather desperate. Then, of course, it is impossible, or at least useless, to impeach a discretion, if not itself infallible, yet claiming to be associated with infallible authority, in what most concerns man.

Bishops, Churches, nations, and the human race will look a little forward and try this question by the rules of common sense. Here is a Council summoned—'indicted' is the phrase—to settle a long smouldering controversy, and to remove an occasion for offence. For three centuries the Pope, say his zealous advocates, has been liable to have his authority weakened by unfilial discussions, and worse slight. The fast pace of the rampant world has outrun the tardy politics of Rome, and it has been actually wanting in self-assertion,

because not duly supported. Innumerable errors and wickednesses in religion and philosophy have taken root and come to a head, because there lacked the hand strong enough to eradicate them. This is the case for Rome, and therefore Rome calls a General Council, not because it holds that it needs a General Council, nor yet because it is ready always to defer to a General Council, but in order that it may be thereby armed with such concessions as that it may dispense with General Councils and stop that appeal for ever.

In her own estimate Rome will receive no more fresh authority from the very largest admissions that may be made by this Council than a father does from the customary tributes of duty and affection offered by his children. He was and is their father: Rome was and is, and will be, so she says, the Infallible Teacher. But if the Church Universal makes a fresh submission, and accepts an absolute definition, then it is bound by its own act, as well as by the Divine ordinance. The ordinance it might discern dimly; its own act and deed it cannot deny or depart from. Rome, therefore, summons this General Council once for all. She asks for a perpetual lease of authority, or, rather, for the hand and seal of all the bishops of the Church, as witnesses to the Divine concession. It is plain as noonday that, if what is now to be asked be granted, General Councils will be superseded, and have no place whatever in the Roman system. This is the *plébiscite* for spiritual empire which need never after appeal to anything but itself. I do not see how it is possible to avoid the conclusion that this Œcumenical Council is called to put an end to Œcumenical Councils, and to declare itself the



last of the series. Henceforth a word from the Chair of the Vatican would be final on all questions; and the profoundest thinker and the deepest scholar, as well as the most restless controversialist and most visionary saint, would have before him, not a Church, but the man to call him to order, to stop his mouth or his pen, and compel retractation. It is this that looms before the vast concourse of men of mind and note assembled in this city, and about to handle the doctrines of the world and their own next Wednesday. They are summoned to declare themselves shadows, to disappear from the scene, to leave no successors behind, and nothing to mark where they sat but one throne, without equals, without councillors without appeal.

CHAPTER VII

ANTIQUITIES AND BASILICAS

Rome: Dec. 5.

THE plague of rain has abated, and the sun shines on Sunday. Rome to-day is lovely and delicious. The palm trees, prickly pears, cactuses, and bamboos on the Pincian seem to feel at home, as also the Spanish bishops with their green hats, and a most stately Oriental whom I saw this morning, more a Bedouin to look at than a Christian of any rank or order, having his boots blacked in the Corso. But Monte Mario still approaches very close to the Pincian, which looks like rain in the wind. There were fifty arrivals yesterday from all parts of the world, some very outlandish indeed. This brings up the total here to six hundred. When they are all here we shall know the countries they represent. The information would be still more valuable if it gave also the numbers of their respective flocks. Again and again I hear people say that the Papal infallibility will have to be waived, so great will be the reluctance to accept a new and more rigid definition. As the Pope's side say it is not wanted, being already the doctrine of the Catholic Church, and freshly illustrated in a signal manner by the acceptance of the new dogma published fifteen years ago, there is certainly a

way of retreat. On the other hand, if seven hundred bishops are collected from all parts of the earth merely to agree to some new rules about fasting, dress, and other points of mere discipline, they may feel themselves trifled with. I have fashioned the question thus wise :— The Italian mind must be quite subtle enough to devise fifty different modes of defining Papal infallibility, and putting them in a graduated table. All then wanted will be to sound all the members of the Council, and ascertain how high they rise. It will be somewhere between temperate and summer heat. The Archbishop of Paris is chief only in name. He is a cipher in the controversy, and his compliance will be rewarded with a Hat—the last infirmity of saintly minds.

However, I must not be an accuser of my brethren. Here I am plotting and contriving how to get a place in St. Peter's next Wednesday. A kind suggestion has been made, and that in a most orthodox quarter, that I should ascend to one of the galleries in the dome, and be 'a sweet little cherub aloft' for the occasion; but neither should I like it, nor, I am sure, would the Pope's own advisers leave so commanding a position open to unknown people. I adhere to my first plan, which is to enter the church at early dawn, like Don Antonio in the opera, between two ladies in black, and see who will resist me. The Pope's legion of 5,000 regulars and seculars will hardly have mustered; but the invasion from the English quarter will be enormous. The sight through the spacious doors of the Council Hall will be obstructed by an altar, &c., placed just inside. Thus, not only Protestants, but all the laity who have not the right of admission, as ex-kings, ex-queens, titular arch-

dukes, or banished princes, will have to be content with the procession and the singing, in which, it is said, 6,000 voices will join. The Italian preachers here are denouncing the idle curiosity of the English, come here, they say, only to laugh at the Council. A preacher in the Corso said this last Sunday, after seeing, as he could not but see, an endless stream of our countrymen and our cousins flowing to the four chapels now open for service in our tongue. He did scant justice to the multifarious curiosity and indisputable industry with which young and old are investigating the mystery of old Rome, diving into catacombs, burrowing into the Palatine hill, and looking for foundation under foundation, and foundations under them. For my own part, as my powers of acquisition are limited, and it is necessary to stop somewhere, I decline to follow the antiquaries into the palaces of the kings. It will only be the beginning of profounder investigation; for, I grieve to say, it has now been discovered that the aborigines of Italy were cannibals.

I was out early this morning to recall or revise my earlier impressions of the city which now for two thousand years has presumed to rule the world. By 7 I was in the Basilica of S. Maria Maggiore; by 8, in the Lateran. I looked into a dozen other churches, and saw a priest, evidently one of the new arrivals, working his way, on his knees, up the Scala Santa, and reciting the office step by step. Two miles of my walk lay through ruins right and left; ruined temples, aqueducts, palaces, amphitheatres, and nobody knows what, besides deserted villas. It was a comfort to see a good many acres of vegetables, and even to hear a railway

train passing under the old walls. S. Maria Maggiore stands just on the outside of the population. But think of an edifice with three immense façades, a lofty tower, two domes, and most costly works of art, which would hold its ground with our finest cathedrals, built there simply because once on a morning in June the site was found covered with snow. There you have the sentiment only too natural to a city which holds itself the most favoured spot in the world, the very gate of Heaven, the continual recipient of messages, omens, inspirations for the teaching and government of the world. If the church was indeed built because there had been a fall of snow there and not elsewhere, that was likely enough, as it is at the top of a hill. But it has not kept the people there, nor can it feed or warm the scores and scores of beggars I have seen on the steps warming their fingers and noses over little earthenware baskets containing a few bits of charcoal. There is a host of clergy there, and some twenty altars, but common sense still maintains its protest of fifteen hundred years against an expenditure beyond all just proportion to human needs.

The Lateran, however, where four General Councils were held, and which is still the metropolitan church of Rome, is a more signal instance of that wisdom, that sagacity, and that command of the future which we are all to bow to. The immense pile is a Tadmor in the wilderness. There is a mile of ruins on every side except one, for there is not more than half a mile of ruins between it and some inhabited houses near the Coliseum. The clergy who serve the church, as also the clergy of another huge and desolate pile a quarter of a

mile off, have to drive thither from the city. Stonehenge is hardly more desolate than the Lateran. But, as you know, that is surpassed by the Basilica of St. Paul. The latter is really one of the largest buildings in the world, and one of the most costly, placed where not only are there no people whatever, but where it is impossible to live. Heaven somehow has laid its curse on the locality, so that no constitution can stand more than three months of it, and Rome has built there within this century a church that would certainly hold twenty thousand. If Rome could purify the air, cleanse the soil, exorcise the demons, or change the cauliflowers and artichokes into men and women, or do anything to justify her enormous extravagance, then we might confide more in her sagacity, and measure her heavenly by her earthly wisdom. But she cannot people the desert, she will not submit to facts, and she refuses to acommodate herself to the laws time has made, and the changes time has ordained. She stands in the midst of ruins which she will not recognise. Were the decrees of the four Lateran Councils to be proclaimed to-morrow from the steps of that Basilica, by the voice of a whole legion, they would only reach a chance sight-seer, or a chance peasant on his way from the Campagna or trenching his cabbage ground. Yet everything is kept up there, and Rome will not see that her children are not. We may admire such faith and perseverance, but we cannot envy the direction and the object. It is an ambition that ever overleaps itself, and a zeal, not for human souls, but for the glory and dominion of Rome.

The Senator has published a manifesto inviting the inhabitants to celebrate the opening of the Œcumenical Council as a general holiday, and to do all in their power to add to the splendour and solemnity of the occasion. A Pontifical Bull has been issued nominating as Cardinal Legates Cardinals Reisach, De Luca, Bizzari, Bilio, and Cupalti, and appointing four Congregations of Bishops, who will be elected in the Œcumenical Council to deliberate on questions of Dogma, Discipline, the Regular Orders of the clergy, and Oriental rites. A decree of the Congregation of the Index condemns the work 'The Pope and the Council,' by 'Janus'; Frohschammer's work, 'Jus propriæ Persuasionis;' and Count de Ségur's work, 'La Piété et la Vie Intérieure.' The Bavarian Minister, Count Tauffkirchen, presented his credentials to the Pope to-day.

CHAPTER VIII

ANTICIPATIONS OF THE COUNCIL

Rome: Dec. 6.

THE last thing that I hear is that the infallibility will not be pressed, the Jesuits having pushed the matter too hard. This has been related to me as a mortifying conclusion come to with some suddenness. I find it difficult myself to credit anything of this sort, and can hardly believe that Pius IX. would summon all the bishops of his communion to the foot of his throne with so abortive a conclusion, or with so paltry a result as the mere condemnation of a catalogue of philosophical and political opinions. It seems to me much more likely that first one definition will be presented, then another, as in a series of dissolving views, that the scientific gaugers of human faith at the Vatican may find how far they may safely go. Whatever is said now may be no more than a feint. However, the assembled bishops are still in the dark, and the Report of the Congregations, or Preparatory Commissions, is not out, or likely to be soon. If the good Catholics here are to be believed, and taken at their word, there is not the slightest occasion for a new dogma. 'It is not they who want it. The Church has always held it. But they

want peace. They wish some foolish mouths stopped, and some weak brethren reassured. There are those who wanted a General Council. It was not they. The Pope, in his discretion, summons a Council. He knows best. No doubt he is right, and they acquiesce.' But I must not interpose either their thoughts or mine between you and facts, or, rather, authentic statements. The last 'fact' I present you with is that the Pope, with some bitterness of spirit, shrinks from the cast of the die. He does not look to me the man to do so.

There will be a large force of military in St. Peter's on Wednesday; and, as they tell me the garrison of Rome is 9,000, there can be force enough. But, what with the soldiers and the 5,000 seculars and regulars, where will the profane world find itself? Yet there is not an English lady of any age here who is not fully resolved to be there and to see everything. I hear that the vaults under the Council Hall, which contain many relics, and which are usually accessible to visitors, have just been cut off from the rest of the crypt, as we call it, with a strong iron grating. This shows some faith in our Gunpowder Plot. The bill for the preparation of the Hall has already mounted up to a handsome sum, 15,000*l.* I hear; and it is said that the Brussels carpeting used for the lining and backing of the seats is a large item. I send you a published plan, and, though you know St. Peter's pretty well, I beg to remind you that this Council Hall is more than 150 ft. long, near 90 ft. wide, and about 152 ft. high. It may be called open to the dome, for the screen is only about 60 ft. high, leaving 90 ft. clear above. The Council will begin in one sense to-morrow at noon. From that hour to 1 o'clock

all the bells in the 360 churches of Rome are to be tolled, and all the guns at St. Angelo to be fired incessantly, It will be a tocsin to rouse the whole world. The bells gave us a taste of their quality on the evening before Advent Sunday, and they it was that mustered that immense multitude in St. Peter's. I heard them from the Pincian, and as that view itself is crowded with domes, towers, pillars, and obelisks, the bells made the roar of an ocean, and quite as continuous. But then they were only breathing themselves; they will be in wind to-morrow.

Certainly, these people understand ceremonies. I should overwhelm you if I sent you all the forms, methods, and 'normas,' including some hundreds of titles—that is, of distinct regulations—to be observed on Wednesday. I have now before me a handsome quarto, with full directions for the behaviour of the members of the Council, whether personal or parliamentary, if I may use the word, as also of their Churches, and of the Catholic world, during the Council. To-morrow I hope to let you know what resemblance it bears to the Standing Orders of the House of Commons. The first thing I notice as I turn over the leaves is that nothing is to be proposed, or said, without the previous sanction of the Pope, and that nothing is to be allowed to transpire, except, of course, the results. All are pledged to secrecy. Though the Council opens with thunders, it is to proceed in a whisper; and gossip will still be the medium between it and the outer world. But a word more on the news with which I began. If the infallibility is to be shelved for the present, what next? How is this supreme effort to be justified, and how are all these men to be sent home

satisfied that theirs is not a fruitless errand? The solemn recognition of the mysterious dogma of which next Wednesday will be fifteenth anniversary will not prove that Popes can do without General Councils, but rather that they want them, and must abide their sanction.

Moreover, I need scarcely say, *that* was not a matter on which the human mind was in the slightest degree exercised. I have asked with a serious and painful interest what good Catholics thought and felt on that subject. The decided answer of a most honest and faithful informant was that nobody whatever whom any ordinary person was likely to meet and talk with gave the least thought to the matter; and that a few theologians, if in England they could be so called, had it all to themselves. That was the purport of the answer; and the inference is that it matters not the least what the Council may do in the matter. But no doubt it will sanction what the Pope has done, and what cannot be undone, even if anybody desired it. What then remains? The Syllabus and the Encyclical. But they are a nest of controversies, and they concern the civil as well as the religious world. As soon as that war is proclaimed, the Conscript Fathers in this Spiritual Senate will find the Gauls already among them. They have invoked auxiliaries, and may find them invaders. Many a precedent justifies the dread which Rome but ill disguises of the northern barbarians. They are too rudely truthful for her; too sternly independent; too wedded to the institutions of freedom and self-respect. This will not be one but a hundred campaigns, and as the Lateran Councils spread over a century and came at last to an

imperfect result, the Vatican Councils may easily run on for a hundred years, and leave the world, as well as the Church, much as they found it.

It is noticed above, at page 63, that the vaults under the Council Hall, usually accessible to visitors, had just been cut off from the rest of the crypt by a strong iron grating. The fears that prompted this precaution were not entirely without a foundation. When the three Triumvirs, Mazzini, Armellini, and Saffi, met for the last time on the eve of capitulation, or assault, there arose the question what to do with the gunpowder, of which a good stock remained on hand. Saffi, with grim humour, suggested skying St. Peter's.

CHAPTER IX

THE EVE OF THE COUNCIL

Rome: Dec. 7.

SIXTY more arrivals were announced yesterday, with Cardinal Cullen at their head. The list includes several prominent names—the Bishop of Marseilles, for example—and agrees with what I have observed, that the most responsible persons are the last to appear. As you will soon have an analysis of the whole attendance, I will only observe that in the above list there are half-a-dozen English and Irish, eight American, mostly bearing Irish names, two from our Australian colonies, twelve bishops *in partibus*, and four representing the Armenian, Chaldean, and Coptic rites. The streets are full of ecclesiastics in groups, asking their way, and looking as un-Roman as your correspondent. However, they are all well got up, and the bishops appear as self-assured and self-reliant as all bishops do, within my small experience. I never did see such a multitude of clerics of one sort or another—from satin to rags, from purple stockings to bare legs. It is impossible to see so many thousand men living, many in affluence and splendour, most in comfort, all in security, on the business of saving souls and showing the people the way to heaven,

in a country where men and women have to work like slaves to earn tenpence a day for themselves and their families, without some ugly reflections obtruding themselves. However, we have to find answers for many paradoxes in England, and there may be an answer for this.

The Council opened this morning with a confusion of some fifteen hundred brazen tongues. I went on the Pincian to catch the first burst, and to say to myself, 'This is the great Œcumenical Council of the Vatican of 1869.' As the usual gun sounded noon, all the 360 churches began to ring all their bells, and they have four or five apiece. There was roar enough, but the nearer bells being the most audible, the effect was a jangle—a loud and impressive one. As we went thence through the streets to St. Peter's the noise was stunning. All the world was on its way to see the preparations, which are thrown open to-day as much as possible. The vast area of counters, well covered and draped, for the robing of the 700 bishops, excited as much curiosity as the Council Hall, still in the hands of workpeople. The seats are being numbered in letters large enough to be read a hundred yards off, so that every bishop can be identified. Over a sea of worshippers, spectators, carpenters, upholsterers, and clerical men or boys, a blaze of candles shone aloft, round one of the chief relics of St. Peter's, the handkerchief of St. Veronica, exhibited for this occasion.

The English, of course, were busy reconnoitring for to-morrow. There are 330 seats for ladies in black, and about ten times that number are to race for them before sunrise to-morrow. From an early hour no

carriage, not bearing a privileged person, will be allowed to cross the bridge of St. Angelo; so the racing will be under severe athletic conditions. Do not be hard on the fair runners. It is something, at least, to hear Gregorian chants by five or six thousand voices, including a Pope, fifty cardinals, and 700 bishops of all nations. Some good people here are saying the whole thing is an outrage, a delusion, and especially an insult to our Anglican Church. They cannot see how any serious person can wish to be present, or in what mood he can attend. As for joining in the slightest degree, that is pronounced impossible. I don't see this, and never did. What we are witnessing here, and what we are to see and hear to-morrow, is the faith and practice of England for a thousand years, when we were not a very bad nation and people, or very particularly foolish. I claim communion with the founders of our Universities and Colleges, and with our bishops back to Augustine. But I claim also to use that common sense and private judgment which are essential to true sincerity and true faith; and with that reserve I hope to attend to-morrow. To-morrow evening we are all to illuminate, whether we like it or not, in honour of the Council.

But why do I talk of the ordinary units in to-morrow's crowd, and their little perplexities and reserves? The Pope, it is still most confidently said, is to be the most disappointed, most baffled man in the great show. Infallibility will not go down. Like the rest of us poor mortals, Pius IX. must take his religion as he finds it, and is not allowed to force his opinions upon the rest of the world. We all of us have our opinions, and very naturally try to bring other people to them;

or, at least, to diminish the authority of what we hold to be errors. That is precisely the Pope's case—neither more nor less. He is most conscientiously of opinion that when he sits in the chair of St. Peter, and proclaims thence doctrine to the world, he must be in the right, and the world is bound to take whatever he says without doubt or demur. I know people who have precisely that opinion of their own infallibility in the sphere of a town or a village, and who think their opinion not only allowable, but even to have a saving efficacy as regards their brethren. But it is now said Pius IX. is to be cruelly denied the solemn and express adoption by a General Council of this opinion of his own. He will still hold it. All good Catholics, I hear it said, must hold it, do hold it, always have held it, and always will. Yet it is too probable the Council will leave it alone. The French bishops, and a good many others, tell him he is crying for the moon and cannot have it; the moon will answer its purpose better where it is, and will do no good in his own hands. After all, I shall be as comfortable in that pageant of a Universal Church tomorrow as the successor of St. Peter presiding over it.

The Council has opened with artificial thunders. A blast of a still fiercer tone sounded yesterday. On the first page of the official journal, between the Court Circular, as we should call it, and the list of arrivals to the Council, is a decree by the Congregation of the Index. I seldom see these things, but I am told that an extra amount of condemnation is there bestowed on the four works thus, for the first time, introduced to my acquaintance. They are 'A Critical History of Superstition,' published at Milan; 'The Pope and his Council,'

by 'Janus,' published at Leipsic; 'The Right of Private Judgment,' by Frohschammer, also at Leipsic; and a small book on the Piety and Inner Life of Christ, which a priest of Lombardy has written, and then dutifully submitted himself to the judgment of the Church. No difference is made between the penitent and the impenitent, so far as their works are concerned. The Congregation of the Index utterly condemns and proscribes all four works, forbids them to be sold, read, or kept, in any language; and commands all persons to deliver the copies in their possession to their ordinaries or to the officers of the Inquisition, under certain penalties, for which reference is made to the Index. No doubt the Council will do a good deal of this kind of work. No doubt, too, it will be able to stop a good deal of criticism, of historical research, of mysticism, of pietism, and of private judgment. But in what class of minds?

It is painful to hear the deliberate estimate made of the proportion of Italians—that is, Italian men—let alone Germans and Frenchmen, who believe anything at all, or have any religion beyond some feelings and principles not very definitely applied. As for the few who are religious, they seek safety to their souls and peace with their neighbours by not thinking about the matter. This is Italy. Rome is a locality possessed by Liberals one day, by the Pope's friends another. It is now in the latter's possession. Two armies, one military, the other clerical, possess it to-day. It is hard to say whether the arm of the flesh or the arm of the spirit shows itself the most. As I write it strikes 5; all the bells are clanging again. The guns of St. Angelo are taking it up. What is so

maddening as noise?—at least so Horace said and felt. The vision of universal empire still haunts the Roman mind. It still sees all the world in many a single moment of time. The empire of faith is that most conceivable and most possible. What the Council can do towards it we shall see. Meanwhile, I must not omit the only grand ceremony to-day. The Pope has been to a customary service at the Church of the Apostles, near the Palazzo Doria. The church stands in a considerable piazza of its own. Both church and piazza were entirely filled for two hours by an immense multitude waiting for his Holiness—much to the disappointment of ladies driving up leisurely, and in time, as they thought. The Pope was received with prodigious enthusiasm, *vivas*, and waving of handkerchiefs. Of such tribute may he have as much as is good for his poor soul!

CHAPTER X

FIRST PUBLIC SESSION

Rome: Dec. 8.

WE were to be called at 4.30, but I was up at 4, and there were sounds of preparation all round, and in the streets below. It rained, and the sky was black as ink. It is madness to be up so early; but considering the infrequency of General Councils it can be no great hardship to get up at 4 once in three centuries. The order had gone forth, and had been posted all over Rome, that no carriage lower than episcopal rank would be permitted on the Bridge of St. Angelo after 6 o'clock. Not to be embarrassed in the race, I had behaved with much brutality to several parties, including a most agreeable widow lady, who offered to share carriages, and even give us seats. Races in couples are a delusion and a snare. My own people I could trust. At 5 o'clock all the church bells began clanging, through the thickest darkness, and the streets were lively. In a few minutes we were at breakfast. The waiters were most loyal, as I always find them here. Everything was ready, except that the hens had not yet laid their eggs. However, when the big bell of St. Peter's began to boom, we began to move. Already we knew that,

from all the streets converging on St. Angelo, there were rolling processions of ladies who had heaped upon their heads and shoulders all the black they could find in their boxes. So we were soon downstairs and off. We counted thirty empty carriages coming back before we got to the bridge. It was raining heavily, and the wheels churned up yellow mud, which the day before I saw men laying down in the form of sand that sea nymphs might have danced on.

In ten minutes we were put into the dry at the foot of the ascent leading to the Scala Regia ; but there was no lingering there. We had to dash through the rain to St. Peter's, which was not yet open. Some hundreds had huddled themselves at the most likely entrances, seeking such protection as the huge pillars and cornices would give ; but that was not much. Carriages were rolling in fast ; the steps and slope seemed alive with moving figures ; they closed upon us, and in a few minutes we were imbedded in a mass of human beings —I, half dozing, and with a sort of dead remembrance that I was at Rome, and at St. Peter's. Soon after 6 the iron doors were opened, and we all pressed into the vestibule, in utter darkness, with a sensation of columns of soldiers marching in upon us. Some good provident souls had brought bits of taper, which they lighted, and they showed us where we were ; indeed, we could see the roof. A regiment of soldiers came in, and, by the light of the two tapers, displayed the length of the vestibule. You know it would easily hold two regiments, and a respectable insurrection besides. However, it became pretty full. We had to bide our time, and be thankful we were out of the rain. In about half an hour

the two usual doors were simultaneously opened, and immediately there was a stream of black runners up the nave, which was just darkness visible. But for the hundred lamps always burning over the tomb of St. Peter, and some unusual lights about the famous bronze statue, one could not have told the church from a barn. As we were, all of us, half walking, half running, I saw some ordinary-looking fellows drop on their knees as they passed the chapel on the right, where there were lights, and which had the usual claim to the devotion of good Catholics.

The tribune, sheepfold, pen, or whatever it is to be called, for ladies in black was closed, and two officers stood guard at the entrances. There was soon a state of siege, lasting about an hour. I had nothing to do but to watch the slow admission of daylight into the vast church. Before me I dimly observed a large black space. It was the *atrium* of the Council Hall. In it was a patch of lesser darkness ; it was a window. I saw the colossal figure of St. Longinus, the soldier who pierced our Lord's side and was then and there converted, and who here seems to be throwing his spear away from him. I could also see, by the light of the candles, the curious senatorial statue of St. Peter, but I could not then perceive what I saw afterwards, that it had been gorgeously arrayed with pontifical vestments, and crowned with a tiara. It was an object of great admiration. By-and-by the patch of lesser darkness became plainly a window, but it seems the light was intercepted by an angle of the Vatican. Then I saw two bits of twilight over the Council Hall, reminding me of the dim eyes of the Patriarch who could not distinguish the child of promise from

his more loved brother. Then I could make out the dome, the vast medallions between the arches, and the lettering. I saw that the part reserved for ladies was filling. At this there arose a cry of indignation from the ladies about me, that their competitors at the other entrance were getting in, by fair means or by foul, and securing the best places. I lifted my two ladies over the partition, and was about to do the same for another, who had comforted them with a bottle of salts, when an official courteously besought me not. But my people got a good place, and I doubt if their kind friend got in at all.

I was then at large in Christendom, which just now was at St. Peter's; but already at half-past 7 the church was full, though afterwards much fuller. I took a good position opposite the Council Hall and kept it for two hours; but a lot of tall fellows got before me, the pressure became very distressing, and I had before me the prospect that the pressure on the nave would tend upwards to me, and that I was, in fact, in a corner. So I extricated myself with difficulty, as I saw many big and strong fellows do after, and took a more open place, but otherwise not so commanding. Our expectations were excited and disappointed half a dozen times by the arrivals and movements of soldiers, the entry of lighted candles and crosses, and by a procession of the Host. Then by the military band; then by chanting in the chapel opposite; then by the guns of St. Angelo, which began to boom through the church. At 9 o'clock, Romans, long accustomed to St. Peter's, said they had never seen such a crowd. This I am told from several quarters. The numbers imagined are so immense that I cannot give them. It was 10 before the Pope and

Council arrived. As the Pope descended from his airy throne at the *atrium* and doffed his tiara in the presence of the Host, the bishops also took off their mitres, and the procession did not show over the shakoes and bayonets of the soldiers keeping the line. Gradually they took their places in the Council Hall, and through the vast portal—for all the world like the frontispieces one sees in old books—I saw the First Council of the Vatican. They were all in white, at least all that I could make out, and as they had tall white mitres when I first saw them, the effect was too 'papery,' too much like a thing done in cardboard. These mitres, however, were sometimes off, as the service required, and then the effect was better.

The seats seemed nearly all occupied; indeed, there are more than 700 members of the Council here. Dupanloup came yesterday, and I hear has a following of thirty bishops; but the Bishop of Poictiers also has a following, and that a good one. Austria, Naples, Tuscany, Wurtemberg, and Parma, were in the Royal tribune. As for the regulars and seculars that were to line the passage for the procession, as this was done by the soldiers, the clergy fraternised with the laity, and I have to-day been in close communion and contact with every rank, every order, every quality of the Roman Catholic Church. Of the service in the Hall and the proceedings of the Council all that we could perceive was the chanting and singing, which was above all criticism. It was most harmonious, most majestic, most sweet, most beautiful, most persuasive—all but convincing. It was seldom, indeed, and only in the most familiar parts of the service, that the multitude joined; for a good deal of the music was of that sort which

rather defies popular admixture. At 12 I got out into the open air, and found the piazza as full as the church, streams of country people then flocking in. Upon my return to the church I felt the air sadly tainted ; but there were the strains from the Council Hall, for which I could have endured ten atmospheres of miasma, at least for a while. The proceedings, of course, were by programme. But several times all the bishops gave simultaneous acclamations in their natural voices. They all sang a Litany and a *Te Deum*—at least, I suppose it was, and the effect was magnificent. It was one mighty voice trumpeted from the Hall.

It was not till near 3 o'clock that the proceedings and the services were all over, and two streams of tall white satin mitres flowed out of the Hall—one down the nave, under the above-mentioned statue of St. Peter, the other to the opposite transept, in the direction of the sacristy. As a good many of the bishops stayed a few moments at the foot of St. Peter, and at the chapel lower down, they withdrew slowly, and I left a line still entire the whole length of the nave. I came home fairly hunted down by cardinals, and by Imperial, Royal, and Grand Ducal equipages. By that time the rain had ceased, but had left the roads, the pavements, and the atmosphere very wet. Others will tell you about the Council ; at least I hope they will tell me something of it. The Fathers seem to me very much afraid that others may know more about it than they do themselves. All is darkness hitherto. The good people say it ought to be so, and that a Council ought to be without form and void till the Pope give it light, order, life, and law. I have not done justice to the crowd. Of course London, with its three

millions, can get up a larger multitude of men on a good many occasions; but it could not be anything like so strange, so motley, so picturesque, and so surprising. Imagine all the figures in all the pictures of churches, countries, cities, villages, by all the Italian and all the Dutch artists, walking out of their frames, just as they are, and you have the crowd in which I have been wandering to-day like a mote in a sunbeam. I have lived to-day in company with Raphael, Titian, Paul Veronese, and also Teniers; for I have never seen more beautiful dresses, never more quaint, never more savage and uncouth. But I must stop. To-day is the prolusion. The work has to begin.

The Œcumenical Council was opened to-day. By daybreak, notwithstanding the weather being rainy, the inner atrium and grand nave of the Vatican Basilica, the route of the procession, were already thronged by an immense concourse of spectators. At 9 o'clock, amid the ringing of the bells of all the ecclesiastical edifices in the city and salvoes of artillery from the Castle of St. Angelo and Mount Aventine, the procession formed in the upper atrium of the Vatican, descended the Scala Regia, and passed through the Lower Atrium into the cathedral. Regular and secular clergy were ranged on either side, and the procession consisted of six archbishop-princes, forty-nine cardinals, eleven patriarchs, 680 archbishops and bishops, twenty-eight abbots, and twenty-nine generals of religious orders. In all about eight hundred ecclesiastics preceded the Pope, who was carried into the cathedral in the gestatorial chair. His Holiness first knelt some time before the Sacrament, and the assembly then took their places in the Council Hall in seven rows. After Mass had been chanted by Cardinal Patrizi, the Archbishop of Iconium pronounced the inaugural discourse. The Pope, who appeared

to be in the enjoyment of excellent health, then gave his benediction, the ceremony being carried out in exact accordance with the State programme. The tribunes of the Council Hall were occupied by the sovereigns and princes present in Rome, the members of the diplomatic body, Generals Dumont and Kanzler, and the Roman and foreign nobility. The Council Hall presented a most splendid and imposing appearance.

After giving the benediction the Pope received the homage of the members of the Council. The appointed prayers followed, and the Pope three times invoked the aid of the Holy Ghost for the Council, a hymn to the Holy Ghost being sung by the choristers. Persons not members of the assembly then quitted the hall. The prelates approved the decree opening the Council, and the *Te Deum* followed, the ceremony terminating at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon. The Empress of Austria was present in the gallery set apart for foreign sovereigns. The weather is very bad.

The attention of the *Mémorial Diplomatique* has been called by a retired diplomatist resident at Rome to the frequent visits lately paid by Mr. Odo Russell to Cardinal Antonelli. 'Notwithstanding the mystery that surrounds the "officious" agent of England, it is no longer a secret in diplomatic circles that he is seeking to induce the Pope to accept an offer of the British Government similar to that which was made upon the occasion of the Convention of September 15. The *Livre Jaune* published the despatches of Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, the then ambassador of France, to the Holy See informing his Government that Mr. Odo Russell had on several occasions offered to Pius IX. the hospitality of the island of Malta in the event of his Holiness finding that his safety was endangered in his capital. Now that certain journals are holding out a prospect of the recall of the French troops in case the remonstrances which an Ambassador Extraordinary of France may make in the Council remain without effect, Mr. Odo Russell has thought fit to

return to the charge, and to repeat to the Holy See the assurance that the Court of Rome, as well as the Council, would find a cordial welcome in the island of Malta. It is not yet known whether Mr. Odo Russell makes these suggestions of his own accord, or whether he is authorised to do so by the Earl of Clarendon, his father-in-law. He, however, is indisposed towards the Marquis de Banneville, who, on the day of the solemn opening of the Council in his quality as *Doyen* of the *Corps Diplomatique* excluded the "officious" agent of England from the tribune reserved for the fully accredited representatives of foreign powers.'

Marseilles: Dec. 9.

Yesterday being the festival of the Immaculate Conception, the town was illuminated in the evening. A band numbering about a thousand or fifteen hundred persons traversed the streets, shouting out against the illuminations, singing the 'Marseillaise,' and breaking the gas lamps in front of the bishop's palace and the hotel of the prefect. Upwards of sixty arrests were made.

Among other matters of speculation connected with the Roman Catholic Council it has become a question, not merely what these reverend seigniors will say (if they are to say anything), but how they will say it. Latin, of course, is supposed to be the official tongue—the one familiar to the lowest and most incapable among them. But at a little rehearsal held the other day they came to signal grief at once. It was not a question of entering into a complicated debate about any dogmatical mystery, but simply of concocting the address to His Holiness in answer—*more parlamentico*—to his speech from the chair. And it was found that all the Latin available did not suffice for a common conversation. The Cardinal in whose rooms the scene took place was beside himself. There was such a Babel as had never been heard in or out of Genesis. At last a few American bishops proposed to substitute French, as a language in which a few present might understand each

other. Things went on smoothly for a few minutes in the tongue of the Gallicans, when up rose the Bishop of Reggio and loudly protested against the profanation. Matters of the Church could only be treated in Latin, he said, the Vulgate (which he evidently considered the original 'Revelation') being written in that holy tongue, and some one even suggested Christ and the Apostles as having spoken that tongue—no doubt, sarcastically. And so the Latin debate was resumed by the few who had mastered the language to a speakable degree. The others sat in silence, but when it came to signing the address they did sign it all like men. This meeting may well be taken as a prototype of the whole Council.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

To the Editor of the TIMES.

Sir,—I read in a letter from Rome, dated December 11 :—

'The exclusion of the unaccredited representatives of Great Britain and Russia from the diplomatic box in the Council Hall by the French Ambassador, on the inauguration day, has been much commented on here, and has proved displeasing to the Government, whose official head, Cardinal Antonelli, had fully sanctioned their presence. Mr. Odo Russell has subsequently received the private apologies of the Marquis de Banneville for the apparent harshness with which he was *désolé* to have been obliged to act, especially towards Lady Emily Russell; but Mr. Odo Russell begged his Excellency to think no more of the matter, as he had only followed the example of the Supreme Pontiff in excluding heresy and schism from the Œcumenical Council.'

I hope the English public will duly appreciate the compliment which has been paid to their representative, which was, of course, owing to the ill-defined position that functionary fills at Rome in the present relations between the Queen and the Holy See. This, in my opinion, ought to be a sufficient inducement for us to alter our policy in that respect, by either discontinuing all intercourse with Rome or having a properly accredited Minister there. It is remarkable, however, that the

slight should come, not from the Roman Government, but from the agent of a friendly Power, of that Power which in the Papal States, it would seem, is stronger than the Pope—*i.e.* than Heaven itself.

I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

AN ADMIRER OF GALLIC COURTESY.

I omit a letter lying before me of about this date, and once intended for the present occasion. It was from a well-known church architect, protesting against the assumption of an œcumenical character by the Council. His contention was that the *Times* should either give the Council another name—Vatican for want of a better—or place the word Œcumenical between inverted commas. 'THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL' was a very prominent heading in almost every issue of the London papers and in *Galignani*, and must have offended many readers. I had nothing to do with it. The Pope styled it the Œcumenical Vatican Council, and the English custom is to allow every institution to call itself what it pleases, within the bounds of common sense and fairness. The Catholic Church so styled in our Prayer Book is œcumenical in its heritage of rights, promises, duties, and aspirations, and the custom is for a part of it to claim what belongs to the whole. When we come to the question of fact, the Roman Communion is far more œcumenical than any other. Never had there been a gathering that approached so near to a representation of Christendom as this.

CHAPTER XI

PARTICULARS OF THE OPENING

Rome: Dec. 9.

'So you have seen a General Council.' That may almost be called the salutation this day in Rome. It is a long time since the last, and perhaps there may never be another. As the Pope will soon be able to hold telegraphic communication with every bishop in his communion, and perhaps even have a wire of his own, there will be no absolute necessity for bringing these poor men—many of them very poor, it is said—from the ends of the earth, in such a crowd that half of them must be lost, slighted, and overlooked altogether. The representatives of the separate rites, with some wisdom of the world, are holding their own here. Six Orientals, of I know not what rite, are celebrating and consecrating together, at the same altar, at 7 o'clock every morning; and I am going to see it. Something like a dozen of the patriarchs yesterday declined the white satin mitres worn by all the rest, including the Pope, and exhibited their richly-jewelled tiaras. You will have the numbers at last. For the present I can only give the result of an addition sum. It is 670 bishops—what if it should turn out to be 666!—and 50 cardinals

and patriarchs ; altogether 720. There are most various accounts of the action and following of the prominent personages in the approaching drama. Has M. Dupanloup many or few? Cardinal Schwarzenberg, I hear it complained, has actually brought 'printed papers' with him—that is, I suppose, pamphlets—and circulated them here, against any dealing with the dogma of infallibility. Whatever is proposed on this point, it should be explained, will be in the old form—that is, the condemnation of some contrary opinion. *Si quis dixerit . . . anathema sit.* The Pope's theologians will have to spot this or that writer.

The Bishop of Sura, it is said, had a warm reception the instant of his arrival. As he was waiting, with two other bishops, at the station for his carriage, the Bishop of Tulle attacked him with a violence that threatened personal collision, denounced his audacity in intruding on this holy ground, and had to be forcibly withdrawn.[1] If this is the beginning, people say, what will the Council come to? But the policy of the Papal Government is too deep, too tranquil, and too far-seeing to be measured by mere incidents. They will prepare the ground well. Everybody and everything are to succumb to the old influences of the place. Time is given for this. Nothing has yet been promulgated, and it will be an entire month before anything can be proposed. Very good. But while Rome matures her policy the rest of the world is maturing also in some other directions, and it is affirmed, even by some good Catholics, that the

[1] I was afterwards told that the supposed passage of arms between these two Fathers was chaff and nothing more ; for they were old friends, and only too glad to see one another.

Council has already precipitated inquiry, and driven many into unbelief. At Florence they are busy at the critical inquiries into the Scriptural history and text which have so long amused the Germans, and so much troubled my own countrymen lately. The Italians, so long content to take things as they were, are now compelled to move in one direction or the other; and just now their national aspirations pull the wrong way, so far as this Council is concerned. Indeed, it suffers the imputation that it is no more than a political expedient, and that the Divine promise of heavenly truth is converted into a bid for a wretched bit of temporal sovereignty.

The scene at St. Peter's yesterday made various impressions, and the truth lies in a fair comparison of them. In brilliancy, and in all that constitutes a *fête* or show, I am told it was far short of the Canonisation of the Japanese Martyrs. Of course it was. On the present occasion the object of interest was in a Council Hall, out of the principal line of vision, and only half revealed to the most fortunate of the spectators, those under the dome. The Council itself was an object of supreme interest, but far from showy; for what is there in 700 old men, dressed in white and wearing tall white caps? As these were laid aside on entering the church, and as all the bishops stopped at the Chapel of the Sacrament, through which the Pope made his way to the Council Hall, there was hardly any procession, and what there was of it could not be seen. There was no procession at the end; only two streams of departures, indicated by a succession of tall mitres, made with two sheets of cardboard. Certainly this is a sight one does not see every day, but when there is a procession for everything, why not for a

General Council? The day was most unfavourable for seeing this spectacle in the Hall, being what they call here a fasting-day—that is, a dull one. But what was seen was significant, and therefore impressive. Seven hundred bishops, more or less, representing all Christendom, were seen gathered round one altar, and one throne, partaking of the same Divine mystery, and rendering homage, by turns, to the same spiritual authority and power. As they put on their mitres, or took them off, and as they came to the steps of the altar, or the foot of their common Spiritual Father, it was impossible not to feel the unity and the power of the Church which they represented. The sight was impressive to those prepared to be impressed, though it must have disappointed those who came to see a show, and would hardly have satisfied the crowds who flocked into Rome to see the triumph of their Sovereign.

What reached the ear could not but be imperfect. There were long and tedious intervals of silence. The sermon was injudiciously long, they say; and, of course, sound, and nothing else, to the outer world. The Pope delivered his Allocution with much emphasis and gesture but was interrupted by a cough, and probably did not say all he had on paper. 'He said nothing political,' so I am told, though I don't see how he could avoid it. As to the singing, it was necessarily under difficulties. There could be no rehearsal or concord. The verses of the *Veni Creator* were sung at long intervals, but very impressive. The choir was there in one place, and the responses, with the chief volume of sound, in another. Where I stood I could not make out whence either came. The Pope was to chant the Litany, and the

people about me said he was chanting it; but the voice rang so loud, so clear, and so musical that I could not believe it to come from so old a man. The truth is he chanted three petitions made for the occasion, not the rest; but I suppose he put the spirit into the rest, for nothing could be more animated. The *Te Deum*, chanted by the choir and the bishops alternately, the congregation joining, was magnificent.

But I have the good fortune, or the ill fortune, not to have a very fine sense of musical harmony. People say some of the principal voices were out of tune, and at all times there was a continuous murmur, and, indeed, roar, from the fact that of the fifteen or twenty thousand people there assembled, some thousands were talking as freely as if they had been in their own houses, and perpetually on the move. When churches are built on the scale of an Apocalyptic vision, we must expect the sound of many tongues, and a great multitude that no man can number. They who did attempt to join were perhaps the worst foes to the trained choir; for even our little village choirs do not like what they call the hum of the congregation. Strange as it may seem to English Protestant ears, service was incessantly going on at all the altars in the church; congregations were assembled at them, bells were ringing, and responses chanted, and every now and then there was a procession, with bell and candle, from one part of the church to another. In the very midst of the sightseers occupying everywhere the most commanding positions, from the slightest to the most dangerous elevation, priests were celebrating Mass, as if they were alone in the vast solitudes of the old basilicas here. I must add that

every ten minutes the word of command was given in no gentle voice to some body of soldiers, to clear an avenue, push back a crowd, or make some new combination. This they had sometimes to do in the face of strong remonstrances. Lower down the nave I hear the thieves were plying their trade, with concerted attempts at disorder.

I have told you every variety of the human race within reach of Rome was there. This was not entirely spontaneous. A contingent of a thousand pilgrims was expected from Naples, and I hear a third of the number did come. I saw crowds that might have come from Mount Athos or the Upper Nile, for anything I could tell. You are aware that, besides some varieties of monks that wear no linen at all, there is a still greater number that make it a rule to change their body clothing only once a month, or at still wider intervals. However, incense covers a multitude of other perfumes, and it was one of the utterances I most enjoyed from the Council Hall. The question whether there shall be a Council or not was put apparently in successive clauses, for three or four loud acclamations were given. *Placet* was one of them. Excepting the English bishops, I suppose that there was not one single Englishman either on the floor or in the tribunes of the Council Hall. Of course, our diplomatic agent was excluded. No matter for that. Be this the Church of the past or not, it is the world of the past that finds most favour here.

The *Times* of Monday has made its appearance here, but not that of Saturday. People say there has been an accident on Mont Cenis, and that a guard has been killed; but this does not seem to have affected

the arrival of letters. The sun is not shining on the Council. To-day it is dull, close, and rainy. It is just the weather to show Rome at its worst. The half-mile from the Palazzo Borghese to the Bridge of St. Angelo is the most abominable thoroughfare and the narrowest I know in the world. It was never so bad as now, when it just rains enough to make the dirt stick and accumulate, not to wash it away. When will the people here find in their Bible the good old Protestant text, 'Cleanliness is next to godliness'?

Rome: Dec. 9.

In to-day's sitting of the Council the Pope read to the members assembled a short homily, in which he said that it had given him great pleasure to inaugurate the Council on the appointed day, and to see the bishops assembled at Rome in greater numbers than ever. They had come to teach all men the voice of God, and to judge with the Pope, under the auspices of the Holy Spirit, on the errors of human science. Never was it more necessary than in the present day, since conspiracy and impiety were wide-spread and strongly organised, and hide themselves under the mask of aspirations for liberty. There was no cause for alarm. The Church was stronger than heaven itself, and now was the time to consider what remedies were efficacious against the present evils. The bishops should strive with him to secure peacefulness in the monasteries, order in the Church, and discipline among the clergy. In conclusion, he invoked the Holy Spirit, the Virgin, and the holy angels. The next sitting of the Council is fixed for the feast of the Epiphany, when there will be voted and promulgated decrees which will have been drawn up at the private sittings of the Congregations.

Rome: Dec. 10, evening.

Yesterday the Fathers of the Council held their first general congregation in St. Peter's. Ten members were

elected into two Bureaux, each five in number, who are to be the *judices excusationum* and *judices querelarum et controversiarum*. The bad weather continues, and the visitors are not numerous.

Paris: Dec. 11.

The *Figaro* of this morning says that a note of the Minister of Justice has been forwarded to the Marquis de Banneville, the French ambassador at Rome, stating that the proclamation of the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope is a question which would be inopportune to revive from a religious point of view. From a political point of view such a proclamation would relieve France from the obligation she has undertaken by the Concordat with the Holy See.

CHAPTER XII

THE FOUR COMMITTEES

In the published documents of the Council, and in the Italian journals, the four bodies named as above, were called, generally, Congregations, or, sometimes, Deputations. Several of the existing boards, councils, and departments, of the Roman Curia are called Congregations, as, for example, the Congregation of the Index, and that of the Propaganda. But there is no word in our own language philologically capable of various senses, that has in fact acquired so unique, so decided, and so concrete a sense as 'congregation.' It is applied to nothing else than the persons assembled in a place of worship. That has become its proper sense, for, of course, it may be played upon. English people can scarcely conceive the word capable of any other meaning. They retain in it, however, some faint reminiscence of its origin. It is a congregation of Christian sheep gathered to the voice of a Christian shepherd: apt, indeed, to run after strange teachers, but reverting to the voice they know. When our countrymen heard from Rome that Congregations were doing this or that, suffering this or that, finding themselves in difficulties, receiving peremptory orders from head-quarters, choosing their presidents, and

so forth, some began to see some hope for Rome, for Congregations are certainly a powerful element in all religious questions in our own country. Rome, however, is still a long way off from the Congregational system, which would soon be a house divided against itself on the banks of the Tiber.

Immediately on the Council beginning to organise itself, it appointed—that is, it accepted from the Pope, with a mere form of voting, not only the appointment, but also the selection of—four Congregations. As regards the constitution, composition, and purposes of these bodies, the nearest things in our own country are Parliamentary Committees, and Royal Commissions. I will leave the reader to follow out for himself the many differences between the Roman and the English legislative organs. It is enough to say that the Pope—that is, his ministers; that is, the Jesuits, whom without offence I may call the Pope's own Legion of Angels—picked out, as they knew how to do, the hundred best men in the Council, having regard to a due proportion between the nationalities. That proportion is given elsewhere. These hundred good men and true were divided into four so-called Congregations, as stated below. The Council had to accept these bodies as constituted and as they were, cut and dried, for they had really no choice in the matter, nor could they have done better, probably. This last word I add because there certainly were good names not to be found in these lists, as the name of Cardinal Pecci.

No doubt these Congregations represented nations, but not opinions—that is, if a Roman Catholic can be credited with so foolish and barren a thing as an abstract opinion. The title itself is not complete with-

out a reference to the Chief Shepherd. These were congregations in the sense of flocks ; but a flock without a shepherd is a very erratic body. They were Papal Deputations to do the Pope's will—that is, to receive his will and form it ; in other words, to take his form of his will and return it with some remarks showing a proper study of it. They were, however, first to submit everything both to a general Congregation—that is, to the whole Council—and then to a Congregation deputed by the Pope to receive and revise everything sent up by the Council. I was repeatedly told that the process was very complex, and so elaborate that every possible question was thoroughly thrashed out, and there was not a chance of error—apart from the special claim to infallibility. I hope now that my readers will understand that the words Congregation, Deputation, Section, Committee, and Commission, are only different terms applied to the four bodies selected to deal with the four principal subjects the Council had to deal with. It was only when they had done their work that it was handed up to another body, almost equivalent to an Upper House, constituting a fresh security that the Council was doing the Pope's work. The perfected and approved *Schema* was finally put to the vote in a General Congregation.

All this was much more of a purely formal character than any process known to our legislature. The decision of the Council was supposed to be unanimous, and this unanimity was obtained by eliminating, or silencing, or simply ignoring dissentients. Upon the decision being declared the Pope declared it as his own, with the approbation of the Council.

Another term gave me some trouble. The ecclesias-

tical word corresponding to our Bill in Parliament is Schema. The word 'scheme' has many senses with us, some very suggestive of ill-intent. However there was no choice but to take the word as we found it.

Rome : Dec. 11.

We shall begin to understand better what is meant by a Council, and how it is that Councils have usually been rather prone to represent what may be called advanced opinions and advanced practices. The Council is now sitting—that is, with closed doors, at intervals of two or three days—for the making of arrangements and for the doing of something called 'business.' It met in the Council Hall yesterday for the choice of officers, so my informant said ; but it appears, in one important point I shall shortly mention, that they were mistaken in common with others more interested than I can pretend to be. The Council also elected, or is electing, by some process unknown to me, four 'Committees,' each consisting of 24 members, for the purpose of deciding, virtually, who shall open his mouth at all in the Council and what he must not say. There are, as you are probably informed by this time, four of these bodies, charged respectively with Faith, Discipline, the Regular Clergy, and Rites. When any member of the Council, therefore, feels sufficiently courageous and enterprising to say something, he will first have to submit his 'say' in writing to the Committee charged with that subject. But here comes what I am told is a serious innovation upon the precedents and institutions of former Councils. Both the Council and the Sections used to choose their own presidents and other officers ; and the French

bishops, as well as others, arrived under the full impression that this would now be done. On the contrary, the Pope has already provided the presidents, secretaries, and under-secretaries, both for the Council and for several Committees. The French bishops complain loudly of this, but upon one of their number expressing a free opinion upon this or some other point of arrangement, he was told that it had been ruled by the Pope, and there was an end of the question. Thus far, therefore, it is evident that any proposition made will be in safe hands, and that nothing indiscreet will pass such an ordeal.

You are aware, too, that the Italians hold, I dare say with some justice, that they are the only people in the world who preserve the secret of ecclesiastical Latin; and they very properly insist on correcting all the solecisms of Transalpine Latin by orthodox rules. The most accomplished Ciceronian scholar, or even a fair 'schoolman,' may find himself an outer barbarian at this Court. When a Gallican or a German bishop has had his doctrine, his discretion, and his Latinity duly corrected, he may be allowed to read his paper in the Council, or have it read for him by an officer appointed for the purpose. I am not sure that the latter course is not compulsory, and, indeed, an assumed necessity: for it is necessary to have not only one Latin idiom—viz. the ecclesiastical; but also one pronunciation—viz. the Italian. How these gentlemen like thus to walk and talk on stilts, and to fight in armour not proven, I know not; but if they come to Rome they must. You know what happens when somebody drives, and there are no such drivers in the world as the Italians. Whatever else

the Pope and his Court have derived from St. Peter, they are good fishermen, and they understand the use of nets. The tunnies in these seas are driven first into large nets, then into small and still smaller, till the whole shoal is absolutely at the mercy of its captors. The larger net is the Council; the smaller the Committee; and I myself believe there are apertures smaller still through which the most vagrant, self-willed fish will find themselves forced. Even the people here who talk the loudest about Gallican or German independence wind up with a despairing allusion to the omnipotence of Italian intrigue. Italian knots are occasionally cut by the sword, but in the art of tying knots the race is incomparable. Such is the work now in progress with closed doors. The nearest English parallel we can imagine is a Committee upstairs arranging the order of business. The President of the Council, I said above, will be a nominee of the Pope. His Holiness will be represented by a Commission of five cardinals any one of whom may preside.

The doors of the Council will be closed till January 6, when the front, they say, is to be taken down, and the ceremony of a public session performed. Meanwhile the Council is in a case full of the Italian atmosphere, and hermetically sealed against foreign influences. That atmosphere is no trifling element in the question. Besides the Pope, most of the cardinals, and nearly all the officers of the Council, it must be remembered that more than a quarter of the bishops are Italian, and that the Pope has a body guard of a hundred theologians, well trained, and competent for any kind of work. Of course the Committees will have, and will, indeed,

require, the services of these experts in revising the orthodoxy, the style, and the discretion of those who are ambitious to figure as speakers or writers on this occasion. I can scarcely conceive the man bold enough to run the gauntlet of so many processes calculated to darken, to disguise, and even to change his meaning. It reminds me of some of our own legal fictions in England, where a man is obliged, purely *pro forma* and in the interest of truth and justice, to make an affidavit containing a string of the merest figments of the law. In this Council, however, the writer will be held to his words, which will not be charitably interpreted. I am told it is by no means the case that there will be no free discussion, and no debate in the ordinary sense of that word. There will be. When the much desiderated Reports of the Pope's preparatory Congregations have made their appearance, and time has been given to digest them, the theses or articles will be made the order of the day for the successive meetings—*i.e.* with closed doors. They who wish to speak upon them will, indeed, have to frame their 'observations' beforehand, and submit them to the ordeal I have described; but they may then defend their observations *viva voce* from the pulpit in the Council Hall, if they wish: of course in good ecclesiastical Latin, and of course taking care to avoid opinions upon points already ruled by Councils or Popes.

As the Council is thus engaged in arranging, with closed doors, the very words to be said or read in public next session—*i.e.* January 6—it is evident that, from first to last, the proceedings of that day might be reported by anticipation the day before.

The books of the solemnities to be observed at the

Opening (on December 8) have lain before me several days, and perhaps I ought to have sent you a more particular account of them. My excuse is that there cannot be less than five hundred ceremonies of one form or another, and it is impossible to say which of them would have the smallest palpable place in sight or sound, and which not. Whatever form or ceremony has been found in old books about Councils has been carefully retained, and as, no doubt, a few modern usages have crept in, the result is the Council began very late, and was actually itself hurried—so they say. The Catholic part of the multitude, always including the devout women, were loud in their impatience. 'The Holy Father is always late.' But there really was some excuse here for the good man who, with a comparatively small staff of officials, had to lead seven hundred bishops, most of them strangers, through several hundred ceremonial forms.

Nor will the bishops wishing to say something, or having something to say, have much time to prepare. All say that the Papal Congregations sitting all this year have not yet presented their Reports, the whole year having been found, in several subjects, insufficient for their full and decisive consideration. By rights, the reception and distribution of these Reports should be now part of the business of the Council. But even if this be done, say next week, the bishops will not have very much time to consider them, still less to meet a policy of obstruction carefully prepared against independent reasoners. Each head of the Reports is to be put separately and successively to the Council, and thereupon will arise the discussion, if such it may be called. The difficulties of the ground, and of the conditions imposed

are such as can be met only by the best-advised counter-operations; and, as no novelty can be introduced, I can only suppose that one conservative policy will be met by another. The Italians will hold their ground, and Catholic Europe will hold its ground, and resist what it believes to be further encroachment. That is a battle familiar enough to the readers of ecclesiastical history; but it is not one from which magnificent results are to be expected on either side.

The French bishops are described as malcontent. The innovations in order mentioned above are plainly designed against them, and there arises, therefore, a personal question between them and Pius IX., who makes a fresh attack on their liberty, and on their account restricts the action of the Council in its own internal arrangements. Bishops are running about Rome collecting votes on one side or another; and, incredible as it may seem, the best-informed persons say that a small phalanx of bishops from France and Northern Italy, including Milan and Turin, will carry things very much their own way. Under the circumstances, a very few men represent a very great power. Thirty or forty men have sometimes done a good deal in our own Parliament, aided by strong constituencies and a good cause. At all events, it would not be wise to send these men home in the humour in which they are now described to be.

While the Council is sitting with closed doors, it manifests its presence with appropriate demonstrations. During Epiphany all the 'Rites' will be represented at the Church of S. Andrea della Valle, and the church will be largely attended by those who are curious in such matters. It still rains. The Tiber, which I saw

yesterday morning rushing past the ancient Marble Wharf like a cataract, rose in the course of the day high enough to submerge it, and to disappoint a company of archæologists, who had arranged a lecture on the spot. The letters and papers are all coming regularly, and Rome only wants a little sunshine as well as warmth—there is rather too much of the latter—to be a very pleasant place for this time of the year.

CHAPTER XIII

A RAMBLE IN ROME

Rome : Dec. 12.

I DON'T know whether you care for my morning rambles ; but to-day is Sunday, and I hold a truce with the Council, which is in the throes of self-organisation. I was told some time since, quite seriously, that it ought to find itself at first in a passive, helpless, and expectant state, waiting the intervention of a strong will and infallible judgment. Whether the present is the desired *coma* or mesmeric trance I know not, but in a day or two something is to come of it. Soon after 7 this morning I sallied out for the gate by which the nations used to enter Rome, but which they have now deserted for the iron rails, which land them at the Baths of Diocletian. The people were already flocking into the churches. From the Via Condotti to the Piazza del Popolo lies a region marked by what they call at home spiritual destitution, and which on that account supplicates the presence of the Pope once or twice a year. There are only seven large churches within half a mile, besides, of course, some monastic and educational establishments.

Arriving at the Piazza, I found on my left one of

those gatherings I have several times observed and do not understand. About five or six hundred men were in conversation as if settling something, or waiting, or offering themselves. Last Sunday, at the same hour, I found no less than a thousand men thus engaged, or thus disengaged, in the Piazza Barberini. They look men quite able to take care of themselves, and ready to do so; fine, erect figures, with an entire wardrobe hanging from one shoulder or the other. Is this business political, social, or simply industrial? The only like of it is in Ireland, where there is always just such a gathering to be found in every town, every day, and every hour of the day. But there they are discussing the wrongs of their country, and the restoration of the soil to its old masters.

The Piazza del Popolo contains three churches, built for the following cogent reasons: two because ornamental objects were wanted just there; the third because once on a time the hill side was possessed by demons who threw stones on the passers-by, and upon their being effectually exorcised the miracle was commemorated by a large, handsome church. The facts I do not doubt, nor yet that the demons were of good Roman extraction. However, the church, containing many pictures by the best masters, is one that everybody is expected to have seen. The Porta del Popolo is in the grand Roman style, four times as high as need be, not half wide enough, and always horribly dirty under foot. Immediately outside you come on the English church, an American church, and a Presbyterian church, all of them over public-houses, of which, in fact, they are the upper rooms. We are over the 'Sun,' another is over

the 'Three Kings.' Eating and drinking goes on under our Communion Table, and what relics there are can only be those of the last meal. This is by the Pope's order. He will not allow us so much as to meet for public worship within the walls, and, as these happen to be the only buildings available, he must be held answerable for the enforced selection. However, I lingered not there, but floundered on through the mud in the long, narrow road traversed by seventy generations of barbarians since the days of Brennus. On either side are long walls, built with peperino, ancient bricks, ancient marble, often moulded, and ancient pottery, quarried from ruin heaps. About every twentieth curb-stone is a block of white marble. Marble or travertino baths, well sculptured, are doing the duty of water-troughs, if not mischievously destroyed. Joints of fluted marble columns guard the corners of the road or make a finish to the curb where interrupted. As you pass the gates of the gardens on either side you see beautiful marble capitals, baths, sarcophagi, and bits of cornices, disposed as our own suburban folks arrange rockery or white flints.

I had mountains before me, and mountains are apt to quicken the pace of every walking man. However, it was impossible not to notice people and things so utterly different from anything English. Wine, meat, and vegetables were coming in from the country, and even trains of carts loaded with fine gravel. No Italian walks if he can ride or drive. Through a mass of coats and cloaks he makes a stately figure on his small horse, ass, or mule, jogging along briskly, and getting over the ground. He takes wonderful care of his own skin, and has often,

when he drives, a little fabric like what you see for the hall porter in our West-end houses, in which he snugs himself in wind, rain, or sun. But there were also groups of peasants walking, very many in that costume which one sees every day in the Piazza di Spagna. I saw some, as I thought, even more Raphaelesque, but that their dresses were worn and draggled. They would have made better pictures, even whole groups of them, than the professional models; but they looked thin, dark, fierce, and altogether a different sort of folk from the petted children of art who come out on a sunny day, and sit all about the steps and fountains here. I doubt whether they would sit for a franc an hour, even if they wanted it ever so much. On the other hand, there were groups of women dressed more like our own villagers, only with more contrast of colours, and with falling head-dresses of one sort or another. Of course, there were beggars. Where are there not here? At last I stood on the Ponte Molle, and saw the Tiber, as usual, charged with mud, and carrying rubbish of all sorts on its eddying surface. There, too, I looked towards the famous field where Constantine, at the sight of the Cross in the sky, resolved that the world should be Christian, though he would himself wait for a while.

I will pass by our little quarrel with the Pope for driving our Church into public-houses and stables. We have a grand example which may reconcile us to that. But I will venture a few remarks on the long bit of straight road, say a mile and a half between the Porta del Popolo and the Ponte Molle. There is no reason on earth why it should not be a good, healthy, agreeable, and decent promenade for ladies, and even for cardinals.

Ladies complain that they cannot walk in Rome, or about Rome, or anywhere, except just in the gardens or the Pincian, of which they soon tire. Of course, they lose their health for want of exercise. The complaint is too well founded. The streets, roads, and lanes are all, everywhere, always, simply disgusting. With great natural advantages and the most interesting associations, the road I walked this morning was one nuisance all the way, and I felt at almost every step I could not possibly have a lady with me. There are in Rome thousands of strong, healthy men beseeching your charity upon one pretence or another, or shaking tin almsboxes in your face, from the time you leave the hotel till you return to it, and certain sanitary rules for which Rome may find authority at least as infallible as her own are utterly disregarded, I presume for want of working hands. Yet, mark me, at every twenty or thirty yards of this road comes an imposing gateway, or some architectural monstrosity, or simply a marble tablet with an inscription recording the fact that a Pope, or a prince, or a duke, or a cardinal built the villa, or repaired the wall, or did some work there, or perhaps simply that it was his property. Half a dozen Popes are thus recorded down to Ponte Molle, besides as many noble Roman families. A good thick handbook might be composed out of the materials supplied by that mile-and-a-half. The bridge, of course, was an opportunity no Pope could resist, and an immense inscription informs the traveller at any distance that Pius VII. rebuilt the arches, and added a triumphal arch at one end and colossal marble statues at the other.

But all this grandeur, and all this dirt! All these

Papal, princely, and noble names in a universal uncleanness of persons and places that even savages might be ashamed of. I know nothing of Eastern or African cities, but Rome is a European city, and claims to be the very city of God, not only for Europe, but for all the world. The lofty pretension ramifies into a thousand lesser varieties, sustained, it must be admitted, with a most noble disregard of many objects of vulgar cupidity or ambition. I do really believe that the Pope and his people far surpass the efforts of ordinary national proclivities in their zeal for their place, their city, their temples, and their throne. But what churches, what domes, what columns, what statues, what marbles, what mosaics, what paintings, what tissue of gold, what jewelled tiaras, what processions of cardinals and bishops from all the world, what candles and lamps, what guns and bells, what fountains shooting upwards or running down, can make up for dirt, dirt, dirt, as ubiquitous always as the plagues of Egypt were for one dreadful hour or so? Whatever else this is, it is a city of Dirt, and whoever tries to change the air by a stroll into the suburbs only finds them a good deal filthier than the city itself. And this is the State which proposes to lay the greater part of the civilised world under terrible curses, unless it will receive some mysterious dogmas on the most inscrutable subjects, and be also content to repose on her infallible judgment upon any political, social, or economic question that may happen to divide society! We may not tell the physician first to heal himself, but we request him at least to clean himself, and to establish some claim to teach us mysteries by a little improvement in matters cognisable to bodily sense.

CHAPTER XIV

COUNCIL MEETING FOR BUSINESS

Rome : Dec 13.

ON Friday the Council met for business. Mass was first celebrated, and it lasted, they tell me, two or three hours. There must be very few men in the world who can join in a religious service with even an attempt at devotional feelings so long without being incapable of severe mental work at the end. However, the 700 immediately entered upon their work. First, they had to choose five judges to decide upon excuses for non-attendance and such matters, and as many upon quarrels and complaints. The highest authority informs us that the most ancient forms of election were used, and the most remote precedent followed, and, consequently, that nobody can object to the result. Arguments, it appears, are necessary to make the result pleasant, but I doubt whether they succeed. There was actual voting, and a division. The minority numbered 106, against about 570, I should think, for the Council somehow does not reach 700. The Pope's friends say they want fifty votes more, and that, in one way or another, they reckon on getting them. Of course I asked why. The answer is that if they can reduce the minority to fifty, it will retire

from the field, on one excuse or another, and that then everything will be carried unanimously—the point they are striving for. After the election of the two Boards of Judges came the real difficulty, the election of the Committees. I have vainly endeavoured to obtain the process by which this was first attempted, and can scarcely myself believe what I nevertheless tell you. After much collection of suffrages in writing, and much comparison of lists, it was finally pronounced impossible to make anything out of them. I dare say the plan was ingenious enough, if intelligible, but it was 'a thing no fellow could understand.' One of the bishops raised a smile by quoting very audiby, I hear, a verse from the Psalms, in the Vulgate, 'The searchers have searched, and found nothing.' Those of your readers who have the Psalms in the Vulgate will find the verse and the word *scrutatores*.

Thus far I tell you as I am told, but for my own part I can scarcely think it possible that Italian ingenuity or presence of mind could fail on such an occasion. If the Council gets into a mess, my own suspicion is that the mess was prepared for it, and that it stumbled that it might fall into a pit. Either at this failure, or in the course of experiment, the Archbishop of Paris made a vigorous protest against all the forms and procedures employed, as contrary to modern civilisation, and obstructing the action of the Council. Thereupon an alternative plan was produced with suspicious promptitude; but whether it be a pit or not I will leave wiser heads than mine to decide, giving, however, my thoughts about it. It was that they should vote by nations. That sounds well. But how does it

work? If my list is wrong by a name or a figure that does not much signify. The plan is the question. The four 'Congregations,' or Committees, named will each contain twenty-four members, and that number is to be made up by three from Italy; two, severally, from France, Spain, North and South America; and one, severally, from Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Bavaria, Prussia, Poland, Switzerland, Belgium, England, Ireland, India, Asia, Australia. This makes up twenty-five; so there is one too many. England, then, by way of example, will have to elect four members of committees, and France eight. We shall see on what principle, or in what spirit, the Gallican and English bishops will make the selection, and whether they will attempt to strike any balance of opinion by the choice of what are called moderate men. It seems to me they can hardly escape choosing the man with the largest following; and that in that case the Pope will have four Congregations really representing the majority, which nobody doubts to be in his favour.

But here comes *his* difficulty. The more tremendous an engine is, and the more completely under command, the greater is the responsibility of using it. Thus if Pius IX. could, by a word, overthrow every heretical or schismatical throne in Europe to-morrow, he would certainly hesitate to plunge the world into anarchy, and hand it over probably to a reign of democracy. Small weapons, with small results and a little uncertainty of action, may be used lightly; not so weapons of precision and deadly force. Even our own statesmen, trained in the school of faction, and well prepared for all the emergencies likely to occur to common politicians, have

sometimes found themselves suddenly armed with too large and too willing a majority. What if the Pope should find himself driving a runaway team, one only too anxious to brave the wrath of emperors, kings, and nations, without thinking much of the certain consequences to the charioteer? However, by means of the presidents, secretaries, and under-secretaries, of his own appointment, the Pope will always be able to apply the break as well as the whip; and it may turn out that he has to do the former rather than the latter. The voting by nations, according to the above programme, is fixed for to-morrow (Tuesday), and the streets are positively dangerous with bishops driving about in every direction canvassing for votes. I have been out a good deal to-day, as it happened, in that vast labyrinth between the Tiber and the Corso, and could not think what was the matter. I said to myself I certainly shall be run over by a bishop at last. I am now told the reason, but I can assure you no county town could be more lively at a contested election.

On the above occasion, the 10th, the Reports of the preparatory Congregations were delivered to the Council —to the assembled Fathers I believe I ought to call them. There is a cry of indignation, strong and wide, I hear, at the contents of these Reports, and the bishops declare that they are treated like children, in what way or ways I shall soon know more. But they are called on to receive in their integrity, and without doubt or qualification, all sorts of propositions, on which it is needless they should be committed. There is a rumour I cannot believe, that one bishop has been positively frightened away by the sight of the work cut out for

him, or something else in the proceedings. Of course, flight in such a case would be leaping down a precipice to escape a bear, for the victim of terror or of conscience would certainly lose his see. But at last it would really seem, unless what is now done be only a feint to cover what is intended, the Council knows, which it did not before, what it has to do. I shall be able to speak more positively in a few days; but it can hardly be doubted that the Reports are nothing more than the Syllabus and the Encyclical Letter, adapted to the present occasion. If so, of course neither the Council nor the outer world has been taken by surprise. There is hardly a State or a language in Europe in which the Council has not become a controversy treated by the light of those documents. In them Pius IX. challenged the world, and pointed out to his friends the ground they were to take for defensive operations. Even in the sphere of spiritual pretension he will have to content himself with a much smaller dominion than was there designated. As the bishops have come to Rome they have left behind them Pastorals for their flocks, generally redolent of the last Papal inspiration; but they have also left the field equally open to other publications, written in a very different spirit, and quite as likely to be read and approved. The civil power shows a lively interest in a controversy which is, indeed, a question of life or death to it.

The Index has just condemned 'The Pope and the Council,' by 'Janus'; but the condemned volume is circulated by authority, I am told, throughout Italy. In all that is said or written, however, on one side or the other one fell issue appears, and that is, whether men have indeed the right to think for them-

selves, and to exercise their judgment upon any matter which has even the pretence of a spiritual import. We in England may think very little of a question which is hardly a question at all, either in our politics or in society. Every man among us may think and say what he pleases within some broad moral rules; and the Roman Catholics for many years have been labouring the hardest in the cause of civil and religious liberty. But the questions raised by this Council, and to be settled by it in some fashion, lie not directly between Rome and the whole outer world, but immediately, and with the gravest consequences, between it and the States still professing to be in the Roman Communion. So far as these States recognise the authority of the see of Rome, so far they also recognise its old and unaltered claim to the spiritual, social, and political government of the world. What, indeed, are the Catholic Powers and the Powers with Catholic populations to do if the bishops and clergy dependent on the see of Rome become pledged to principles and maxims subversive of civil authority and hostile to what must be called the whole existing state of things, in the social, in the moral, or the religious sense of the expression? They will not be able to untie the knot, nor yet to bear it; they will have to cut it altogether.

XV

UP

Rome : Dec. 14.

I INTENDED not u to-day, having nothing to tell you ; but powerful stimulant. I meant to have an afternoon among the pictures in the Vatican ; but arriving at the Bridge of St. Angelo, about half-past 11, we found it occupied by dragoons with lofty brass helmets, long white cloaks, and black horses. So we had to make a détour, cross by the suspension-bridge, and enter the Piazza under the southern colonnade. The dragoons were there and everywhere. But the instant the Piazza opened to us, what a sight was there ! It was a parterre of ecclesiastics in purple, lace, embroidery, and gold. A single red cloak will give a character to any landscape, and there were here hundreds of bishops and cardinals, and all sorts of functionaries. They were in little crowds, in trios, in pairs, in strings, under the portico of St. Peter's, under the colonnades, waiting for their carriages, waiting for one another, waiting for nobody, and simply hanging about St. Peter's. Already I had been surprised to meet half a dozen cardinals in their grand equipages in that narrow street, which will never be widened or even cleaned till a cardinal has been upset

in it. I conjectured that the Fathers, having given in their votes for the Committees, had been dismissed that their votes might be counted. But, for the glorious scene in the Piazza: I could not tell you the varieties of hue, chiefly, of course, those combinations of red and blue which ladies can distinguish and name so much better than gentlemen. The sun had told on some; but most of these vestments were new.

The wearers were mostly the grand, stately, beneficent-looking men so seldom found in busy capitals like ours, but to be seen occasionally in the close of a provincial cathedral. All had white lace—I know not what, for, though addicted to many follies, I have not gone into vestments. But you see it in the pictures of Cardinal Wolsey. The ladies with me said the lace was beautiful. The prevailing colours were nearer violet than anything else. There were some remarkably splendid vestments which I have since been told were those of North American bishops. There were some covered with pictures of saints embroidered in panels. Some had crimson or violet caps; some caftans; some a kind of veil, black or white; some actually a sort of turban. Some had long black beards; some snowy white. Most of them carried a large quarto rolled up in their hands. Carriages of all sorts were taking up their splendid freights; but I saw a good many pairs and trios of the magnificent personages I describe accept the services of the dingy little fiacres and drive off with a bishop on the six inches of ledge in reserve for a third passenger. I have omitted the chief point. The sun, the first time I have been conscious of his appearance since I came to Rome, was shining brilliantly on this bed of tulips and

poppies, and no show of rhododendrons and azaleas could beat it. It was plain by the animation of their faces, the tone of their conversation, and a certain unconsciousness of the figure they were making to the outer world, that something had happened. As it seemed useless to inquire, or even to speculate, I allowed myself to regard it as a very good show.

The truth about the first meeting with closed doors —that is, on the 10th—is coming out. It was a scene of the greatest confusion. I am now told that the minority was 130. It was the Archbishop of Temesvar, in Croatia, it is now said, who was making a Latin speech, protesting against the forms and arrangements as interfering with the independence of the bishops, when the bell rang and he was called to order. Thereupon, it is added, the Primate of Hungary came to his rescue, and in his turn was called to order in like manner.

Upon this Dupanloup made a strong observation in good French, and left the Hall, with the Archbishop of Paris and a hundred others; in fact, breaking up the meeting. All the bishops complain that they are powerless; that they have had no time to know what they are wanted to do; that they have only been allowed eight days to make one another's acquaintance; finally, that the Hall is intolerable. They are dying of cold, and they cannot hear one another. They say the present accommodation is utterly inadequate; that they require many more rooms, and those larger than what have been improvised in and about St. Peter's. I hear that some of them say the Council ought to have been held at the Lateran or the Quirinal, where they might have had a whole palace for the work, and rooms for

conversation and other business. They are now obliged to find opportunities for mutual information and conference where they can, and cardinals, and others who happen to have palaces at their command, are holding nightly large *réunions*. Very late ones, too, I suspect, for the streets are getting noisy at midnight, more so than when I came.

Thus the first meeting on the 10th ended with an abrupt adjournment; and I cannot doubt that of to-day has done the like. This is not very promising for the presumed object of the Council, which every day recedes further into the limbo of vain aspirations. If the dogma of infallibility is adopted, it is now said positively, the French Concordat will be at once withdrawn, and Pius IX. will find that with a new position new relations also will have to be arranged. So strongly is this intention announced that the Pope's friends accuse France of dictating, and Frenchmen do not deny the imputation. The situation is described on both sides as *gravissima*; and nobody sees the way out of it, except by continual adjournments, till time itself may bring some sort of escape. But as for any conclusions being come to and proclaimed by January 6, that is pronounced impossible.

At the time of the Council, Dupanloup had been a great name in France for more than thirty years. If I ever heard of him it was in connection with the Chief High Church organ of the French Church. I can myself only conjecture what must be the position of a man standing between what used to be called the Gallican Liberties and Papal infallibility. In a devo-

tional work compiled from Bossuet by M. l'Abbé Dupanloup, in the year 1838, he is described as Vicaire Général de Paris, and Supérieur du Séminaire Saint-Nicholas du Chardonnet. In after years, he was frequently described as the Samuel Wilberforce of France, which would imply that he was a man to be loved, respected and admired, even though the love, respect, and admiration might predominate severally or in turn. But this must be the case when a man has to present first one side of his character and then another.

Dupanloup arrived late, and his absence had been commented on. At last he came, and paid his respects to the Pope. Soon after his departure, there came in one of the Pope's chief gossips; 'I've had Judas's kiss,' his Holiness exclaimed. Nardi—I have no doubt it was Nardi—was so much amused, that he could not help telling it to everybody he met, and it soon came round to Dupanloup. He instantly asked an interview with the Pope, and besought him to contradict the impossible rumour. This at once the Pope promised, and sent for his gossiping friend. '*Porco!*' he exclaimed, 'what is this you've been saying about me? You go and say it was all your own folly and nonsense, and that I never said anything of the kind.' Nardi promised, and kept his promise to the word, but with what twist of the lip or twinkle of the eye, it is not for me to imagine.

Among the many difficulties besetting the Bishop of Orleans at the Council were his *protégés* and friends. He had placed Father Gratry, the friend of Father Hyacinth, in a most confidential position, and, no doubt, would have continued confidential relations with him, if it had been possible. But Gratry, instead of confining

himself to the ethical and pastoral side of the religious question, launched out into the polemical, and wrote against Infallibility. So Dupanloup had to answer for all the sins of both Gratry and Hyacinth, and he was not the man to abandon friends in difficulty. In all Churches, that which passes for the highest and most distinctive doctrine is also that which condones and conceals the greatest amount of moral shortcoming. The Infallibilist naturally believes that the Pope can do anything in this way. For several years Gratry was Professor of Evangelical Morals at the Sorbonne, and it was his experience in that capacity that brought him to the conclusion that even Popes may be in error. But Dupanloup had to suffer for it.

Sir,—In a correspondence from Rome printed in one of our Ultramontane papers in London I read the following :—

'The late unhappy letter [of the Bishop of Orleans] is generally attributed in well-informed quarters to an interview Monseigneur Dupanloup had with the Emperor Napoleon at Compiègne a few days before, in which his Majesty offered to present Monseigneur Dupanloup to the see of Lyons in consideration of his taking the lead of the Gallican party.'

Is not that admirable? Because the Bishop of Orleans expresses doubt as to the opportuneness of bringing forward the dogma of Papal Infallibility at the Œcumenical Council these 'well-informed' people have no scruple about stigmatising him as 'sold' to the Emperor Napoleon! But these well-informed persons have surely not forgotten the time in which M. Dupanloup, as a champion of the Temporal Power, abused the Emperor as a Judas and a Pilate. What would they have said if a layman had dared to hint that the bishop at that juncture was 'sold' to the Pope, and that his zeal was prompted

by the hope held out by the Court of Rome of promotion to something even fatter than an Archiepiscopal see? But the fact is that calumny is a privilege of a certain order, as it has always been before and after Don Basilio's days :—*Calomniez, calomniez toujours ; il en reste toujours quelque chose.*

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ANTI-TARTUFFE.

London, Dec. 6.

Rome : Dec. 14.

The Pope has notified to the Fathers of the Council the composition of the Commission which, according to the terms of the letter 'Multiplices,' was to be appointed directly by him with the power of receiving or rejecting, subject to his supreme approbation, the questions which the Fathers, exercising their right of initiation, might wish to lay before the Assembly. The President of the Commission is Cardinal Patrizi, the principal members twelve Cardinals, the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, the Archbishops of Malines and Westminster, the Bishop of Paderborn, and only two French prelates—viz. the Archbishops of Rouen and Tours. The Pope paid visits yesterday to the Empress of Austria and the Grand Duke of Tuscany. A Papal Constitution, dated December 4, has been promulgated to-day, ordaining that in the event of the death of the Pope during the Session of the Œcumenical Council, his successor can only be elected by the College of Cardinals, without the participation of the Council, which would be immediately prorogued, and only reassemble at the pleasure of the new Pontiff.

The following singular letter has been addressed by the Bishop of Laval to the *Semaine Religieuse*, and is published in that journal : — 'Rome, Feb. 7. — My dear M. Descars,— People are always talking in the diocese of Laval about Monseigneur Dupanloup. Well, there must be an end of that. I declare now before God and prepared to meet His judgment that I would rather die—fall dead at once—than follow the

Bishop of Orleans in the paths in which he is now walking, and into which the supposed authority ascribed to him is deluding some members of my diocese. You do not know what he is doing. You do not know what he is saying here, nor what his adepts are saying and doing. I know it. I hear it with my ears. No; better die this instant than lend a hand to these designs—to these unjustifiable manœuvres. I say it, and would maintain it with my last breath. I request, I desire, my dear Editor, that these lines may be inserted in their integrity in your earliest number. I insist upon it, and I assume the whole responsibility upon myself alone. If after that I shall be unable to appear again in Laval, I will very humbly solicit from the Holy Father permission to die at Rome. Adieu, my dear M. Descars. May these words obtain the widest possible circulation throughout my diocese. I do not trouble myself beyond its limits, nor is there need that I should do so. Adieu, in God and for ever, CASIMIR-ALEXIS, Bishop of Laval.'

CHAPTER XVI

EPISCOPAL DIFFICULTIES AND PAPAL SECURITIES

Rome : Dec. 15.

THIS is a day to make amends for three weeks of dull weather. We are sitting enveloped in warm sunshine, and a fire would be ridiculous. The Fathers must be thankful it is not a Council day, and not less that they have the aid of sunshine to study their task. Nothing has yet reached me about the sitting yesterday, except that it broke up unexpectedly soon and in excitement. The people here don't object to keep their horses standing a little ; but the carriages were ordered yesterday for 12 or 1, and when the Council doors were opened at 11 some hundreds of the most distinguished and magnificently dressed men in the world were turned out into the nave—that is, practically, out of doors. For an hour they were street Arabs, though I did see several Greek bishops, and bishops with a good deal of green about them—are they Spanish or are they Irish ?—tucking up their robes and making their way through the mud. The Papal authorities have housed the bishops with careful and discriminating hospitality. Those who could not be absolutely trusted have been lodged with safe companions, in the proportion of one weak brother

to half a dozen strong. In one palace two or three known to want faith are in charge of ten stout believers. The Jesuits have had the manipulation of the flock, and have done it well. There is not one of the Fathers who has not his feelings sounded and reported upon daily; and the common study of the printed papers compels all to speak out. In this way it will be ascertained what points can be pressed—supposing it desirable to press them—and what not. But the Pope will probably not propose at all what he would have to withdraw.

The American bishops, I hear it said, plead their difficulties at home. The Syllabus has excited much attention there, and has been denounced as an attack upon civil society, putting everybody pledged to it in antagonism to his fellow-citizens. At first sight it might seem that under a Constitution founded on the right of private judgment and the will of the majority there would be no great reason to fear an external claim to entire spiritual and social submission. But it is plain the Americans entertain a strong dislike to the kind of thing altogether, and that any maintainer of the Pope's infallibility and supreme authority in the chief affairs of life will often find himself at a disadvantage. So the American bishops would rather be out of it. Indeed, they say they cannot help themselves; the new converts stipulate for their liberty. If this be the case in the United States, it cannot be otherwise in all the States of the Old World, where religion is at all a matter of controversy, and where there are such things as converts from one communion or one school to another. The objections to infallibility are said to take a great variety of forms, but that must be only a variety of language,

expression and circumstances. There is one master objection at the root of all objections, and that is the individuality and the self-consciousness which make every man, who thinks at all, think for himself by laws and rules of his own, and from his own point of view. The man who thinks is already on a throne; and he does not even vacate it when he has solemnly accepted the Pope for his lord paramount. He cannot help remaining subject to the laws and conditions of his own mental supremacy.

There is no end of Papal securities. About forty years ago there was a little bit of moonshine constructed in our own country under the title of Protestant securities, but they know how to do these things at Rome. Every proposition and every 'observation' is to be submitted beforehand to one of four Committees, according to the subject of it. Then there is the Pope, his Court, and his corps of theologians, to take further and decisive cognisance of it. One of these Committees, I do not yet know which, was actually elected yesterday, and that step made towards the transaction of business. On this occasion 678 members voted, and that may now be considered, I should think, the outside figure of the Council. But to come back to the Papal securities. There is the Pope, his Court, and his corps of theologians, to take decisive cognisance of every proposition or observation to be made. But this is not enough. The Pope also has a Commission of his own. Twenty-four members of the Council, nominated by himself, will be charged with the revisal of the decisions come to by the four elected Committees, before they come to him; and, in point of fact, it will be this last body which lays before the Pope

everything proposed to be said or done by independent members, as we should call them. I am promised the names of this important body, and only hear at present that Archbishop Manning is a member, and, of course, eminently qualified. He is in good company. Twelve of his colleagues are cardinals, the remainder bishops. Dupanloup is nowhere in these arrangements. He has taken the Villa Grazioli, on a healthy site near the railway station and prefers to keep a little aloof. The Borgheses, with whom he is said to have a sort of connection, are indignant at the line he has taken, and pronounce it unnatural. Their indignation is hardly justifiable, but their fears are not misplaced, for Dupanloup has Europe, and, as it appears, the New World, too, at his back; and there is no more need for him to have any prominent or official character in the Council than for emperors and their ambassadors to have seats in it.

Something will have to be done with the Council Hall. There is no longer any doubt that speakers cannot be heard in it. The bishops and cardinals in the best seats could hardly make out a word of the Pope's Allocution on the opening day, though the sound of the voice was heard far down the nave. The voice escapes, and does not reach the intended hearers. As they say of water, it is diffused, and therefore useless. There is talk of a temporary ceiling; but, if so, where is the light to come from, and what is the good of being in St. Peter's at all? They have advanced the pulpit more into the Hall—that is, nearer the Pope's throne—and they have also put a canopy over it, as in our old London churches, but that will not do much. As for the multitudinous obstructions, I suspect that a good

many of them will be ground down by the friction of business, as soon as there arises a necessity for greater expedition.

I have been this afternoon to a review of the Papal forces in the grounds of the Villa Borghese. There were about 7,000 or 8,000 men, and, as the day was glorious, all Rome was there. I have seen many reviews, never one so picturesque and beautiful. There is a large and long circus, I should think about as large as the Circus Maximus, surrounded by a sort of race-course, surrounded again by terraces or large steps. The artillery and the dragoons were within the circus, and two regiments of Zouaves in the course round it. The old infantry, one or two other regiments of Zouaves, and another squadron of dragoons, formed a large circuit at some distance round. The chief feature, at least in the way of curiosity, was some 100 of the new force raised from the Contadini on the sea coast of the Campagna—light, active men, but yet to be made soldiers. These were chiefly distinguished by a sort of country sandals, and by their jaunty little hats, with cocks' feathers. I have seen many little companies of them conducted round Rome to see all the churches and sights. As most of the ladies in Rome, most of the bishops, in their costumes of various colours, and a good many other people privileged to dress in gay clothes were there to-day, the effect was charming. The Papal army contains a greater variety of uniforms than any army I know, and more colours. But that was not all. Here they were massed within and under a little forest of stone pines, cypresses, cedars, with temples, towers, and the bastions of the old Roman wall

peeping through here and there. I could have done more justice to it in your columns had I not been a prisoner half an hour in the returning columns and surrounding mass of spectators. It was 'magnificent'—whether 'war' or not I leave others to say.

Among the Fathers of the Council was the Bishop of Petricula. The name thus given in the published lists of the Council could not but be grateful to Roman ears, but it is simply the translation of Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas. This is a rock standing alone, very conspicuous in the midst of a sparsely-inhabited plain, and a great rendezvous for travellers. The chief building is an hotel, where the bishop was always a welcome guest. But he had had to explain his visit to Rome, and the possible outcome of the Council. His clergy and flock had hitherto rejoiced in their independence, as a compensation for the dulness of the place, and they had made the unfortunate bishop promise that he would not pledge himself to a surrender of his and their spiritual liberty. So he came to the Council with his hands tied. But to his flock he was true to the last, for he audibly exclaimed *Non placet* to the Decree of Infallibility. It is only fair to add that Bishop Fitzgerald was a very young man, only thirty-six, a native of Limerick, and described as a capital fellow. I was told he was ready to open communications with me—of course not expressly on conciliar matter, but I never met him, and did not go out of my way to meet him. Though there was something like effrontery, and even levity, in his case, there can be

little doubt that it was by no means exceptional. It must have been almost invariable, indeed inevitable, that whatever belief, whatever opinions, whatever feelings, these bishops brought to the Council, with the same they returned home, and out of the fulness of the heart the mouth would [illegible] speak.

Rome: Dec. 15.

It is officially stated [illegible] f 1,044 Fathers who had been invited here to at[illegible] Ecumenical Council, 762 only have taken their seats [illegible] eting. A military review was held to-day at the [illegible] ghese. The Empress of Austria, King Francis II., the foreign ambassadors, and many bishops were present. There was also a large number of spectators.

CHAPTER XVII

ADJOURNMENT OF THE COUNCIL

Rome: Dec. 16.

THE Council stands adjourned *sine die*, and nobody can say when it is likely to meet again. This looks as if the cry for more time had been listened to. Considering that progress is to be reported to the outer world on January 6, a quicker pace will soon be necessary. But the Fathers, as we have to style them, have enough to do. The printed papers of one sort or another are coming out like our own Blue-books, and there is always the Report, which is, in fact, the Programme of the Council, to be read, marked, learnt, and inwardly digested. Though it is strictly private and confidential, there are so many persons much interested in it, and so many anticipations of it, friendly or otherwise, that the contents cannot but leak out. Infallibility is not one of the first matters to be discussed, nor will it be made a dogma. There has been so much discussion, such noise, such groundless alarm, such misapprehension, and finally the Pope is so anxious not to give the least occasion for offence, or the least pretence for a schism, that he will be contented with a declaration that an absolute and unreserved recognition of his authority is

necessary to his supremacy and independence. This is taking a practical view of the question, and leaving it still open to the people who write books or read them. The Council will have to bind themselves to defend the Papal infallibility in self-preservation, whether they believe it or not, and the world at large will have to accept it on the argument that, if it falls to the ground, so do Popes and Councils. But we cannot do without them, so the Pope must be infallible. I do not wonder at the pathetic remark of a good Catholic here, 'These questions will not be solved.'

The subject of discipline is to be handled vigorously, they say. The greatest blow Rome has received for many years is that inflicted on her on her own soil, by her nearest and dearest children. Italy has cast her off, and Rome itself rises in revolt. In all the free countries, and where the Press brings everything to light and makes what comments it pleases, the Church of Rome is spreading and flourishing. Witness the two hundred Fathers speaking the English tongue. It is only in his own country that the Prophet is without honour. Why is this? Opening her eyes, Rome sees the true state of the case. She has been so anxious to protect clerical honour and hide clerical scandals that she has in truth winked at clerical profligacy, and so encouraged it. It is the lives of the clergy, whether regular or secular, in these southern countries of Europe, that have alienated the respect and the affection of the people, and left the Church without friends in the hour of need. The proposed remedies are such as Rome herself could propose with the best grace. The bishops are to be armed with more authority over all the clergy,

monks as well as parish priests, in order to prevent that appeal to the authorities at Rome which has hitherto weakened or discouraged the local authority.

The Generals of the several Orders will have to consent to a diminution of their power, and, as they constitute a very small fraction of the Council, they will have no choice in the matter. They must do what the Pope bids, for without him they are nothing. Rome, too, it is evident, finds an increasing difficulty in dealing with cases which involve investigation and proof, more necessary in these days than they used to be. Whether the bishops will everywhere find themselves equal to the use of augmented authority and responsibility remains to be seen. But they are not the less likely to accept it, when offered to them. I am told that the bishops, continually liable to be foiled by powerful or ingenious offenders on an appeal to Rome, have long desired a little of what we call decentralisation. At present they are only a sort of *Préfets* in their dioceses. They have so much desired a change that it is now suggested that this is the promised reward of their loyalty in the matter of the dogma. Should the compromise be effected, the conditions will hardly bear a close investigation. It will stand thus: in return for the Pope admitting that he is miserably fallible in practice, on the judgment seat, and in any matters cognisable by sense and human reason, the bishops are to admit his infallibility to any extent he may please in preternatural and incomprehensible matters. Is that a bargain that will stand the test of public opinion in these days? I do not think so; and what is more, I suspect the bishops would find themselves overreached, and

most deservedly. If the Pope is infallible in the greater matters, surely there is a fair presumption that he is so in the less. At least, he will be found to be himself of that opinion.

I have before me three lists of names. The first is that of the Pope's own Commission, for the purpose of receiving and duly weighing the proposed motions or observations of the Fathers in Council. I trust that everybody understands by this time, for I feel as if I had said it often enough, that nothing is to be proposed or said in solemn fashion till it has been well sifted and purged, first by one of four Committees of Council, then by that appointed by the Pope over all of them. The twenty-six names before me have a pre-eminence in this Council which we at home could hardly appreciate. In the twelve cardinals are the names of Rauscher, Bonnechose, Cullen, and Antonelli; in the twelve patriarchs and archbishops, those of Dr. Manning and the Archbishops of Tours, Turin, Malines, and Baltimore. There are also two bishops. In the two lists of Judges, perhaps the Archbishop of Cologne is the only noticeable name. The rest, no doubt, are good men and true. Dr. Manning is also one of five trustworthy men appointed by the Pope to confer with those English or other heretics who may wish to confer with them on the questions between us and Rome. There is a queer story of a batch of English divines having presented themselves here, delegated by the Anglican Church, some Roman Catholics firmly believe, to ascertain, if possible, whether our Orders are really valid. Two names are mentioned, but I have no wish to compromise any person accidentally invested with a false and ridiculous

character. They are names of no note whatever. However, if they be real men, and in the city of Rome, they have only to send in their card at 28, Via del Tritone, and they will find him of Westminster ready to make things pleasant for them.

I must add that Dr. Manning has been appointed by the Pope 'Promoter' of the dogma of infallibility, under the guidance of an able and excellent Jesuit Father. If he pleads the cause with effect and carries the day, it is evident that the infallibility of the Pope will rest on the infallibility of Dr. Manning, and his reward must be not only a Hat, which only awaits his taking 'off the peg,' as they say in our colonies, but in due time the Chair of Infallibility itself. It is a throne that can bear no brother near, and an infallible man must always be a dangerous rival to an infallible Pope —that is, a man infallible only officially and *ex cathedra*. England may well be proud of the man upon whom such honours, such offices, such responsibilities are accumulated. Oxford may well be proud of him. Her debating society may well be proud of the man who has risen superior to debate, superior to English prejudices, and superior to envy, as far, at least, as I am concerned. Dr. Manning is to preach at that exceedingly well-used church, S. Andrea della Valle, during Epiphany, and Monsignor Capel is taking the place of Father Burke in the services planned to catch our English and American folks in their Sabbath-day's journey to the tawdrily decorated-up haylofts out of Porta del Popolo. Dr. Manning's Pastoral—I am never tired of proclaiming his honours—has been published in French and in Italian. It is circulated wherever the Papal Govern-

ment has influence, and it is prohibited to reply to it. I cannot buy, beg, borrow, or steal a copy in Rome. That, I think, is rather hard. I do hope that Padre Liberatore, the theological writer who has the Archbishop in charge, in his new office of Pope's advocate, will not cheat him out of the honour and glory, though one has heard of worse things.

But I am concerned to say there is an increasing probability that all this will end pretty much as did a little entertainment promised to my countrymen last night, for the moderate charge of three francs a head, at the Baths of Caracalla. I don't know how many scores went, but dinner at the hotels was an hour earlier, and cabs were not to be got. The promised Bengal lights produced a cloud of smoke so thick and suffocating that the poor dupes saw nothing, and had to fly for their lives. I feel a sad certainty that this will be the end of the Roman candles preparing in the Vatican, and the fate of the distinguished spectators. They will see nothing which other people don't see quite as well as they, and they will be smoked out—*i.e.* if the performers go far enough. There sits Dupanloup. At his reception the Pope said nothing to him, or he to the Pope, beyond prudent civilities. This is an affair of action, not words. At a signal from the Bishop of Orleans, it is said that 120 Fathers will leave the Council and Rome too, for so is it ordered by the powers that be. With the dissentient Fathers goes one ambassador, if not two, and certain red-legged men, now at Cività Vecchia. The Pope may then do as he lists with his victorious majority; but they will stand a chance of rude interruptions, and, at the best, they will find France and all the

Austrian Empire closed to their decrees. The French Government, it is said, would have nothing to say to Dupanloup at first, thinking it best that he should have himself only to rely upon ; but, in the present confusion, it sees danger, not only to Rome and the Pope, but to order and peace. So there *is* a virtual interference, in what terms will probably be known before long. The wise Cardinal Secretary of State has foreseen all this. He kept aloof till now ; but he now is doing, so I hear, all that can be done simply to extricate his master out of the scrape his excessive zeal has brought him into.

Among other things that have reached me I hear that Antonelli has chosen a well-known Liberal Dominican Father as *his* theologian, much to the surprise of the Dominicans ; and also that the Pope has approved the choice. A few steps onward, and there is only one extrication compatible with the honour of Rome. It would save a world of trouble, and perhaps disgrace, if the emperors said the word and pronounced the spell which is to dissipate this strange phantasmagoria. They, too, have their honour and their existence at stake. They are but the right arms and the mouthpieces of nations. They, too, must bow, not only to public opinion, but now and then to the harsher expressions of the popular will. You see my own leaning. I naturally wish the game to be kept up as long as possible, but I fear it will prove a very short one—unless—unless there be an early and thorough surrender of the chief object for which this immense effort has been made.

Rome : Dec. 16.

The Bull which has been published, providing that in case the Pontifical chair might become vacant during the sitting of the Œcumenical Council, the Council should only re-assemble at the pleasure of the new Pontiff, is a preliminary formality appertaining to all Cou hurch. The health of the Pope continues excell is no foundation in the rumour that the Holy osed, in consequence of the respectful represent eral Fathers, to modify in a liberal sense the tenor r *Multiplices*, wherein the regulations for the cond uncil are laid down. The Queen of Wurtemberg rrow for Florence, on her return to Stuttgart.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE GALLICAN CHURCH

Rome: Dec. 17.

NO sitting yesterday, to-day, or to-morrow. When the Council does sit again, it is to be in the Atrium, over the portico of St. Peter's, or vestibule, as I find myself calling it. 'Vestibule' comes easy to the pen from the recollection of the line—

Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisque in faucibus Orci.

As St. Peter's is the most delightful place in the world, I repent me, but have soon to repent me again, of that uncivil association. However, the Fathers will now sit in a room lower by a hundred feet, but still high enough for anybody not a native of Rome. The first thing the Council has to learn is what all of us have to learn, generally at some cost—viz. what we cannot do. It can just now do nothing, say nothing, think nothing, except what has been previously sanctioned by the Pope, his Court, his theologians, his Commission, and his friends. It is true that when a proposition has been thus sanctioned it may be explained and defended, *viva voce*. Of course, too, there is talk enough in the various circles, or coteries, into which the Fathers have spon-

taneously divided themselves, flocking to this, that, or the other palace. This is what they are now doing. But there is enough to talk about. All the quarrels of Christendom are appearing on the scene; the old jealousies between regulars and seculars, between the higher and lower clergy, between parishes and dioceses, between dioceses and Rome. I told you in my last that a portion of the 'Reports' before the Council had been interpreted into a liberal offer on the part of his Holiness to give up all Orders, Generals and all, to the bishops, if they would confer upon him the right of infallibility. The bishops, too, are flattered with the promise of a tighter rein and longer lash over their own clergy. Such promises are, and must be, illusory; for the truth is, ecclesiastical relations will always accommodate themselves to social conditions. But as 'man never is, but always to be blessed,' so even bishops can dream of uncontrolled power, of course for the best purposes. The Pope is now flattering that generous aspiration.

But I am assured there is a most honest wish and intention to purify the clerical profession, and that it is found to be a political necessity. It is the lives of the clergy, all say, that have brought about the revolutions in Italy and Spain. Were they angels they might make men slaves, but they are not. We seem to have got back to a very hackneyed subject, but all say that the Council will soon be engaged rather busily upon it, and that a good moral reformation is to atone for a spiritual disaster, as the omission of the infallibility will be deemed. But you want something that can be called news. What there is may be called purely episcopal.

Nobody here knows anything about the doings of the Council, but 700 generally good-looking men going about in wonderful vestments are a sight even in Rome, where every third person is a curiosity in costume. The talk of the *tables d'hôte* is about bishops. Two are said to have gone off in a fit of impatience. One was robbed the other night of his gold chain, cross, and watch.

To-day it is said that Cardinal Mathieu has been telegraphed for by the French Emperor, and that he started at once, with or without the permission of the official leave-givers. Of course there is speculation upon the Emperor's reasons, but it may be only to show what the wire can do even in an ecclesiastical crisis. The cardinal is said to be at the head of the Conservative party in the Gallican Church. What the Emperor has now to do is to save Rome from itself. In the attacks upon the Gallican Church I have been reading lately the writer has forgotten the extent to which the Roman Catholic Church is indebted to its 'eldest son,' as also the extent to which it may be still further obliged. But as to this recall of the French cardinal, which is invested with some importance, it may be that the Emperor wishes to find how the boasted 'influences' of Rome are telling on the French bishops. You hear of nothing but these influences, though what they are or how they work I could not say. As for the mass of Protestants here, you know they get more and more Protestantised the longer they stay. There is no such outrageous Protestantism anywhere as that which is held by my countrymen after their second or third winter here. One winter more and I doubt whether they retain a vestige of faith.

Of course it may be otherwise with ecclesiastics housed with every attention to their bodily and spiritual wants. By the by, I must give you the financial prospects of this remarkable undertaking. The incomings and outgoings have been exactly calculated thus far. The contributions have been very handsome. I have not troubled you with any of the particulars, from the subscriptions of cities and dioceses, down to the bags of gold coins, and a huge brick of silver; and, on the other hand, I have not obtruded the poverty of a good many of these poor fellows coming a long way from the East, or the equally poor cities of this peninsula. I should think a moiety of the Fathers have assistance in the way of lodgings, if not more; and a good many of them will soon have to throw themselves entirely on the Council Fund. It is computed, however, that if the Council lasts till next October it will pay all its expenses, and leave the Pope 20,000*l.* in hand. But it is hardly possible that the Pope can keep the Council together so long, or even a proportion of it large enough to do duty for the whole in the eyes of the Catholic world. The bishops will die here just as they would at home, at the rate of about one in two weeks. That might attract no remark in their own countries, but here it will. In this climate people are apt to die young, and at very short notice; and by the time a few young and strong men have suddenly departed, without the Pope's leave, there will be a stampede across continents and seas.

On Tuesday I described to you an extraordinary scene I had just witnessed in the Piazza of St. Peter's, which was brilliant and alive with vestments of all

nations and 'rites.' The Fathers of the Council all carried a large thin document in their hands, and in the church itself were seen sitting down to peruse the contents. But something, it was evident, had fluttered the Volsci. This document must have been the Bull—*Multiplices inter*—which had just been distributed, and which contained all the rules and official machinery for the Council. By this time you are aware that all the powers of individual initiation, suggestion, advice, objection, or what not, usually associated with the idea of a Council, are reduced to a *minimum*, a shadow, a name. Considering what one hears of the courage of some of these Fathers, the forces that urge them on, and the fact that some of them can speak eloquently and argumentatively, in very good Latin, I am not surprised at this complicated system of fetters, barricades, and palisades, provided against free discussion.

But then arises the question whether these 700 men are all of the mettle to stand this coercive treatment. Will they all dance under the severe conditions imposed by the Roman *Choregus*? The question is already answered, for it is evident they will not. The language of indignation sometimes means very little. There have been times when it meant nothing; and there are even now circles within which it is supposed to be a passing annoyance, if heard at all. But it is not so in this case. The Pope's friends go about denying all this. The meetings of the Council have 'passed off,' they say, 'like a well-oiled machine.' It was quite a pleasure to take part in them. One day, they say of course the dogma of Papal infallibility will be carried, for it must, and the Fathers will carry it tumultuously, were the Pope to

attempt even to stop them; another day, they say it is unnecessary; it would be so much surplusage, for the Pope is already infallible.

The weather seems settled at last. But it is colder, and fires have become a necessity. Tenerari, the sculptor, is dead, at an advanced age, and had a torch-light funeral last night, numerously attended. He was a native of Carrara, and is known by many works, still admired, even in the change of taste and fashion. Among them may be remembered by old visitors his 'Descent from the Cross' in the Torlonia Chapel, at the Lateran; his 'Wounded Venus and Psyche,' and his 'Angel of the Resurrection.' His last works are a statue of the late Count Rossi, in the Villa Rignano Massimo, and the monumental group on the Tomb of Pius VIII. at St. Peter's. You will gather that he has somewhat outlived his name, though not the regard of his friends.

The news that the French cardinal had been telegraphed for by the Emperor, only a week after the opening of the Council, and that he had gone off at once, gave rise to many surmises. 'Quirinus,' in a letter dated December 20, speaks of him as the best Latinist in France, and a known Anti-Infallibilist, who had been set up by the French Opposition against Bonnechose, the Papal candidate for a place in the Committee de Fide, of course in vain. These were not real elections. The Papal Caucus named its candidates and secured the return of the whole.

No doubt the Emperor and his advisers wished to learn the state of the case, and to know what to do

under such circumstances. Mathieu returned to Rome in the first week of January, and at once collected about him the bishops of his own party. I have no choice but to call this the Gallican party, but anyone who thinks he knows exactly what this means, is at liberty to say to an opponent, 'the party you call the Gallican.' The historical fact has gone through many phases since the presumed origin of the Gallican Liberties in the reign of Louis IX. It must take form from political and social circumstances. On the present occasion the Council had met and was now sitting, under the protection of French bayonets, French cannon, and French men-of-war, stationed at Cività Vecchia. This seemed to constitute some claim to a representation in the working part of the Council. But the Jesuits—the only people who had made any preparation for the day of trial, were resolved to declare their master infallible, and could not tolerate the election of a man known to be heterodox on that point.

CHAPTER XIX

WHAT IF THE POPE SHOULD DIE?

Rome: Dec. 18.

A FEW days before the meeting of the Council the Pope issued a Bull providing by all manner of means, and and with vigorous denunciations, against any interference by the Council, or its members, in the choice of his successor, in the event of his own demise. To British ears this may sound a superfluous caution, and it may be only a pious and unnecessary form. Indeed, when every form is repeated that ever was used before, in addition to the small arrangements that may happen to be useful, there is no telling what is business and what is ceremony. The Council of Trent was twice interrupted by the death of the Pope, and in both cases it appears to have been taken for granted that all its powers ceased, and that its very existence was suspended, till recalled by the next Pope—in the one case after an interval of four years, in the other after ten. In his energetic reply to the Ultramontane journalists Dupanloup defended himself from the charge of putting the Pope out of the question in the determination of articles of faith, by asking, 'Who ever heard of a

Council without a Pope?' In the event supposed, the five Cardinal Commissioners would remain, but their commission would surely cease, except for the mere act of cessation. However, one cannot forget that the Pope is an old man, though happily—I say it most sincerely—blessed with health and strength beyond his years. Then a Council must be a serious addition to a routine in which a man has not only to do what he thinks right himself, but also everything that his 260 predecessors, be they more or less, had a fancy to do.

Then one ought to realise the supposition of this immense flock, not of sheep nor yet of shepherds, but of masters of shepherds, suddenly left themselves without a shepherd to take care of them. Who will there be to watch over the watchers? Think of seven hundred bishops hundreds and thousands of miles away from their sees, in this great city, with nothing to do! One knows what always happens when that is the case, and there is a power of political mischief in such a prodigious and multitudinous episcopal leisure as I am supposing, which it is fearful to contemplate. The cardinals would, of course, be immediately walled up, on short commons, at the Quirinal. But think of 650 bishops, 27 abbots, and 28 generals of Orders all left at Rome, with nothing particular to do. Compelled to inaction, forbidden even to think further on the business of the Council, they would see before them one subject, one affair, one question, supreme in their regards, as in the regards — for the time — of the civilised world. Who is to be the next Pope? Could any of the 700 be indifferent? Even if nearly all of them most religiously abstained from any interference, by word or

deed, would that be sufficient, did but a few presume to express strong opinions?

It must, however, be said that the Pope himself has created the danger, or, at least, added to it. Granting that the Council was a necessity, there was no necessity at all for holding it at Rome. Of the eighteen Councils only five have been held at Rome, and only one within the last six centuries and a half. On all former occasions there was a strong feeling against holding a Council, intended to determine the sense of the Catholic Church, at a spot where the local influences must be so strong, and so mainly one way. To hold a Council at Rome is simply to yield to a foregone conclusion. The assembled are now reminded of this error or misfortune, and asked why they ever consented to have the Council here. I do not know whether they could well help themselves. From the first to the last they have only been allowed to speak when spoken to; and what they have had to say, as well as what they will have to say, has been simply 'Yes' to every question—till the impending day when, it is promised, the question will be on the lips of the questioner, but will not be put. A Pope once declared infallible need ask no further questions.

Another Bull of some significance has also been promulgated. Its purport corresponds to the measures our own Parliament has sometimes found necessary for repealing obsolete Acts and mitigating our penal laws. It diminishes many censures and penalties pronounced by former Councils and Papal decrees for offences no longer regarded in so heinous a light as formerly; indeed, in some cases, thought venial peccadilloes.

I hear that it will now be permitted to a good Catholic to say that the earth goes round the sun, without incurring excommunication. There are many canons of General Councils, such as those regarding the position, the movements, and the private arrangements of the clergy, whether regular or secular, that might once be necessary, but are so no longer. Obedience was always enforced by the heaviest possible penalties, which, in course of time, were never inflicted. But is not such a Bull the 'point of the wedge' we so often hear of at home?

You see there has been a vast amount of small preparation of one sort or another, and the Court must have had a busy time of it latterly. Rome, following her ancient instincts, has to amuse as well as to occupy, and for the former has inexhaustible resources. There is to be a canonisation; the subject a Piedmontese bishop; and his life is announced by Professor Bianchini. The Advent services usually held in the Sixtine chapel are now held in St. Peter's. This morning there was a grand ceremony at the Lateran; an ordination—prolonged I should think to the pitch of human endurance. I was not there. The few English that did go could not stay to the end. Meanwhile, it is daily more certain that the Council Hall and all the material arrangements are one monster mistake. It is true that with the new sounding-board an official 'orator' can make himself heard. But the ordinary sittings will not be held there. The architect has been measuring all the rooms in the Vatican, and even the church near the Castle of St. Angelo, so I am told, to see whether it can be made available for the use of the Council.

By the by, there are persons in the world a good deal more clever than your humble servant, or any of your informants, for the matter of that. It is said that an impostor has actually taken a seat in two sittings of the Council—of course, in pontifical vestments—without as yet being detected. Who could it be? I don't think any of your contemporaries would be quite so audacious as to sanction such a method of getting information. My own guess is that as every Oriental bishop has a double, or a treble, claiming his seat, and fully believing himself the rightful owner of it, the unknown Father may be some very honest, though wrong-headed, pretender. There are various stories of the bishop who was robbed. Some say it was in the church of S. Crisogono, others that it was out of doors in that rather ill-looking quarter on the other side of the Tiber. A person approached the bishop, and took his hand to kiss it, with the tone of a penitent, while a man behind the bishop laid hold of his gold chain. The bishop grasped the cross, and so saved it, but lost the chain.

I have not yet got the names of the twenty-four Fathers elected for the Committee upon matters of Faith; but I hear that Propagandist influence has prevailed in the choice. Cardinal Mathieu, they now say, was telegraphed for on account of the dangerous illness of his brother. Some think this a pretence. The cardinal made some mistake or other in his railway movements, and people seem resolved to make the most of it. One story is that he got into a wrong carriage, and did not discover his blunder till he found himself at Naples. That is possible, owing to the Pope having insisted on there being only one station for Rome, but

I don't believe it. The weather seems settled. This has been a fine, sunshiny day. The letters and papers are coming in regularly. It was the Bishop of Tulle, who was said to have greeted Maret so roughly at the station. I am told, the two parties in the affair were old acquaintances, and the encounter does not mean much. But everything is asserted here and everything denied.

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In my letter of January 9, the supposed aggressor appeared in the *Times* as the Bishop of Thun. Archbishop Manning in his Pastoral published towards the close of the year, made much of the mistake, but took no notice of the correction made as soon as the writer saw it. In the same passage the Archbishop argues that, when I said that nine tenths of the stories going about Rome were hoaxes, I thereby admitted that nine tenths of my own statements were hoaxes.

CHAPTER XX

COMMITTEE ON MATTERS OF FAITH

Rome: Dec. 19.

CARDINAL Pentini is dead. He was an old friend of the Pope, and with him in 1848, when the Papal Court, with the ambassadors, were besieged by the populace in the Quirinal. The besiegers named an hour at which they would force an entrance, and Pentini had his watch continually in his hand, waiting for expected succour. It came at last, and the watch has ever since been duly enshrined on the Cardinal's mantelpiece. The besieged party were hard pushed. They could not send out for supplies, and, except the wine in the cellar, there was no provision for such an emergency. The diplomatic body were glad of soup from the kitchen. This is one of the reasons assigned for the dislike Pius IX. has always shown to the Quirinal; but I cannot think, justly. The Quirinal must be a dull place, and it is associated with two scenes a Pope may be excused from not wishing to think much of—the contest on his own election and that on the election of his successor. You see Death has already taken his seat in the Council. But one more 'Hat' hangs among the prizes to be awarded. The late cardinal was an amiable man, and had held

many offices in the Court. He was 73, and had been cardinal six years.

The Pope has held this afternoon his first public reception since the opening of the Council ; as usual, in the Library. After a good many presentations, and a kind word for everybody, the Pope proposed to address them all, and asked what language it should be in. They said 'French,' and thereupon, in that tongue, the Pope delivered to them a discourse of some length upon 'Pride'—a subject never out of season or place, but perhaps more than usually brought before one's attention at present place and time. You see 'the Pope, that Pagan full of pride,' can occasionally turn the tables on us poor Protestants.

As to the Bull *Multiplices inter*, dated November 27, its serious importance and the novelty of its character have not been exaggerated, and cannot be. It must make the very idea of a Council ridiculous in most English eyes. When the wisest and best man in the Council may not make a proposition or an 'observation' without the previous sanction, first, of a Committee, elected indeed, but under Papal influence ; then of a another Commission, equally named by the Pope ; then of the Pope himself, assisted by his Court and an army of theologians chosen by himself, it is plain that the assembled Fathers are reduced to the position of *Assentatores*, or mere echoes of the Papal voice. It cannot be wondered at that statesmen with some political experience are now taking into their consideration whether anybody should be exposed to the difficulties and dangers of an attendance in which a man may suffer everything, but do nothing, and can only move in the

line laid down for him. The most important part of this complex machinery is the Pope's own Commission; but the first of the four Special Committees to be elected, that on matters of Faith, has now been elected, and I send you the names. You will see that they represent nations, as also that they are men whom the Pope can entirely trust.

DEPUTATIO PRO REBUS AD FIDEM PERTINENTIBUS.

Peracto scrutinio schedularum quæ exhibitæ sunt in Congregatione Generali habita Feria III., die decimaquarta vertentis mensis, majori suffragiorum numero inventi sunt electi—

1. Emmanuel Garcia Gil, Arch. Saragossa.
2. Ludovicus Pie, Bp. Poitiers.
3. Patrick Leahy, Arch. Cashel.
4. René Regnier, Arch. Cambray.
5. John Simor, Arch. Strigonin (Hungary).
6. Andrew Schaepman, Arch. Utrecht.
7. Antony Hassun, Patriarch Cilicia of Armenians.
8. Bartholomew d'Avanzo, Bp. Calvi and Teano (Naples).
9. Miceslaus Ledochowski, Arch. Gnesen and Posen.
10. Francis Cugini, Arch. Modena.
11. Sebastian Larangeira, Bp. St. Peter, Rio Grande (Brazil).
12. Ignatius Senestrey, Bp. Ratisbon.
13. Victor Dechamps, Arch. Mechlin.
14. John Spalding, Arch. Baltimore.
15. Antony Monascillo, Bp. Jaen (Spain).
16. Peter de Preux, Bp. Sion (Switzerland).
17. Vincent Gasser, Bp. Bressanone (Tyrol).
18. Raphael Valdivieso, Arch. Santiago (Chili).
19. Henry E. Manning, Arch. Westminster.
20. Frederic Zinelli, Bp. Treviso (Venice).

21. Joseph Cardoni, Arch. Edessa, *in part. inf.*, Vic. Ap. Calcutta.

22. Walter Steins, Arch. Bostra, *in part. inf.*

23. Conrad Martin, Bp. Paderborn.

24. Joseph Alemany, Arch. San Francisco (California).

Some of these names are also on the Pope's own Commission for the reception and examination of proposals, as you will see. In every nation the minority has been at the mercy of the majority, and what will be the leaning of the whole body may be seen at a glance. The Pope's friends assure us that there has been no canvassing, no agitation, no such sublunary disturbance. Perhaps. The most important transactions are done the most quietly, especially when on the spot itself the numbers, the authority, and the influences are all on one side. But the Pope's friends also say that nothing has been said about infallibility, that all this talk about it out of doors is an imagination—a Protestant bugbear, and the thing itself a simple truth at the foundation of all truth, which needs no fresh proof or promulgation. The business of the Council, they affirm, will be of a directly useful character.

Only the other day the Pope said, with Protestant unction, 'The first thing we have to do is to reform ourselves;' and that, it is understood, is the chief business of the Council. That there is something to be done in that line we must admit; and it is conceivable that the Pope may wish the Universal Church to commit itself to the many sacrifices required for a real and effective reform; but we cannot help turning our eyes to the foundation already laid for this Council, to the scaffolding erected and the hands employed. There is some-

thing more than mere utility, something more even than show. When Rome moves the world, she has objects worthy of herself and of the gigantic operation. No doubt there is a good deal of minor work to be done; and as little doubt is there that it answers the purpose of Rome to keep all these personages within her magic circle, hourly under the spell of that marvellous *genius loci* which has played so important a part in human affairs. Upon her own ground Rome is irresistible; she fascinates the rudest and the hardest, as well as the finest and most intellectual. Of course she compels a choice. She drives one way or the other. But all these people come here to be driven one way, and wonderful it is, so they say, to see how Germans, French, and Americans, not to come nearer home, yield to the strong but gentle influence.

To-morrow, I suppose, there will be more to say. This is confessed to have been a week of inaction. But the season for spectacle is coming on quick; what can be done at Christmas? It was a grand show to-day at St. Peter's; grander, I should think, than on the opening day. They all streamed down the nave, not in white as then, but as cardinals and bishops ought to be. Think of a grand Oriental, in chocolate gown, a violet veil falling down right over his face, with saints embroidered all about him. I fear you will not take it as gravely as I intended; but I have not time to give the picture mellow hues and suitable lights.

Rome: Dec. 19.

The death is announced of Cardinal Pentini. There are now, therefore, sixteen cardinals' hats at the disposal of the

Pope ; but it is asserted that his Holiness will not appoint any cardinal during the Council.

Rome : Dec. 19.

The Pope received 600 French subjects at the Vatican to-day. After speaking with several individually, he delivered an Allocution in French, in which he dwelt upon the significance of the approaching Christmas festival, and said, 'God, in teaching humility, declared pride to be the enemy of man and the author of revolution.' His Holiness then blessed the assembly, amid loud applause.

These receptions were frequent and numerously attended. Any stranger might send in his name. Most of the ladies at our hotel did, with gratifying results. All had to drop on their knees as his Holiness approached, and receive their share of his blessing. All had to do this, but all did not. Either they were too intent on gazing at the Pope, or they found a difficulty in kneeling without the usual appliances. 'Are you statues?' he once exclaimed to a party of obstinate standers. 'I've the best sculpture gallery in the world and I'm in no want of another.' In the streets every gentleman was expected to alight from his carriage at the approach of the Pope. I did this several times in the winter of 1857. Some knelt also. I did not.

CHAPTER XXI

THE BULL 'LATÆ SENTENTIÆ'

Rome: Dec. 20.

THE Council met this morning at 9, in the Council Hall, still used for want of a better. Happily, though this is mid-winter, it is pleasantly warm out of doors, and warmer still in St. Peter's. But they are trying experiments with the Hall. As the Pope will not be there till January 6, the altar takes the place of his throne, and in its place is a tier of benches rising to some height for clergy and officials. The Hall looks snugger —as far as there can be any snugness in a place large enough to hold almost any London church without disturbing a porch or a weathercock, and open at one end. The architect is still going about with his tape, measuring churches and other buildings, to see if there is a place in Rome small enough to hold a General Council. I was at St. Peter's, at half-past eight, with a good many of my compatriots, to see arrivals. It is a really good spectacle, and promises to be punctual; so I have no doubt it will be better attended when the strangers have become more familiar with the ways of the Council.

But the next time I go it must be with a cicerone well up to vestments. It is humbling to witness such

a profusion of the most interesting facts, without the least power of exercising one's reason upon them. I might as well be in a Brazilian forest, ignorant of natural history, or in the Himalayas, not knowing one rhododendron or one azalea from another. The varieties of blue, from brilliant purple and violet to bluish brown, bluish drab, or bluish white, are such as would baffle a dealer in Berlin wools. Why do some wear cloaks, some mantles, some capes, with or without armholes? Why do some wear scarlet skull-caps, some violet caps, some hats without brims, some turbans, and a good many of them veils of a violet hue and of the usual feminine texture. At least twenty I might follow the length of Piccadilly without for an instant suspecting their sex. A much larger number, judging from their figure, physiognomy, and dress, I should look for in Constantinople, or Jerusalem, or even in our own Houndsditch.

However, to be just, I must say the majority look men well able to hold their own in any society in any part of the world—the majority, I say, for there is a minority whom it is painful to look at as persons assembled from all countries under Heaven, to sanction by their presence and voice a new delivery of eternal verities.

The Council has still three Committees to elect—those for Discipline, for the Regular Orders, and for the Eastern Churches, or Rites; and the selection will probably be on the same plan as before, representing nations, but with a safe majority on the Pope's side. This cannot be helped, for no plan of election could have prevented a large numerical majority. That is

worthless, I need hardly say. The golden dream of unanimity has vanished, and a moral majority is also hopeless. This will not be an affair of voting. The votes have been manufactured too abundantly to pass for their nominal value.

By this time all the world is sufficiently acquainted with the Bull, *Multiplices inter*, for putting the Council in order, depriving it of any will of its own, and making it thoroughly obedient to the word of command. But the Bull *Latæ Sententiæ*[1] is an equal surprise, and really till to-day a still greater mystery. It was quietly described in the Papal organs as a Bull for diminishing, and in a measure abrogating, ecclesiastical censures of an obsolete character. A copy was not to be got anywhere, nor is a copy yet to be got in Rome. Inquiries from the most various quarters were met by the reply that it had not even yet been promulgated, though dated October 12. It has, however, been published by special favour in the Papal organ at Turin, no doubt for the more immediate benefit of certain parties concerned in that region. Its purport is such that the publication of even a small portion of it in the days of our Good Queen Bess would have entailed the most serious consequences to the daring offender. Such perils belong to the past, but I expect to hear that the challenge has been taken up, and that the Italian bishops now in Rome will be the last to thank his Holiness for the warm reception he has prepared for them on their return home.

As I am informed, this Bull says little or nothing about any diminution or abrogation of censures, or any

[1] More properly styled *Apostolicæ Sedis*.

change whatever of the Papal policy in that respect; indeed, it seems nothing more nor less than a new penal code, expressly re-enacting everything decreed in this matter by the Council of Trent, by the Pope's predecessors, and by Pius IX. himself. The only novelty about the document is that the Pope carefully and kindly distinguishes between the cases in which he can revoke a sentence of excommunication and those in which even he, great as he is, cannot pretend to that power, and would not venture to claim it. As my information extends to only a moiety of the Bull, I will not now enumerate all the offences utterly unpardonable, and those for which Rome has a fountain of mercy. Generally speaking, all the acts most prominent in Italian legislation, such as the dissolution of monasteries, the marriage of priests and of nuns—indeed, whatever being once done cannot easily be undone—are classed in the former terrible category.

One clause in the Bull seems specially suggested by some recent occurrences. Absolution given by a bishop in supposed *articulo mortis* is to hold good in heaven if the patient dies, but not if he recovers. In that case a healthy confession and restitution is to be made before excommunication can be removed. Another clause in this Bull I believe to be an old one; but just now it seems strangely inconsistent with the popular idea of a General Council, as an expression of the Universal Church. This, however, is not the Pope's idea of it; so he may himself be perfectly consistent. The Bull cites and leaves unmitigated an excommunication on everybody who affects to appeal from the Pope to a Council. To all appearance, there is no pretension of the middle

ages which is not retained in this document, with what seriousness or sincerity it is not for me to say. But the publication of such a document at the very opening of a General Council, and its distribution among the assembled Fathers at their first ordinary meeting, before they have had time to look about them, or even to know the forms of procedure, seem not so much telling the Council what to do as doing its work for it, and leaving it to make the best of the matter.

Certainly one of the points which it was commonly supposed the Council would have to discuss was the extent to which the Church could lawfully or wisely wage war with civil society. That was what good people meant when they talked about the Syllabus and the Encyclical Letter. But it now appears that the Pope has saved the Council these painful questions, and has had all this done ready to hand.

I am curious to know how this document will bear on the late reply of the French Emperor. When his cardinals and bishops asked for instructions they were told that the French Government would not concern itself with purely religious questions, but that upon mixed questions it wished the bishops to keep in view the demands of civilisation and science. It occurs to me also as just possible that this Bull may explain the abrupt departure of two bishops with Irish names. I was told of it yesterday, but thought it might mean nothing, and not be even the fact. It has been repeated to-day, and that without explanation. The Queen of Spain, they say, is expected.

Rome: Dec. 20, Evening.

The third general congregation of the Council was held to-day. The election of 14 out of the 24 ecclesiastics who are to compose the Committee on matters of Faith is notified. The principal members are the Archbishops of Cambray, Utrecht, Posen, Malines, Baltimore, and Westminster; the Bishops of Poitiers, Jaen, Sion, and Paderborn; the Primate of Hungary, and the Armenian Patriarch. The assembly has elected 24 members as a committee on questions connected with Discipline. The Bull 'Apostolicæ Sedis,' dated October 12, which, out of consideration for the spirit of the age, reduces the number of cases reserved for ecclesiastical censure, was promulgated to-day.

The Bull, dropt as it were in the midst of the Fathers, had the look of a bold anachronism. When the Pope could not demand a sixpence from any human being out of his own little kingdom, or impose a day's abstinence from flesh or strong drink, he claimed to be the supreme rule of justice and fount of mercy. Under the actual circumstances the claim was ideal. It could not be enforced by any legal means. But, on the one hand, a voluntary society can make rules and impose penalties; on the other hand, society has to protect its laws and institutions. How far the Papacy is to carry its licence and the national Governments their rights is a question for legislators. A system may be ideal in one place and real in another. The land laws of the Mosaic code are ideal in England, but they have now been largely realised in Ireland.

CHAPTER XXII

BASILICA OF ST. PAUL

Rome: December.

I SALLIED forth long before sunrise this morning and sought out St. Paul's. I walked down the Corso in darkness, rain, and dirt. But working Rome was up and lively. Then I went up the narrow, steep ascent round the left of the Capitol—that is, the left as we barbarians from the North look at it. There was no wind, and the air of the street was a solid mass of stench. Then down the Forum, still in the dusk, under the seven-branch candlestick, under the Arch of Constantine, with the giants of architecture in the background. Then alongside the hill where kings and emperors built one upon another, and where the Emperor of the French is now investigating underground the caprices of fashion and of fortune. Then, crossing a good road, I entered the long lane leading to the Porta San Paolo. The mud of ages was upon it, and a train of carts before me had some work to avoid holes which might have wrecked them. They were peasants returning home from disposing of their goods, and, by the smell, must have been carrying home lumps of pitch, as Virgil advises them. But how fagged, and spare, and ill-faring, and

ill-favoured most of these peasants are—quite as much so as in the very saddest parts of Ireland, of which, indeed, Italy often reminds me. On either side, on every vantage-ground within view, were churches and monastic buildings, with showy fronts and high gateways. I passed through some huge masses of brickwork, rising high overhead. They were the Wall of Servius. What a people the Romans must have been even then! By-and-by my eyes were gladdened with that Pyramid of Cestius, which a man ought to see before he visits the Nile. However, it is more than one hundred feet high; it has lasted near 2,000 years; it is still in good preservation; and it marks afar the spot where so many of our countrymen lie. It is also the point from which a paved road goes perfectly straight to the object of my pilgrimage.

By this time the sun had risen, and I had to my left the hills beyond Albano, and also those beyond Tivoli, well in view, the latter with the snow on the highest points. By the by, I hear they are skating in England. I had had to take off my overcoat before I left the Corso. I had now before me, a mile off, the famous Basilica which England used to maintain till a certain unmentionable epoch, since which the Catholic Powers, and latterly Greeks, Jews, Turks, heretics, and even the Egyptians, have vied with one another in rebuilding and adorning it, if only to shame our shabbiness. It is situated, as you know, in a pestilential desert. Nobody can exist a twelvemonth within a mile of it. He might as well have his nose held to the ground in the Grotta del Cane or the worst gully-hole in London. There are cottages here and there for the tillers of the soil, which

must be fertile, for there were fields of tall reedy stuff—is it cane or Indian corn?—standing straight and partially green, twenty feet high, within a stone's throw of the Basilica. I dare say tigers could live there pleasantly enough, but human beings cannot. Under these circumstances the people here have shown much good sense in making the exterior of the Basilica look mean and even small, which was no slight architectural feat. The tower would be quite in place anywhere in Marylebone, and the church itself looks the grandfather of all our meeting-houses. But for the interior, there is nothing like it for vastness, magnificence, and costliness. Any one of its hundred monolith columns, of granite, marble, or alabaster, would excite an insurrection of our London artists at the idea of wasting so much money on a block of stone for the sole benefit of the masons. The immense floor of inlaid marbles had a polish that looked like water. The building would contain our Westminster Abbey, roof and all, and must be twice as wide. 'They,' I don't know who, are still lavishing money on the stupendous pile; though, as in many other churches of this scale, the west front still waits the advent of an English marquis, or the man who took the lion's share in fronting the Santa Croce at Florence.

But I must not detain you in this world of marbles and mosaics. I had seen half-a-dozen cabs at the entrance, and there were about as many priests celebrating Mass, each with two or three worshippers; one of them might have a few more. As it was only 8 o'clock and our English churches are not much thronged at that hour, I could only do honour to the devotion which took so many so far. They tell me that to strangers

this is the most popular of Roman shrines, the most saving and efficacious. I will not question it. A religious act is always something, and a good many of them count up higher than any quantity of nothing at all. What it does really count to depends upon character and circumstance. Returning home, at the Porta San Paolo I took the road to my left; passed the heap of broken crockery 150 feet high and a mile round; passed the place where the old Romans landed their precious marbles,[1] and where a vast quantity has just been discovered; passed under some new fortifications raised on the Aventine, and found myself on the banks of the Tiber, with three or four steamers before me. Already I had been somewhat scandalised to see a railway train fly over the road between St. Paul's and the Gate of that name. As I approached the city the smell was intolerable. Why is it? By-and-by, at a turn of the road, there was just before me the Temple of Vesta in all its symmetry and beauty. But, oh, the dirt! I had to pick my way. This with the Tiber rushing close by, like a cataract. Then came the beautiful little Temple of Fortuna Virilis, still in the dirt. Close by is the quaint old house of Rienzi, the tribune, with its misshapen brick columns, its monstrous corbels, its huge cornice, its barbarous frieze, its pateras in terra-cotta, and its magnificently debased style. Turning to the

[1] I saw these large blocks of marble, some of it rare and precious, evidently as they had been sawn into as required by customers. The business must have been suddenly interrupted by some overwhelming disaster, not to be resumed for many centuries, thus giving a national illustration of the words

Tu secanda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus.

river, an inscription in wrought iron records that Pius IX. has thrown a suspension bridge across to the Ponte Rotto. Through a labyrinth of dirt, I came upon a dozen blacksmiths hammering away under the arches of the Theatre of Marcellus. Thence, through the rain and mud, and an atmosphere that must shorten by ten years at least the life of every human being compelled to breathe it, I came home.

May I venture to make some remarks on this contrast of splendour and dirt, magnificence and squalor, holiness and uncleanness, religion and brutishness, taste and indecency? Christian Rome, it is always said, is a model city and State. Therefore is the temporal power contended for so warmly. There ought, at least, to be one perfectly-governed city in the world, just to show a light to the nations. Granting that everything is done that can be done for the souls of these poor people, why should not more be done for their bodies—so closely and inscrutably associated with their souls? If splendid buildings and ceremonies can do something to elevate the nature, and possibly the heart, why not also health, good air, ablutions, and the like? It cannot be for want of money. There must be millions flowing into this huge maelstrom of expenditure every year. It cannot be for want of good intentions. Nor can it be for the want of talent and skill. The mathematicians, the astronomers, the architects of Rome equal—indeed, some say, surpass—all the world. The genius of Rome still what it was when she conquered the world, though the world has outgrown her small, peninsular scale, and can afford to defy her. It is she that taught the world these arts and this pride. So why cannot Rome be

wholesome and clean? It is so easy to be clean. It would be so valid and Scriptural an argument in favour of spiritual authority. She can at least order her own children to be clean, and see that they obey her as well as in the cleansing of their souls. But personal cleanliness is here neglected and despised. Aqueducts bring the pure springs of the Apennines in order to be thrown away in magnificent fountains, some a few hundred yards from me, one as high up as the dome of St. Peter's. Marble Neptunes, river gods, sea horses, tritons, nymphs and what not have plenty of pure water; flesh and blood none. The faces and figures of the people betray that they are cheated of what they might have. It is a proud life, this of Rome; but it is pride in rags, famine, and dirt.

Who then is to do it? The Pope, of course. It is the Pope who does everything. So I read on every wall, on every frieze, on every tablet, wherever anything has been done or mended. The name of some Pope or other, or here and there some cardinal, is recorded for future ages every hundred yards in this city, and at a good many points out of it. I read 'Pius IX.' in countless inscriptions as an eternal benefactor. No doubt he is that; nor is it his own vanity that records it. He is a good child who does as he is bid, which is more than can be said for most. He follows in the old track, and does right in the sight of Heaven, as his predecessors did before him—yes, just as they did. No selfish or self-willed man would live the life that he does.

But oh for a Pope who would have enough will of his own to sacrifice himself wholly, life, name, and everything! May there come a Pope of no name, bear-

ing no high family honours, not calling himself either pious or innocent, and resolved to leave no splendid and useless memorials for an idle admiration May he seek out all the works of use, the fruit of which shall be in health and strength, and comfort, and the reward of which shall be in Heaven rather than here. May he be content to pass in the long line as the nameless, unknown, unrecorded Pope, numbered rather than named in the catalogue. Rome, purged of her manifold foulness, would be something to show 700 visitors; and it certainly would be something to find it dirty and leave it clean.

What can we promise for this? The Pope may not much value our drafts on the celestial treasury; but we can tell him that the virtue we urge, that of nameless and unrewarded well-doing in matters of real utility, is that most esteemed in our country. Whatever it may be at Rome, it is not the taste of old-fashioned English goodness that every good deed should be stamped with the name of the doer. The doers do not wish it, for they are wont to associate such memorials with the lower forms of ambition, natural to those who have not quality or high principle to rest upon. The natural consequence of this indifference to self is that English humanity and English piety take useful directions. They do not specially affect operations which shall transmit and ornament a memory in the eyes of the common rank, or which shall attract the gaze of the stranger and mere sightseer. That is the true English quality, and as long as it remains such, it will find in itself a solid reason against pretensions, whatever they be, of a more florid and egotistical character.

CHAPTER XXIII

FEAST OF ST. THOMAS

Rome: Dec. 21.

THIS is the shortest day. It is 11 o'clock; the sun is shining bright, and the thermometer must be 60° or more. Yet there are Englishmen complaining that the climate is not what they engaged for when they came so far south. It is St. Thomas's Day. The doubting Apostle is in no favour at Rome; indeed, as it appears to me, he is on the eve of excommunication altogether. In the 360 churches I can only make out two bearing his name—one, in ruins, on the Cœlian; the other, a small neglected chapel, opened once a year, near the Ghetto. So you see that cult is nearly extinct. Dr. Manning must be comforted to know that the Apostle is held in due honour in England, and that a grand ceremony is going on to-day at Westminster. You will expect me to tell you what the Council did yesterday. Very little could be done, for the Council, which met at 9, was all over at 11. The only business I can hear of was the election of a Committee on Discipline, and the distribution of some document or other.

The Bull *Late Sententiæ* was posted on the churches and walls yesterday, and I saw it for the first time this

morning in the Corso. Wicked fingers had already been at work on it. I think it the most important matter for to-day, and therefore send you the original, with a translation, even though it is not unlikely you may have it already through the French papers. To uninitiated eyes, not only does the whole proceeding amount to a declaration of the superiority of Popes over Councils, but the document itself is very pronounced in that direction. The Bull, though signed and sealed two months ago, was never heard of till it was put into the hands of the Council on the second meeting for business, and when, of course, their heads would be full of a hundred other things. Then let us suppose the case of an objection to this, or to any other Bull that might come out. If anybody were so bold as to wish it qualified by a single letter, he would find himself absolutely powerless, and the very wish an unpardonable offence. Where there is an unlimited initiative on the one side, and neither initiative, nor corrective, nor anything else on the other, it is plain that the Council is a pageant, which the Pope may use at discretion. There are bounds to that use, but those bounds are not in the constitution of the Council.

If this Bull passes without challenge, it acquires, on the face of things, the sanction of the Council. History will relate that it was placed in the hands of the Fathers immediately on their meeting, and that no one objected either to the act or to the contents of the document. Further, let us suppose the Pope suddenly producing another Bull, as ready-made as you please, anathematising all maintainers of the doctrines enumerated in the Syllabus and denounced in the Letter. The

assembled Fathers may be as disgusted, frightened, bewildered, and indignant as they please, but they cannot help themselves. They can only look at the piece of hot metal they are to take back to their flocks, and to brandish in the face of their Sovereigns. It has been said in various quarters that the Pope must obtain the sanction of the Council to this or that doctrine, or to this or that act; otherwise, through the seemingly intentional omission, the doctrine or the act will lack full authority. It will be inferred, these persons say, that he was afraid to ask the sanction which might not be unanimously accorded. But here we seem to have before us the way in which the Pope meets this difficulty. He produces a Bull, which the Council cannot touch; but which, failing to touch, it is concluded to sanction and confirm. It should be considered that not even a remonstrance, not a whisper, need reach the ears of the Pope. He has surpassed the invention of Dionysius, for he has all his bishops prisoners here—prisoners they are—and, unless he should happen to wish it, not a sound of grief or anger will break in upon his sacred tranquillity.

The story now is that, at the private meeting of the French bishops to elect their representatives in the Committee on Faith, Cardinal Mathieu was disappointed at the choice in one instance, wishing for a more liberal or moderate man. This led to a rather angry passage with Bonnechose, and in fine the Cardinal said he would take a turn in France to reconsider and calm himself.

The Romans are making a great effort to restore the old port of Ostia, at the mouth of the Tiber. There is no reason why they should not—indeed, Rome is the

only city in the world that, with the need and the opportunity of a port barely eighteen miles off, would so long have neglected it. It cannot have been a very large city when one of the kings made a good port there more than 600 years before the Christian era. There never was any difficulty about using that port, or keeping it open, or enlarging it and adding to it, for these works were continued under the emperors. Nor could the site be necessarily unhealthy, for Ostia once had 80,000 inhabitants, and was in a populous district. They are now digging up houses, palaces, temples, statues, sarcophagi, and Christian as well as Pagan antiquities, by the square mile. The port had the disadvantage of being more accessible than defensible, the very reason which placed Rome itself so high up the stream. Some pirates destroyed a Roman fleet in the port in the days of Cicero, and some half-dozen centuries afterwards the Saracens one day got in, and abolished Ostia for ever. It was one of those entire, effectual destructions which make one feel that history has something to tell of.

In process of time Rome itself became a small place, and a port was not wanted. Ostia, and its delta between the two mouths of the Tiber, became pestilential. This delta, I should mention, advances at the rate of four yards a year. But they are draining it, and they say it will soon be all right. As I understand, they will utilise the canal of Trajan. The proposed port is to be a canal, a hundred metres wide and 6,000 long, with an outer harbour of near double the width. They expect to keep up a depth of twenty-two feet in the summer, and twenty-four in the winter. The communication with Rome will be by a railway of eighteen miles. The Tiber

has the Roman foible of being too proud to be useful. It is alternately a ditch and a cataract. The sea-gulls come up the river—and you may any day count a hundred of them from the bridge of St. Angelo—but I don't know what else can. However, the Romans are greatly set on the scheme, and are embarking their money in it freely. For my own part I think it more likely to answer under certain political contingencies than under an unqualified maintenance of the present *régime*. Rome is the vortex of an enormous expenditure, yielding no other returns than cameos, mosaics, jewelry, photographs, beggars, priests, and theological dogmas.

Yesterday, on the shortest, and probably the gloomiest, day of the year, a ceremony memorable in various respects was performed in Westminster Abbey. Dr. Temple, the newly-elected Bishop of Exeter, was consecrated, and simultaneously Lord Arthur Hervey, the successor of Lord Auckland in the See of Bath and Wells, and the Rev. W. H. Stirling, the first Bishop of the English congregations in the Falkland Islands, were added to the Episcopate. The serious illness of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury prevented his taking any part in the ceremony; accordingly, a Commission was addressed to the four officiating Bishops—viz., the Bishop of London, Bishop of St. David's, Bishop of Worcester, and Bishop of Ely, who assembled in the Jerusalem Chamber at 10.45 A.M., for the purpose of giving effect to the Royal mandate. The doors were opened at half-past 10 o'clock, and, notwithstanding the very unfavourable weather, intending members of the congregation assembled in such numbers that every portion of the building from which it would, under ordinary circumstances, have been possible to see and hear was speedily filled.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE OPPOSITION

Rome : Dec. 22.

THE Council is to meet again next Tuesday, the 28th, and the votes will then be taken for the third Committee, on the Regular Orders. This seems slow work. It will be the fourth 'general congregation,' and thus far the Fathers have done nothing but elect Committees almost wholly one-sided, and receive the documents put into their hands. Next Tuesday, however, according to the official organ, they are to do something more. They are to take into consideration the subjects of the papers put into their hands at the first meeting—that on the 10th. If they are to take the subjects in the order in which the Committees upon them are chosen, they will begin upon matters of Faith. But what can they possibly have to report and publish to the universe at their public session on January 6? However, what the Council cannot do the Pope can, and two more Bulls are forthcoming, they say. I have already expressed to you my belief that at least a good part of the business of the Council was to be done in this fashion. The first of these expected manifestoes is one against Italy ; and the other against modern science,

in which they say will be proscribed all the philosophical authors, books, and current opinions that have appeared since the Council of Trent. This manifestation of ecclesiastical power is fixed for Epiphany, for the benefit of us Gentiles. It will amount to a declaration of religious war with Italy, as well as every other Power that tolerates free thought, and people are already speculating on the course the Italian Government is likely to take. Besides its greater offences, it is carrying on a system of molestation which would be hardly dignified were it not to be sustained and fully justified in action. It has circulated everywhere, by authority, an abridgment of 'Janus,' in French and Italian.

I now hear it is not unlikely that the Pope's new challenge may be met by striking out of the Italian Constitution the first article declaring the Catholic religion to be the religion of the State. This will only be doing for Italy what we have just done for Ireland, and what Irish Catholics appear to think a very good measure. But worse things than this are talked of—worse, I mean, from the Pope's point of view. There is actually a talk of a French Catholic Church. The agitation in that quarter is incomprehensible, unless something very serious is at least contemplated. During the meeting of the Council last Monday, when the Fathers were none of them at home, simply because they were at St. Peter's, a circular was left at their respective residences from the French episcopate, one account says; more probably, I should think, from the Bishop of Orleans. You ought to know its purport by this time, but what I tell you is all I know. It is a singular result of a Council with closed doors that the men

of action should make that the opportunity of out-door operations. Various accounts are given of the passage between Cardinals Mathieu and Bonnechose, but the antagonistic feeling shown was considerable, and people say the former will keep out of the way for the future.

But why do I dwell on a single withdrawal? I am told that, upon one pretence or another, but with a concert and accord nobody doubts, ninety-five of the bishops have demanded to leave Rome, the Archbishop of Paris among them. I can only state things as I hear them, but I do not see how there is to be even the form of an opposition, if the opponents are not here. The Opposition is said to number two hundred members of the Council, and the whole diplomatic body at Rome. This may be an excessive estimate, but it is very plain that while the Pope is surprising the world with a rapid succession of Bulls, which the Council will be compelled to sanction by silence, the Catholic Powers are concocting a defensive policy of their own. France and Austria are said to have united in a strong representation to the Papal Government as to the necessity of reorganizing the Sacred College if it is still to be held a standing council of the whole Church and charged with the election of a Pope. They protest against the preponderance of Italians in it. This looks more like pacific negotiation with Rome than some of the rumours flying about here. The last thing we are told is a transaction between Cardinals Rauscher and Schwarzenberg, making things right in that quarter, in the political rather than the Papal sense. Here is enough, I think, to make it very certain that you will have more decided intelligence in a very few days.

Another member of the Council is dead—Manastyrski, Bishop of Premislia, in Poland. He had been ill for some time.

The Council itself—I mean whatever meets the common eye and ear—is a pageant, and nothing more. No human voice can be heard in that Hall, unless it be raised to a declamatory pitch, utterly unsuited to discussion, and which may reach the ear, but not the inner sense, unless, indeed, that inner sense be prepared for the reception of it. Any sound will become a sound without sense, when it comes from afar in a confusion of echoes. The men who can talk sensibly, and who come only for such talk, say they will not run the risk of an exhibition fit only for a Stentor. But I am sure it is not even proposed or wished that there should be any discussion in the Hall on any occasion whatever. The Hall is condemned, but there will be no general discussion. What there is in this line is carried on 'by nations' at the palace of this or that cardinal, or leading member. Indeed, in their own circles, the Fathers are practising a freedom of speech that would be very inconvenient in public, in Rome at least. The Gallicans are said to be much exasperated with the tone in which their national weaknesses have been treated by their British neighbours; and I am to see shortly a very sharp interchange of opinions between Dupanloup and our own Manning, who, I hear, has added to his many labours an Italian controversy. But a Council conducted in this way is no Council at all. Nations can and do develop their own opinions at home; and they can compare them with those of their neighbours without travelling thousands of miles for the purpose. It is

said, and stoutly denied, that this Council is an anachronism ; if it be not, let us see something which is not of everyday occurrence, and yet a reality and a fact. The only reality here is what we had already—national developments exercising more or less influence one upon another.

I must return to the Bull of which I sent you a copy and translation yesterday. Good Catholics here affirm that it is a very harmless Bull and a very necessary Bull—that we ought not to be frightened at it. We don't know, they say, how many absurd excommunications it has tacitly repealed ; as, for example, one for the crime of dissecting human subjects, when, as the Popes used to say, an ape was as good as a man, and surgeons might dissect an ape if they liked. I cannot quite see the force of the argument as regards the character of the Bull. The worst agents do much that they cannot help doing, and which, therefore, has no moral significance. By the test of what it does, what it reaffirms and re-enacts, this is a very fierce Bull, and one that no government on earth, except that under which I reside at this moment, can with safety allow to be incorporated with its laws or naturalised on its moral soil. This Bull belongs to the 'Fifth Monarchy' of Papists or Visionaries, not to any actual constitution or government of mankind.

CHAPTER XXV

ORIENTALS AND ITALIANS

Rome : Dec. 23.

IT is only a fortnight to-day to the great day which ever since the opening of the Council has been fixed for its most signal and decisive declarations. On Twelfth Day, as our nurseries call it, there is to be a grand session in the Hall, now declared unfit for any other purpose, though still used for want of a better. The Council will then proclaim to the universe, a very measurable fraction of which will then be assembled, all the decrees and canons it has passed up to that time ; and together with this sublime utterance there is to be a discharge of Papal Bulls, launched against States, thrones, opinions, books, writers, and mundane men and things generally. I confess I am anxious at the near approach of this terrible occasion. It is not that I expect to be myself scorched by these thunderbolts, or that I have much fear about their effect on the world. My fears are that I may possibly not be able to give you beforehand the slightest intimation of all that is hatching—nay, rather, hatched long ago, and only cooped up in the Vatican. By every possible sign or token, symptom or proof, the Council has done nothing

hitherto, beyond electing two boards of judges and two committees, of which the result of one only is known. But the Fathers have now papers in their hands which they are supposed to be pondering over in private or discussing in groups. They and all the officials are bound to absolute secrecy, not only as to the contents of these papers, but also as to anything said or done by anybody or everybody at the meetings of the Council. As the papers have been many months in preparation, and the declared object was to obviate all trouble, doubt, and difficulty of any kind, it is quite possible a good deal—that is, as much as the President may have given due notice of—will be carried, reported to the Pope, sanctioned, and declared at the Feast of Epiphany, as I have said. It is only in the case of a very strong objection, very strongly supported, that the Council, say at its meeting next Tuesday, will refer the matter to the Pope, and, through him, to the Committee under which the matter properly comes.

But you see there is a prospect of momentous decisions next Tuesday, to be revealed only this day fortnight. As matters of faith are first to be taken in hand, and, indeed, disposed of, before the Fathers proceed to the matters in which the question of Faith is mixed up with that of Discipline, it is evident that the great blow may be struck on January 6, leaving Europe and the civilised world to avert, if it likes, the correction of Discipline, the better regulation of the Regulars, or the recognition of Eastern rites. You will not be surprised when I tell you that my heart sinks within me as I pass the shops where the twelfth cakes and bonbons are already exhibited, and as I hear people asking the

day on which the Bambino is to be brought out to the top of the 124 marble steps before the Ara Cœli. I believe it is Twelfth Day, but I have not the courage to say so. It is drawing so very near.

Till the very day of the promised eruption there can be nothing but rumblings and earth-shakings, and now and then a puff of smoke. What I have to tell you comes to that, and little more. On the one side, the Pope's majority is overwhelming, and although all the counting in the world will not make it more or less, still the more people count it the more they feel that arithmetic is a branch of pure mathematics and cannot be evaded or softened down. It is stated that on the election of the Committee on matters of Faith most of the successful candidates had 500 votes, and only one as low as 390. The names of the Committee on matters of Discipline will not be known till next Tuesday, but I am told that they are still more decidedly on the Pope's side. The 'Caucus,' I need hardly tell you, is the Jesuits' College. The polling papers are drawn up and lithographed there, and sent round to the five hundred and odd men who can be depended upon. The only thing to restrain the Jesuits is the misgiving that they may be pushing things too far. It is a misgiving they seldom feel; but the Pope may, and his best advisers are well known to do so.

In my last I mentioned probable departures. They are such as might somewhat diminish the majority. It is said the Orientals fear an invasion of their rites; and as every man in those curious regions is face to face with a dozen schisms, they have to make a point of their little peculiarities. Even at the opening of the

Council they did not conform to the order of the day, but appeared with coloured vestments, jewelled mitres, and other showy distinctions. The real Orientals find themselves very little at home ; they cannot understand what is going on, and they have an undefined fear that they may commit themselves seriously and beyond recovery. They are most of them in the Trastevere, under the care of good keepers ; but even the best keepers do not always succeed. So much for the majority, which does not shrink by much counting ; but, it is reiterated with increasing confidence, the minority is stronger and more determined than ever. The very fact of the last elected Committee being more entirely on the Pope's side is alleged to show that the Pope's friends see there will be no compromise, and they need not, therefore, flinch from using the strength they have.

The Italians must be born actors. Whatever part they take they play it well. Some, indeed many, are astonished, and indignant at the Bull I sent you ; some, indeed many, cannot see anything in it but a formality. Good Catholics are thanking the Pope for his delicate consideration of their tender consciences. They were aware that in all sorts of ways they were incurring the censures and last penalties of the Church. Indeed, not a day passed in which they were not *ipso facto* excommunicated without a chance of absolution, except that in some slovenly way or other they found themselves still on good terms with the Church. This was not satisfactory, and either they or the Church were clearly to blame for want of a more distinct understanding. Accordingly, they say the Pope has now provided them with a small handy book of offences, arranged according to their

degrees of unforgivableness. The scale requires more analysis than I have given to it yet; but I think I see that if, after my intended visit to the Catacombs, one of my party shows me a bit of marble that possibly helped to close the grave of a possible saint, and I fail to discover him, or her, to the Papal authorities, I may perhaps be forgiven in this world and the next, while Victor Emmanuel evidently, his advisers, his Parliament, all his friends and allies, now depend entirely on the mercy of Pius IX., who has no mercy for them. I also gather that if our Anglican Churchmen would be as confident of their position as the Pope is of his own, then it would follow that by acquiescing in the remotest possible degree in the alienation of the Irish Church property they have put themselves utterly out of the pale of salvation. Of course, we come ourselves directly under nearly all these excommunications.

I have told you what the faithful say of it; how they feel relieved, what a load is off their consciences, or, at least, reduced to a portable compass; but there are deep and strong utterances of another sort. 'Why this is the middle ages back again—the reign of Boniface VIII., from which we thought Gregory XIV. had delivered us.' Even Catholics say, 'We had forgotten all this, or only knew it as history.' It is complained that the lower and uneducated sort, who had never heard of this old excommunication, will receive all this as new matter, and conclude, in a friendly or unfriendly spirit, that the Pope is breaking with the world, and that a day of extremes is coming. The Pope himself, and even Antonelli, are said to describe the Bull as simply a concession to the complaints of tender-minded people;

but it would have been at least an equal proof of kindness if various other parties concerned could have been consulted, or warned, or even honoured with an early intimation. The Fathers of the Council knew nothing of it till it was put into their hands. The theologians attendant on the Council were never told of it. None of the diplomatic body in Rome heard of it till they saw it in the Turin papers. It came like an explosion on the French and Austrian ambassadors. They have not even had copies sent to them. There are copies enough on the church walls, but they are wet with the driving showers, and even that affixed to St. Peter's has been wilfully defaced and torn. It is evident very great care has been taken that it should be an absolute secret till the very hour of its publication over all Europe. I must tell you that, while all the documents of the Council are kept as dark as possible here at Rome, they are sent as fast as they are printed for publication to the Pope's organs at Turin and in our own country.

The Archbishop of Vienna, they say, is in extreme disgust at the sudden appearance of the Bull, and the consequent aggravation of his own difficulties with his people at home. He was most conservative, they say, but not so now. But I must close. The clouds have been doing their best to wash Rome all last night and a good deal of to-day, but without much effect hitherto.

Rome: Dec. 22.

The Empress of Austria received to-day the Austrian and Hungarian bishops at present in this city.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE COMMITTEE SITTING AT THE QUIRINAL

Rome: Christmas Eve.

IT has just sounded the hour of noon, and I sit down to this in thunder, lightning, and rain. This is a bad prospect for the ladies who are planning to comprise as many Masses, vespers, shepherd songs, and exhibitions of the most reserved relics as possible within twenty-four hours. The churches, however, if the rain continues, will not be quite so crowded. I am not surprised to hear that the Pope finds it necessary to save his strength, but he will be, in all his state, at vespers in St. Peter's to-day, and the Council is expected to be there with him. It ought to go through all the ceremonies, for it has nothing else to do. You must not think that I am scoffing at the Council; on the contrary, it is scoffing at you, at me, and at all the people who ask, ever so civilly, what it is doing. Doing? the Fathers say, why, what have we to do, what can we do, what need have we to do anything? This retort reaches me from a dozen different quarters, and the British public is laughed at for its ridiculous idea that the Pope was about to have a Parliament, or a debating society, or a discussion at Rome. I don't think we have quite

committed ourselves to this idea, but still it was natural to suppose that so many hundred men, of much local importance, would not be assembled from all parts of the globe without some work that could not otherwise be done. But it is the fact, and we have only to realise it more every day, that, with the exception of about one hundred, the Fathers have nothing on earth to do here; and if they are wise they will devote their time to society, to antiquities, to the fine arts, to languages, or whatever else people hope to pick up at Rome. They contribute a name which is not a thing, a show which is not a reality, and a sanction which they have not the slightest power to withhold. They come here to perform a part which they may do as cheerfully as they please, but which is compulsory and simple indeed. They are but the rank and file in this review of the Papal army.

As only one of the four Committees—viz. that on Faith—is thus far constituted, I will take it separately, and see in what limbo it leaves the rest of the Council. That Committee is sitting at the Quirinal. It consists of the twenty-four men whose names I have sent you, and who were all, or nearly all, so I hear, recommended to the electors in a lithographed circular from the Jesuits' College. The Bishop of Saragossa, said to be extreme of the extremes, had 590 votes out of the 720 electors. Five of the members are said to be opposed to the great dogma, but as the majority have it all their own way, this apparent concession to fairness can only be for convenience, or to save appearances. However, these twenty-four are actually sitting, or supposed to be sitting, and ready to receive written

communications from those Fathers who may wish to propose something in the general meeting next Tuesday or to make some remarks upon the propositions then to be considered. The propositions now in the hands of the Fathers are those already proposed by the Papal Commission, and, till adopted by the Council, are regarded only as 'schemes,' or drafts, as we should call them. The Pope puts them before the Council as matters upon which his own judgment is still reserved. But whatever they are, be they ever so trivial, ever so abstract, or, on the contrary, ever so serious, ever so pointed, there is no reason why they should not be adopted and passed, all and every one of them, next Tuesday, and immediately put into form, if any change is required, for promulgation at the public session of January 6. In that case, they will become the law of the Roman Catholic Church.

Well, where is the opening for the episcopal rank and file to do or say something that a man may wish to do or say? It is this. A bishop, say from France or Germany, may send to the Committee sitting at the Quirinal, in good Latin, and most carefully keeping in view everything that has been ruled by the Church, a proposition or observation that he may wish to make next Tuesday, upon the questions already announced. The likeliest and happiest result is that, a day before the meeting, the poor man receives for answer that his proposition is informal, or not to the purpose, or not within the scope of the Council, or contrary to sound doctrine, or infected with some mild but yet dangerous form of error. But even if he should succeed both as to the matter and the form of his proposition, the right of

making it and speaking upon it will be in the order of ecclesiastical precedence, and he may find any number of cardinals and patriarchs before him. If, too, in the Council itself he should wish to take part in a discussion, should one arise, he can only speak in the order of an endless line of precedence, and at any moment of the discussion it will be in the power of the presiding cardinal to determine whether the objections or the objectors are of such weight that the debate should not be immediately closed, and the question before the Council put to the vote. Thus, round every Father is drawn a net, and over every Father hangs a sword. Speaking is simply impossible under such circumstances.

But would it be possible to discuss theological matters, even with the best intentions, in such a gathering? The immense number, the many languages, ears, and tongues; the prodigious size of the Hall—any one of these obstacles is an insuperable difficulty. Altogether they are a nightmare, and nothing more. The problems before the Council tax the strongest intellects and the finest perceptive powers in their calmest moods. How can the argument be vociferated with brazen lips and Stentorian lungs across a vast hall half as high again, half as wide again, as the nave of our St. Paul's? How, in face of the numerous obstructive conditions, which we must admit to be necessary to guard the sacred subject, but which nevertheless amount to an absolute prohibition of debate? But for the ill look of the thing it would be better to put these poor creatures out of their misery, and say at once there shall be no discussion, no independent proposition or comment, and that the Fathers have nothing to do but to shout out *Placet*

at the signal from the proper functionary, or, if they have sore throats, to let others shout for them.

In the Quirinal, where the Committees are meeting, it is possible there may be discussion. Twenty-four does not much exceed the number by which metaphysical or preternatural questions may be safely and profitably discussed. Counsels of mercy, wisdom, and righteousness may find place in such a body. A philosopher might speak there without muddling his poor brains; a critic need not blunt his acumen: a saint might keep his temper. I cannot divine what goes on there. But that is in fact the Council. It is chosen by the Jesuits. It is in excellent accord with the Pope. It can do everything that he wishes, and will do everything that he thinks it safe to require.

I have been often reminded that it is not necessary that all the members of the Council should speak, or reason, or even understand. The talking and thinking of our own Parliament is done by a few. Human affairs are generally in the hands of a few. By no means whatever could it have been managed that the 720 should take part in the discussion; and if the number be too many, the Catholic Church cannot help having so many bishops; indeed, it has not enough for the work. In our own Parliament the great majority are content to vote. This is wise on their part, and for the public convenience. So the whole Council first decides by its suffrages who shall think for it; and further says 'Yes' or 'No' to their decisions. Here we have laid down for us not only all that is possible, but also what is absolutely to be required from every one of the assembled Fathers. He must say 'Yes' or 'No' to questions which by sup-

position have troubled the mind of the Church for these eighteen hundred years, without arriving at a decision, and which have tremendous issues in time, and in eternity. But is the Christian Church to go on for ever compelling decisions, and, as it were, mapping and staking out the realm of mystery for fixed habitations and names? Is there to be no more room left for pious opinions, for fond wishes and holy aspirations? It is most natural that a Christian should cherish a belief in some sort of unity and infallibility in the Church; and the broadest Protestant cannot quarrel with these bishops for their hopes and wishes of a Christian unity. No doubt, too, the poor men themselves have their misgivings and perplexities. Why are they all to be compelled to say either that the Pope is personally infallible or that he is not, when it is all but certain that most of them don't know what to say or what to think about it?

With all the tenderness they have shown for liberty of conscience, I cannot help thinking the Governments of France, Austria, Spain, and other Catholic countries would have done better to save their bishops from having to answer questions which they would rather not answer, and which they cannot answer with honesty. The probability is that a large proportion even of the boasted majority would rather not commit themselves—on the one hand against the Pope, on the other against the public opinion of their country. It is even yet in the power of these Governments to save their clerical subjects from this ecclesiastical torture. But—and you will notice how many 'buts' there are in this question—I hear it said and repeated, and repeated again, the

Fathers will not even have to say 'Yes' or 'No.' They will be spared even this small part in the Council. The Pope will decree his own infallibility during the sitting of the Council, and the Council will receive the decree with approving acclamation, or at least with reverential silence, and thereby leave the dogma unchallenged and unchallengeable. Such a course—and it is the one most likely to be taken—may spare the Fathers the small trouble of saying even 'Yes' or 'No,' but it will not add to the dignity of their position, nor will it quite satisfy that public opinion and that national sentiment which the Fathers will have to encounter on their return to their sees. Certainly it is a novelty in the conception and execution of a General Council that it should be but the broad shield under which the Pope shall launch his shafts at nations, princes, men, and opinions.

Meanwhile there is, I must admit, a brisk controversy. Dupanloup is engaged in an interchange of letters with Dr. Manning, and it is now said the letters formed the circular distributed while the Council was last in the Hall. The Archbishop of Malines has also opened fire on Dupanloup, who is pretty well occupied, but is evidently up to his work. As he is not on the Committee now sitting on affairs of Faith, or likely to be on any other, his hands are so much the more free. I wish you all a happy Christmas. The guns of St. Angelo inform me that the Feast has begun.

Rome: Dec. 24.

The ex-Queen of Naples gave birth to a daughter this morning. Cardinal Reisach, one of the five Presidents of the Council, died yesterday at Annecy, in Savoy. The committee of the Council appointed to consider matters of Ecclesiastical Discipline is composed of two Spanish bishops, six Italian, two Austrian, one Bavarian, and three English bishops, those of Birmingham, Tuam, and Bombay, and five American—namely, the Bishops of New York, Mexico, Quebec, Bolivia, and Peru.

The Quirinal, in which were elaborated the chief utterances of the Council, including the Dogma of Infallibility, is now the palace of the King of Italy. It is said to be a more healthy residence than the Vatican, and to have other advantages over it not immediately evident to a stranger. A long succession of Popes, architects, painters, sculptors, and other artists have done their best for the decoration of the interior. The open space before it is called Monte Cavallo, from two colossal groups of horse-tamers, as they are called. Their history has been full of vicissitudes, and is lost in antiquity. Rome easily supplies gaps, and till recently ascribed one to Phidias and the other to Praxiteles, making Alexander and Bucephalus the subject of both groups. The chronological error has been corrected by substituting Achilles. A copy of one of the figures does duty as a memorial of the Duke of Wellington in Hyde Park. The spectator there has to supply the animal under discipline and to suppose it France, or the Revolution, or Napoleon, or what else he pleases.

CHAPTER XXVII

COMMITTEE UPON DISCIPLINE

Rome: Dec. 25, midnight.

I SEND you the names of the Fathers of Council elected for the Committee upon Discipline. They have only just come out.

Giovanni Mac-Closkey, Arciv. di Nuova York.
Guglielmo Ullathorne, Vesc. di Birmingham.
Giovanni Mac-Hale, Arciv. di Tuam.
Pelagio de Lavastida y Davalos, Arciv. di Messico.
Pantaleone Monserrat y Navarro, Vesc. di Barcellona.
Anastasio Yusto, Arciv. di Burgos.
Giulio Arrigoni, Arciv. di Lucca.
Francesco Baillargeon, Arciv. di Quebec.
Paolo Ballerini, Patriarca Latino di Alessandria.
Claudio Plantier, Vescovo di Nimes.
Teodoro de Montpellier, Vesc. di Liegi.
Stefano Marilley, Vesc. di Losanna e Ginevra.
Francesco Saverio Wierzchleyski, Vesc. Latino di Leopoli.
Giorgio Stahl, Vesc. di Erbipoli.
Giovanni Ambrogio Huerta, Vesc. di Puño.
Carlo Fillion, Vesc. di Le-Mans.
Giovanni Battista Zwerger, Vesc. di Secovia.
Niccola Sergent, Vesc. di Quimper.
Michele Heiss, Vesc. di La Crosse.
Mariano Ricciardi, Arciv. di Reggio.

Leone Meurin, Vesc. di Ascalon.
Giovanni Guttadauro di Reburdone, Vesc. di Caltanisetta.
Marino Marini, Arciv., Vesc. di Orvieto.
Giuseppe Aggarbati, Vesc. di Sinigallia.

The names have evidently been selected on very different principles from those in the Committee on Faith. That contains the names of three men, Spalding, Manning, and Dechamps, high enough in the Pope's confidence to have been admitted into his special Commission for the reception and examination of whatever may be submitted by the Fathers, a practical, homogeneous, and rather formidable body. Its subject is Faith; it has the priority of discussion and action; and it is charged with the objects dearest to the heart of the Holy See. Such, I say, is the character of *that* body; but what can be said of this, which is only charged with Discipline? As to rank, it contains an Egyptian patriarch of the Latin rite, and seven archbishops. The only country that can hardly be said to be represented in it is Italy, though there is rather an abundance of representatives given to the British Isles and Colonies, to America, and some of the less important countries nearer home. But how will these delegates of the human race act together, and what ideas and rules can they have in common upon so delicate a subject as Church discipline? They will be able to receive suggestions from their various flocks, and pass them upwards. This, probably, is all they will have to do, if, indeed, they have anything; for, the questions of Faith once settled, it is very conceivable that the Council might be rewarded with dismissal in peace, or with a very long adjournment. The last reports to-day are

that, on the one hand, the French Government has repeated its remonstrances with increased emphasis ; and that, on the other hand, Schwarzenberg has made his peace with the Pope's friends, and the whole Liberal Opposition is panic-struck and demoralized.

Nobody goes to bed here to-night. The ladies are all lying, clad in sables, upon their beds, ready to start up at a quarter to two, at which hour all the carriages are ordered. This is for the *Pastorale* in St. Peter's, but a good many have gone off already to S. Maria Maggiore and various other churches. It is raining heavily.

Under the head of Discipline I must make up for an omission, as it might be taken, in my correspondence. Little was said in my letters about the Romans themselves, or the Italians either. I have a great admiration for them. Upon any ordinary and strictly natural standard, I should put them as high as any people in the world. None can doubt their industry, their fidelity, their enterprise, their cleverness, their rigid economy, their temperance, their heritage of grand ideas shared by all classes. But when we pass from the platform of nature to the grand codes of theological or philosophical truth and virtue, the Romans and Italians generally are found quite as wanting as their Transalpine neighbours. Romans of all classes discuss the great problems of faith and morals as freely as Germans, and are certainly more at home in these controversies than Englishmen of the corresponding classes. They are proud of the Papacy. It is a feather in their cap. All the world comes to worship the Pope. Except the dead and mouldering

ruins, the Papacy is the only vestige of the worldwide Roman Empire. Even if it be only the shade that, as the poet says, hovers over the sepulchre, still that is dear to them. I was told more than once distinctly that Romans, and no doubt Italians too, were all Republicans at heart, that being their grandest and oldest tradition. 'We rose to our greatness under a republic, and declined under the Empire. But the Empire had its compensation, for it placed the world under our feet, and made mankind our bond slaves. The Empire was still tolerable, though second best.' But the idea of kings, their courts, their families, their close circles, their intermarriages, their castes, and their adherence to old ways, was simply abominable to the Romans, as much so now as in the days of the Tarquins.

Now for the ecclesiastical discipline of Rome. I have often been told how a large proportion of people there meet the obligation of annual communion laid on them by the Papal authorities. A franc and a half settles that matter. Before Easter, crowds of very simple folk come in from the Campagna to confess, to be absolved, and to communicate, the last when, or where, I know not. One cannot help asking why they don't confess near their own homes. St. Peter's is prepared for the emergency, for it has, if I remember right, over thirty confessionals for different tongues.

Then for breadth of opinion, here is an example. About the middle of the Borgo—that is, half way between St. Angelo and St. Peter's—was one of the most popular barbers in Rome. Many of the Pope's people went to his shop, and indulged in free talk with him. Of course, they might properly wish to hear what a representative

Roman layman had to say, so they would ask what he thought of the look-out. 'Well. This is a great effort. It will stave off the evil day. The end won't be in my time. But it will come soon or late. We had Paganism about a thousand years. Rome was then happy and prosperous as she has never been since. At last, it wore itself out, or we got tired of it. We dethroned Jupiter, and put Jesus Christ in his place, with the Pope for his Vicegerent. The world does not move quite so fast as it used to do, but perhaps two thousand years will be long enough for our present faith. We shall then find something else better suited to the circumstances. That perhaps may last two thousand years, and then give way to something better still.'

I cannot suppose that cardinals and monsignori high in the Papal 'Family' would reciprocate all this, but I did hear of a cardinal saying in company, 'I cannot think how this idea of infallibility got into our heads, when we don't know whether it rests on clay or on a quicksand.'

It would be after the date of the above letter, that I heard of the complaints made by some of the members of the Committee upon Discipline. Why set English, Irish, and American bishops to investigate and correct the moral habits of Italian clergy and laity? Why not lay that burden on the right shoulders—the Italian bishops? We have no need of any such disagreeable inquiry with our own clergy and their flocks. The Pope and his Jesuit advisers thought otherwise, and had their reasons.

CHAPTER XXVIII

IS THIS COUNCIL PROCEEDING AS THE EARLY COUNCILS ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE DONE?

Rome: Dec. 26.

I HAVE prepared you for the probability that on Tuesday, the 28th, after the declaration of the second Committee now elected, and after the collection of suffrages for a third, the Council may really proceed to vote upon any number of the propositions upon matters of Faith now before it in a documentary form. When that is done, I suppose the good Fathers will not still continue to affirm, as they do now with much truth, that they are doing nothing, coming to no conclusions, considering no questions, and transacting no business except the election of Committees—a work which the Jesuits have made very easy. But such is the state of the case. For an hour and a half, say till half-past 12 on Tuesday, the Council will be doing nothing; after that hour and a half it will possibly have done everything. It has no present tense; it exists in the future now; by a momentary act, it will exist only in the past, except for some equally or still more portentous business looming in a more distant future. It is impossible there can be the merest shadow or pretence of

deliberation, or of any process that we usually assign to a Council. Within that body the Pope acts by a machinery and by procedures slowly elaborated and perfected beyond a chance of miscarriage. On the other hand, the Opposition, be they a reality or only a name, have to encounter a hundred various obstacles. They enter the Council, not as we Anglicans were mockingly invited to enter, with ropes hanging round our necks, but with the ropes tightly twisted and knotted round their limbs, and closing their very lips.

The Council may and will act momentarily, with flashes of conviction and power breaking through the thick darkness in which it finds itself usually enveloped. The Opposition cannot do even this, or anything. It has no magazine of measures; no train laid; no ingenious machinery; no secret organisation; certainly not numbers in any proportion to the host it confronts; nc habits of obedience long impressed on its supporters, no splendid prizes for clerical ambition. So entirely is the battle in the hands of the Pope that it is only in mercy, or in decency, perhaps also in policy, that the Committees which are to examine and sift everything contain a few moderate or thinking men in the safe proportion of one to five of the other quality. What, then, is the strength of the Opposition, if there is anything that can be called by one name? It is that they represent public opinion, nations, the civil power, and the greater part of even the Catholic world, in the straitest and narrowest sense of that much-abused term. They represent also the cause of private judgment in its first and in its last developments. They represent, again, the dread apprehension of another great schism which

history has taught even Rome to believe possible, and which the present circumstances of the world would, at least, facilitate. More immediately and more sharply to the vision, they represent themselves—a minority—in a matter upon which truth ought to be self-evident. Unanimity, apparent if not real—apparent, if only by the momentary surrender of lifelong misgivings or lifelong convictions—is necessary to success. The acclamation must not be mingled with inauspicious sounds. A Council once invited heaven and earth to join in a song of thanksgiving because the East and West were no longer divided, but the day after things were found to be as they had been the day before, and the vanquished would not join in with the victors' exultations.

We are told that it is a very great mistake to compare a Council with any deliberative body of a political character; for it is not concerned with perishable matters and shifting opinions, but with eternal and unchangeable verities. It has to find out, not what men think or want, but what is the truth. Be it so. But still the idea of this Council—the idea carried out by its Italian promoters and administrators—is not quite the way in which we used to be told the Church sought truth. In the last generation good and learned men steadily maintained, with much wisdom and research, that Catholic truth was that which had been held always, everywhere, and by all good Christians. From time to time, therefore, Christians had to compare notes, and so to find what existing doctrine fulfilled these conditions. Every now and then it might happen that the Church would have to review its various teachings, and accept

the genuineness of those utterances which stood these three tests. Can anybody pretend to say that such a process is now going on? Can any Father among them be he ever so submissive to authority and discipline, and ever so quick with the Papal Shibboleth, say that he has been invited to state freely what he finds to have been the doctrine of good Catholics in all times and places? Has there been any consultative operation at all? Is there any going on? Will there be any? The truth is that there is hardly a real bishop here—that is a man with a real see, a real church, a real diocese, and real men in it—who will not carry back a newly-made quarrel, and be received with the unpleasant greeting that he has left the most valuable part of himself, his moral independence, at Rome. A man in this Council is but a counter in a game.

But, again, we are told we must not criticise Councils. If we begin we may not know where to end. Councils are great events, of a somewhat unearthly character. Revolution always comes in this way. There is a convulsion of nature, followed by repose. The ground is broken and the cinders are hot at first, but grass and the vine will soon cover them. There was a violent agitation; now it is part of the earth's solid foundations. So don't scrutinise too narrowly any of the Councils. It is granted that all were volcanic, preternatural, and even inhuman in their ways. Man, who reforms or rebuilds the social edifice by revolution, by fire, and the sword, cannot complain if the Kingdom of Heaven also does its successive creations somewhat violently, with a high hand, and by giving laws to that which was without form and void. So we are told, we must not

expect this Council to square with our vulgar notions of fairness between man and man. This is not a market, or a sale-room, or a court of justice, or even a Parliament. It is an act in the great drama of the Universe. We might have no great difficulty in assenting to all this; but still a Council ought to start fair. Its principle ought to challenge our preconceived notions of a Divine work. The scandals and mischances ought to come from the other side. Let there be hurly-burly around, but he who rides the storm should be bright and fair. In the very artistical and well-executed engraving in the shop windows here, emblematic of the Council, the cross in the Pope's hand is prolonged downwards so as to pin to the ground an ugly monster squatted in the jaws of Hell and struggling to emerge. Of course, this is all right; but we ought not next to be requested to excuse a little deformity, a little blackness, a questionable manner and origin, in the principal figure and very representative of the Council.

If, too, this Council be defended only as neither better nor worse than all former Councils, and if the poor Anglican Church is laughed at for its affected nicety in selecting the first four as safe guides and pleasant ideals, it is fearful to contemplate the effect of the whole argument, and of the present illustration, upon the faith professing to rest in some degree on the authority of General Councils. Our Anglican Reformers were careful not to commit themselves to a single General Council. They said that some have erred, but not that some had not. Of course, in matters of discipline we deal very freely with all the Councils, as, indeed, the Roman Catholics do also. In matters of faith we are glad to

find something like a common stock on which we may claim a brotherhood with the greater part of Christendom; but while we talk thus piously and honourably of the first four Councils, few of us know much about their history: and there is an undefined feeling that the less we know about it the better. The Roman Catholics now compel the inquiry, and, indeed, invite it. Whether, upon the whole, it is likely to help their cause against other communions it is for them to judge. Perhaps they would rather see no resting-place between Papal infallibility and an entire rejection of revealed truth. Anyhow, the regulation and conduct of this Council, and the manner in which it is to be made the medium of a Divine revelation, only justifies further the wisdom of our own Church, which says nothing about the Councils except that 'some have erred.'

The people who should be able to tell us a good deal about the Council are the Italian politicians and writers, who, of course, have close private relations with their own bishops, and every inducement to inquire. No doubt they do know a good deal; but in this matter it is Italian against Italian, which is nearly as bad as some other well-known imaginary duels. The Italian Liberals will be only too happy that Papal infallibility should be defined in the strongest possible sense, as they say it certainly will be; and that this result should be obtained by the underhand compliance of Victor Emmanuel and the French Emperor under a thin disguise of public remonstrances. They also say that everything done by the Council will be to increase the power of the Pope over the parochial clergy, and to make them wholly dependent on him. On the question

of clerical marriages they say that the marriage is not to be recognized, though the children are, and the latter are to be declared the lawful offspring of an unlawful union. In fact, the father will be held still due to the Pope, while the children must be surrendered—there is no help for it—to Cæsar. I also hear through an Italian source that there has been a meeting of fifty cardinals and bishops in the Sala Constantina of the Vatican, presided over by Cardinal Bilio, specially to consider two questions, no doubt regarded in close relation in this part of the world :—(1) the personal infallibility of the Pope ; (2) the juridical validity of popular suffrage, the present foundation of European society. The meeting resolved to dogmatise the personal infallibility and to condemn popular suffrage. So it is related. It is only too probable to be implicitly believed.

If appearances are to be trusted, there is a very genuine and unaffected animosity between the two sovereigns now dividing this famous Peninsula. The Pope does not allow the Italian flag to enter Cività Vecchia, and the Italian Government, of course, regards it as a foreign port, and demands the differential dues from vessels hailing from it. Some of our yachts have had unpleasant affairs at Naples and elsewhere—I must say, from the usual inability of John Bull to understand little political differences. The Pope all this time is demeaning himself as if he were the master of fleets and legions. One hears every day of military preparations ; and if the Pope himself, at the ripe age of 79, and with all the armoury of heaven under his disposal and management, might wish for some repose from the anxieties of earthly warfare, his friends will not allow

him. The gunmakers of Liège have just presented him with some of their best manufactures, beautifully finished and ornamented—a cannon, and eighty carbines for the Guardia Nobile. They are presented, as stated by an engraved inscription, 'To the Prince of Shepherds,' but they are rather ugly things to put in the hands of the feeders of sheep.

We are promised the sight of a magnificent 'ornament' which the Council will present to the Pope in a few days. When I know what sort of a thing it is I shall be better able to tell you. I see the Italians are making a good story of the new force the Pope is raising from the maritime parts of the Campagna. The poor fellows are so destitute that if the Pope does not pay them they must pay themselves. So they are to be made something like our own militia, furnished with some bits of uniform and occasionally drilled. They are also to be treated with a few weeks' visit to Rome, where they will be put under the care of the police, who will thereby become acquainted with their faces and names. There are about 200 of them, but there are to be more. They did not look to me quite so bad as they are described by their enemies. It is still rain, rain, rain. All the Council assisted at High Mass yesterday in St. Peter's, and it was the best spectacle they have yet made.

Twelve years before this I was five weeks at Rome, in charge of four ladies. One of them wished to take part in the choir of the English Church, so we immediately introduced ourselves to the chaplain, who kindly

accepted the offer. His lady also invited us to their weekly receptions. I was therefore not surprised when I received from him on Christmas Eve a request to assist at the early seven o'clock communion. I was myself bound to obey. The ladies held themselves at liberty to secure places in the little estrade provided for them at St. Peter's. The good chaplain could hardly have realised what ladies are, if he expected to secure their attendance by his little *coup*. But as it turned out, he did not know what English gentlemen were then. On arriving at the old barn doing duty for a church, I found that, including the chaplain and myself, there were eight clergymen within the rail and only five communicants outside. So the function was soon over, and I hastened to St. Peter's, by no means too late for that service.

After an interval of only twelve years, I again found myself spending a Christmas at Rome. Without a summons, I went to the early communion at our church. I found it quite full. It is said to hold 700, on this occasion all communicants. The service had to be suspended ten minutes while they were buying more bread and wine, and it was not over till a quarter past eight. On our leaving we had the greatest difficulty in forcing our way through the congregation coming up the stairs for the second communion, and, as I was told, quite filling the church. I am stating the simple fact, and leave others to speculate on the change which had evidently taken place in the religious feelings and habits of my countrymen.

CHAPTER XXIX

MEMORIAL TO THE POPE ON THE REGULATIONS

Rome: Dec. 27.

PEOPLE go about asking the bishops what they are doing, and what is to be done, and when it is to be done. It is not only the Protestant wolf that thus pries into the fold; the poor lambs themselves ask their pastors for an inkling of the way they are going. Here are samples of the tone in which such curiosity is received: 'How can we tell? The times and seasons are in Heaven's own keeping.' 'This is a spiritual affair.' 'No one can say whence the wind cometh or when it will come.' 'The Church is now sitting with closed doors for fear of the world. Who can command the Spirit to descend upon it?' In truth, the approaching act is spoken of as a miracle of conviction and unanimity. There is a pause now and a solemn silence; but the electric fire circulates through a thousand souls, and all at once there will be a shock. The whole affair is taken out of the domain not only of what is called reason, but also of that common sense which most Englishmen, at least, believe to be necessary in the conduct of any matter whatever. Of course, even among us there are people who, in default of reason,

give themselves up to a purely quiescent and expectant state of mind. So we can understand a Council waiting upon Providence, a Providence not only engaged by covenant, and localised by promise, but actually embodied before it. This, I say, is the present pause. The word of command is given ; the muskets rattle on the marble floor ; a multitude of many nations and tongues falls on its knees ; the silver trumpets sound ; and when the echoes pass away, a final truth has been flashed on the uplifted soul of man.

In the few last lines I sent you on Christmas Eve, I mentioned the rumour, which I should probably have to contradict, or much qualify, that the Opposition, finding itself not only a small minority, but also incapable of action, had become 'demoralised,' as our neighbours would say, and that at least one of the leaders had made it up with the Vatican. The rumour has sifted itself, and the residuum is much as follows. Some of it is an old story. About fourteen bishops agreed to memorialise the Pope for such changes in the Code of Regulations as would allow of discussion, and they asked Cardinal Schwarzenberg to convey the memorial. He had his suggestions to make on it, and the result was that it was found hopeless in a few days to effect any sufficient modification in a code which had employed many hands for months, and which, of course, stood much on precedent and usage. It could not be done. If the Pope and the Council were to be operated on at all it could not be that way. This was as much as to say the bishops must leave their cause in the hands of the political gentlemen ; and the bishops, of course, did not like it. Nor do they like it, but they cannot

help themselves. On the other hand, it is most confidently stated that they are resolute, firm, and even confident of success, of course by some such interposition as I allude to. They expect that their cause, their respectable number, their moral or social weight will tell, and that they will not have protested in vain. Dupanloup is still unshaken. The Archbishop of Paris is quiet, and decided, and is also supposed to represent the opinion of the Emperor. Either he or the Bishop of Orleans, it is said, has sent in notice of observations to be made to-morrow. In that case, of course, we shall see to what extent a Council of the Church is a conference of opinions.

For my own part, I have little doubt that the speaker will find himself and his cause entirely at the mercy of the Cardinal President, who may, or who may not, think it wise to extinguish him on the spot. The discussion, if any, I need not now remind you, will be on some dogmas of Faith. As for Schwarzenberg, they say that he is unchanged; but it is added that he takes the political view of these questions, and represents the cause of decentralisation, as Rauscher does the opposite idea. Thus far all goes to show that everything is as it was a week ago, or, rather, as it has been ever since the Reports and the Code of Regulations were put into the hands of the Fathers, and they saw what they could and what they could not do. The phrase on the Papal side is that 'everything will be carried in the Council.' On the other hand, the Pope's friends and advisers are rather surprised, or affect surprise, at the violence of the opposition out of doors. As they see nothing new in the dogmas to be declared, they see no reason for the hos-

tility. There is, then, a decided hostility—one that surprises and even alarms. As with Italy there is no negotiation, there arises the simple question what that Government will do. People say that no further notice will be taken of the Council than that every Italian bishop is told plainly and decidedly he must keep clear of political acts if he would retain his see. The Republicans and extreme Nationalists hope to find their opportunity in a possible rupture between Victor Emmanuel and his clergy, and as they are intent on their own game at all costs, they care not if they somewhat embarrass the King in his dealings with the Church. They are naturally jealous of any decisive action on the part of the existing Government and Constitution.

As for our own island, I should have thought that it remained as clear of Roman affairs as it was when the wits of Old Rome laughed at its insularity. But I hear of despatches going to and fro. What on earth can they be about? But England is not lost to the world of piety and faith; she has an able and conspicuous representative. Dr. Manning is to preach an English sermon on Wednesday in the little Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury attached to the English College, to all the cardinals, and as many English as can squeeze in.

We have certainly had not less than a dozen hailstorms since I began this letter, and I begin to understand why the Roman farmers used to complain about hail, and why there are special insurance offices here against it. I hear there is a theory that the weather in these parts repeats itself in a cycle, and has just now come round to what it was at the time of the visit of the Prince of Wales, when the Tiber rose 24 ft. It has risen

26 ft. within the memory of people here, laying a good part of the city under water. It has always been asked why the Tiber rises so high and so suddenly. The plain answer is that it is fed by mountain streams, and is not very far from its sources. No wonder the Roman mind was always running upon aqueducts, of which there were I know not how many hundred miles' length altogether, when such a deluge of yellow undrinkable water was always running to waste before their eyes. It runs very fast. I have measured the current by stepping alongside, and believe it to be not less than seven miles an hour when the water is high. That is enough to empty the whole river into the sea in twenty-four hours, as soon as the rain abates, as it has sometimes done since I came to Rome. If we have the promised deluge I am invited to go over to St. Paul's, and go round that immense Basilica in a boat, perhaps even row up the nave. I hear that had not Cardinal Weld strongly urged raising the floor of the new structure five feet, and carried his point, of course at great cost, the church would be under water every winter. It is bad enough that it should stand in a lake now and then.

A dinner was given to the English Zouaves, sixty in number, yesterday at the Caffe Ruspoli, in the Corso. Many other distinguished persons also were present, as Monsignore Stonor, the Marquis of Bute, Lord Denbigh, Mr. Lane Fox, Mr. Menteth, and Mr. Wegg Prosser. Several speeches were delivered after dinner. The Marquis of Bute spoke well. Monsignore Stonor was much applauded. 'Two years ago,' he said, 'the temporal power of the Pope had been protected by the

Zouaves. He hoped that now the spiritual power would be equally well protected.'

I hear that three of the four Committees who will have to settle most of the affairs of the Council will be accommodated seve[illegible] a hall in the Quirinal Palace, in the Traspor[illegible]urch, not far from St. Peter's, and in the Chu[illegible]St. Apollinaris, not far from the Church of St. A[illegible]n. Possibly, the fourth Committee may meet in [illegible]he halls of the Vatican.

CHAPTER XXX

CENSURES AND EXCOMMUNICATIONS

From the *Times*, Dec. 28, 1869.

FOR the benefit of readers of an antiquarian turn of mind we publish in another column the Papal Bull defining the degrees of Ecclesiastical Censures, or Excommunications, *Latæ Sententiæ*, the contents of which have created the greatest commotion among the members of the Œcumenical Council assembled at Rome. Like all other documents emanating from the same source, it has been drawn up under the seal of the profoundest secrecy. The Court of Rome deals in deeds of darkness, and clerks, printers, and all other persons employed in the Pope's private cabinet are bound by the most solemn oaths to a silence as of the grave. It seems hardly credible that a candidate for absolute infallibility like Pius IX. should yet have to learn that what is two men's secret—let alone that of seven hundred and fifty bishops—is the world's secret, unless, indeed, it so happens that mystery is loved for its own sake, and that the object in all this concealment is to give importance to an act which, without the immense ado that is made about it, might appear sufficiently trivial and commonplace. The secret of this Bull had been so strictly en-

joined that persons who believe themselves entitled to the earliest information were not only completely in the dark about the document, but even gravely doubted or stoutly denied its existence. At the very moment in which the Holy Father calls together all the bishops of Roman Catholic Christendom to devise with them what is to be the new Charter of the Establishment, he puts forth by his own undivided authority a statute trespassing on powers hitherto partly exercised by the Episcopal hierarchy, and arrogating the most important of those powers exclusively to himself.

But, after all, what is this terrible document which comes before the world after such elaborate gestation? It is a catalogue and classification of all the offences by which a believer in the Pope is said to incur excommunication, distinguishing between those for which absolution may be asked and obtained from a priest or bishop, and those of which remission is reserved to the Pontiff alone. In this redistribution of Heaven-compelling faculties the Pope, who settled the matter to his entire and exclusive satisfaction, secured, of course, the lion's share for himself. It is the privilege of the Sovereign Pontiff to live in a sphere so far removed from this nether world as to render him an utter stranger to all laws depending on time or place. All the protests of ten thousand Galileos would never convince Pius IX. that the earth moves morally as well as materially. He has looked into all the Bulls or 'Constitutions' of his predecessors during the lapse of many centuries, and has compiled his long list of censures upon those obsolete edicts, without the least allowance for the stubborn facts with which our modern progress confronts him. All

his old, rusty Vatican artillery is rolled out of the arsenal in which it had long lain forgotten. It is drawn up, loaded, and primed with a faith worthy of Don Quixote, when, after having shivered his helmet of proof by a single blow of his falchion, he cobbled it up with pasteboard, somehow, trusting it would stand any other test, but, at all events, determined not to tempt Providence by himself renewing the experiment.

The Pope has so diligently enumerated the cases in which the direst censures of the Church are called forth, that there is by this time not one Sovereign or subject throughout the Roman Catholic world—always excepting the Pontifical dominions—who is not excommunicated over head and ears. The Pope alone, for instance, can remove the curse which is laid on any one who shall interfere with ecclesiastical jurisdiction and summon or bring a priest before a lay tribunal; yet neither in France nor in Belgium, nor, lately, in Italy, Austria, or Spain, is there any longer the slightest vestige left of Ecclesiastical Courts, nor can the benefit of clergy any longer be pleaded before the civil law. Upon that score alone the little kingdom of Piedmont was laid under the ban of the Church more than ten years before Victor Emmanuel called down the Pope's wrath upon himself by invading the best part of St. Peter's Patrimony. Yet not only was no man in Piedmont, in his own opinion, 'one penny the worse' for all the thunderbolts which had been hurled at his devoted head, but, what is more remarkable, the Pope did not himself seem to attach much importance to the effects of this damning sentence, inasmuch as ten years later he admitted into his presence, welcomed, honoured, and even cracked jokes

with, the chief offender in that transaction, Massimo d'Azeglio, the very man who, to say nothing of the anti-clerical laws which bore his signature, had laid sacrilegious hands on Monsignor Franzoni, the Archbishop of Turin, and banished him from his diocese, to which he was never allowed to return.

The very incident which led to that catastrophe should be quoted in evidence of the extent to which Papal censures have lost all influence, even among the most ignorant multitude. The Piedmontese Parliament, at the time of the D'Azeglio administration, had among its earliest measures voted what was called the Siccardi law, for the abolition of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. One of Siccardi's colleagues, Santa Rosa, Minister of Public Works, a near relative of the hero, well known for many years in this country, who died for the Greek cause at Missolonghi, was struck with mortal illness, and, as an earnest believer, applied to his parish priest for the 'consolations of religion.' The priest, instructed by his diocesan, refused the Sacraments to the dying man, unless he abjured all participation in the acts of the Government and Parliament of which he was a member. Santa Rosa was a man of firm purpose, and died unabsolved. But the advantage taken of an adversary in such an extremity so incensed the Turin population that the Prime Minister, D'Azeglio, could only rescue the priest and the archbishop from popular fury by throwing them into prison, and thence smuggling them across the borders. Of all this the Pope was aware when D'Azeglio visited him at the Vatican, yet the Pope, as we have said, did not shrink from familiar intercourse with a man who had more excommunications

than hairs on his head; nor are we told that, when the patriot's own hour had come, he was called to any account on that deathbed which Rome so well knows how to turn to her own purpose. What passed between Victor Emmanuel, his confessor, and Cardinal Corsi, Archbishop of Pisa, during the King's late illness at San Rossore, must still be fresh in every man's memory. The King was urged to make his peace with the Church by recanting all the acts of his reign; but the King was firm, and the Church, as usual, relented. Now we learn that the Papal Bull before us, by a clause which seems to have been contrived precisely to meet the King's case, declares that although absolution may be given to an excommunicated and impenitent man *in articulo mortis*, the act is null and of no avail if the man recovers, unless he sues for a more deliberate reconciliation with the Church by restitution and atonement. So wonderfully pliant and accommodating is that wonderful Roman Church wherever she is powerless to work her will; so ruthless and relentless when she is conscious of her own power and holds her enemy at discretion!

Florence: Dec. 29, evening.

The Mont Cenis Railway is blocked up by snow.

Venice: Dec. 29.

The *Temps* publishes a despatch stating that the town of Santa Maura was entirely destroyed by an earthquake at dawn on the 28th inst.

Rome: Dec. 29.

The Archbishops of Vienna, San Luigi, Sorrento, Nisibi, Smyrna, Malta, and Halifax delivered speeches at yesterday's General Congregation of the Œcumenical Council.

The baptism of the daughter of the Queen of Naples was performed to-day at the Farnese Palace. Cardinal Antonelli, representing the Pope, held the child at the font. The Empress of Austria, the ex-princesses of Naples, Tuscany, and Parma, several cardinals, and a deputation from the Neapolitan provinces were present. The infant princess received the names of Christina Maria.

Rome: Dec. 29.

The General Congre[illegible]e Council held a sitting yesterday at St. Peter's [illegible]d five hours and a half. Thirteen Fathers of the [illegible]announced their intention of speaking, but in cons[illegible]e acoustic defects of the Hall, only five addresse[illegible]y, among others Cardinal Rauscher, Archbishop of Vienna. The assembly discussed the question of heterodox philosophy.

CHAPTER XXXI

THREATENED BREAK-UP OF THE COUNCIL

Rome: Dec. 31.

THE partisans of the Court, for so they must be called, have recovered from the shock naturally felt at the sudden appearance of a cardinal and half-a-dozen archbishops declaiming from a pulpit in St. Peter's against the propositions prepared for the Council. To prevent a chance of mistake in a matter where it is scarcely possible to avoid mistakes, it may as well be said that they declaimed against the prudence of engaging in a war of censures and excommunications with opinions best let alone to languish and die by their own sure laws of mortal change. Of course, no 'Father' either of this Church or of any other could touch the greater part of the elementary propositions condemned in the Syllabus without joining in the condemnation. But the matter now before the Council is so arranged and constructed as to involve the most active and violent antagonism with all that is modern in philosophy and politics. That is a matter to which few Churches are equal, and in which the Roman Catholic itself, with its boundless resources, will only waste the strength that might be better employed. But even considerations of

wisdom and discretion sound harsh in St. Peter's, and it is possible to preach moderation without showing the virtue recommended. A debate, a discussion, a Parliament loomed in the Council. Yesterday, however, reassured the Vatican. For the probable reasons we have not only to guess, but also to interpret information sometimes in a contrary sense.

The orators are not heard to any purpose in that monstrous hall. It is a sound, and nothing else. The walls roll back the senseless echoes upon the speaker himself and upon his hearers far down into the vast church beyond. From day to day they are trying experiments, the details of which, as well as the results, it is to be hoped will be recorded for the sake of acoustic science, but hitherto they have been unsuccessful. The last invention is a curtain thrown across the hall behind the speaker. It evidently is no good. But the addresses are to be printed and circulated—yes, long Latin essays, seven, fourteen, twenty at a time, and given to the seven hundred Fathers, who have already more work cut out for them than they can manage, and who also have to assist at Mass every day, and read their Breviaries every day—a two hours' work.

But it begins to be more evident, by proof of every trial, that this Council is not an interchange of opinions, or a controversy. It is at best a meeting of Delegates. The bishops represent the Court of Rome in their dioceses, and their dioceses at the Court of Rome. That and no other is the sort of field in which Rome has always operated, and hopes to do so now with success. Hence the more cheerful aspects of yesterday and to-day. I have not yet heard who spoke

yesterday, and as the post for the North closes earlier by an hour than it did a week ago, I fear I shall not be able to give their names to-day. But I have no doubt they were not heard to any purpose, and as little doubt that they will not be read for their arguments, but simply to see how their votes will be given. Louisiana will be charmed, and Nova Scotia delighted, but the wisdom and the eloquence will be lost in St. Peter's. The man will be a man, and nothing but a man for all that.

But an affair of voting is, and must always be, an affair of conversation, an affair of coteries, an affair of private management and arrangement, an affair of manipulation, comparison, and other processes done in *salons* rather than in Council-halls of stupendous proportions. That Rome will come very well out of the business is much the safer conclusion. But, nevertheless, she has to deal with men and things, and the men and things are very stubborn. They will remain very much as they are when the Council of the Vatican has finished its work and made the best of its triumphs. The men and things that have been knocked down by common report half-a-dozen times during this memorable month are as upright and substantial as ever. Cardinal Rauscher does protest against the 'schemes' prepared by the Pope's Commission. By the by, I hear that fifteen, not eighteen, is the number of them before the Council, which seems to show some little deviation from the arrangement of the Syllabus. It is re-affirmed, and not denied, that fourteen bishops did really protest in solemn form against the forms and regulations of the Council. It is added that the Archbishop of Paris did

not sign that protest, but remonstrated to the same purport, in an interview with Cardinal de Luca, who could only express his pain, and promise to represent it to the Pope. He said what he had to say, instead of subscribing his name to a written protest—not because it said too much, but because it said too little.

The French bishops, and many others, say that this, as actually constituted and regulated, is not an Œcumenical Council, but only a meeting of bishops. It is not a gathering of the whole Church, representing the laity as well as the clergy. The non-representation of the civil power must necessarily leave everything one-sided and unsettled, without any guarantee that the conclusions will not be repudiated, and the clergy placed in a state of collision and embarrassment. Of course, this deficiency in the constitution of the Council does not affect its purely doctrinal and ecclesiastical conclusions; but if it goes further, and if it really exceeds its own authority as an Episcopal Synod, then it has been represented to his Holiness that a very large number of bishops will be compelled to leave, and that they have no choice but to do so. It is not France alone that says this. Others are protesting loudly besides those who have put their protest into writing; and Sovereigns are not the only personages speaking their mind or their necessity on this occasion.

The Irish bishops say that they have to deal with their lay flocks, who are too much addicted to have a will of their own, and to take courses of their own, to wish for more regulation from Rome. They have their own ideas about land, about education and other matters, and insist on doing what they please. They cannot and need not take the same Ultramontane line

as the English bishops, who are in the front of the battle, and must be Ultramontane or nothing. So they, too, whether in Ireland or in America, have a secular power to deal with, and must not have their hands tied by Rome. What they want is a free Church and a free State. Thus, we come to facts, not to arguments; to personal representation, not to abstract ideas. Society as it is will be represented in the Council, and there is no device that can keep it out. On both sides, it is seen, without much disappointment, that orations in the Council Hall may elicit facts and give the requisite prominence, but will not convince or persuade. So Rome will try what it can in its own ways. It will even proclaim, they say, and as was all along most probable, the dogma of Infallibility by a decree, such as that which fifteen years ago declared another mystery. Rome will do this on her own responsibility, as, indeed, the act requires, and then leave others to challenge it if they choose. If they leave it alone, it remains unchallenged. This is no appeal to a General Council; neither does Rome admit such an appeal. It is making a certain use of the Council, and the use made of it is to prove that now and for all time to come the Pope can do all that he desires in the greatest, and therefore in the least, matters—in the declaration of Divine truth, and therefore in defining all its manifold relations with earthly affairs—without calling a Council, without even consulting it when already assembled in his own palace at Rome.

Rome: Dec. 31, evening.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* says:—'Foreign Governments have neither favoured nor impeded in a direct way the action of the Œcumenical Council, one Power only excepted—namely, schismatical Russia, which has prevented the only bishop of Poland who has not yet [illegible] or exiled to Siberia from coming to Rome to tell [illegible] of his martyred nation's sufferings. One Govern[illegible] that of generous France, to which the whole Cath[illegible] owes a debt of gratitude, has shown itself animat[illegible]y sentiments in maintaining in the Pontifical Sta[illegible]n which is the strongest guarantee for the tranqu[illegible]ouncil.'

CHAPTER XXXII

LINGUISTIC AND NATIONAL DIFFICULTIES

Rome: Jan. 1.

A HAPPY New Year to you all. The sky is dark, and the Romans are wrapping their cloaks round them. But the Pincian is gay—the Pope was taking a brisk walk there the other day—and the Corso is rather dangerously crowded with carriages and pedestrians about sunset. Yesterday was the greatest day of the year at the Gesù. It always is, but yesterday it was, of course, greater than ever. Besides the Pope and many cardinals, and a good many Royal or Imperial personages, the church was besieged at its various entrances by the greater part of the Council, most of the ladies in Rome, and dense masses of clergy and laity. There was a *Te Deum* for the mercies and blessings of the past year, with a commemoration of the faithful gone to their rest. So I understand. There were three organs, some of St. Peter's choir, and the infallible wisdom of the Jesuits, in the adjoining college, to see that all is done well. All was done well, indoors and out. The ladies generally got in; masses of bishops from all countries got terribly crushed in ribs, hats, and tempers; my chief informant had to follow the example of Joab, and,

albeit little wont to catch hold on the horns of the altar, he escaped the pressure by getting over the rail of a side chapel. The church was so gorgeously decorated and brilliantly lighted as to recall that terrible immolation at Santiago; and the piazza outside was festooned with tapestries, crimson velvet, and gold.

The Pope was only about a quarter of an hour after his time. That is punctual for a bishop, but then he is a sovereign also, and sovereigns are always punctual. He was frantically cheered, and upon reappearing on the piazza had to be rescued by the soldiers from the crowd, who had got hold of his hands, and were passing them from one pair of lips to another. So it was to outside eyes, but there are people who qualify or explain such appearances. I must remain in the dark, with mysteries on one side and mysteries on the other. But all the world was there, and when I got to that point of the Corso, half an hour after all was over, the piazzas and streets were still full of carriages that their fair owners were sighing in vain for a good way off. The streets got very noisy towards midnight, and I should say that as the New Year turned out the Old, all the national songs of Europe were being sung under my window, and all the national howls were being howled. St. Angelo, of course, opened the year this morning, and all the shops are closed. The Pope is at Mass at St. Peter's, and a respectable detachment of my countrymen and countrywomen have left for the strait gate and narrow way that leads to the English Chapel.

But for the Council. The four Fathers who spoke on Thursday were Vancsa, the Græco-Roumanian Archbishop of Fogaras and Alba Giulia; Strossmayer,

Bishop of Bosnia and Sirmio; Ginoulhiac, Bishop of Grenoble; and Caixal y Estrade, Bishop of Urgel. The Mass was celebrated according to the Armenian rite by Balitian, Archbishop of Aleppo. Numerous inquiries in good quarters have failed to elicit a particle of information, or hint, or conjecture, as to the matter of these four addresses, or the side taken. I have myself no doubt whatever that not a sentence reached the understandings of the hearers, and hardly a word the outward ear. Even with the closest attention, and the necessity of immediate reply, an Italian has the greatest difficulty in understanding a Spaniard or a Greek speaking Latin by the same fireside. In that vast Hall, the 700 Fathers could do nothing else but listen idly to the rolling echoes, and ask themselves occasionally 'What are the wild waves saying?' As much sense could be made out of a storm at sea. There are, indeed, persons here who flatter the speakers that they are heard, and who call the Hall a success; but that is simply because they wish the Council to remain a delusion and a snare. On the first day, two or three of the seven did make it understood what side they were on. But even this amount of meaning it was necessary to disguise, and it will be necessary with most of the propositions before the Council.

The Irish bishops, for example, as well as a good many others, simply don't want to be dragged into new and needless controversies, out of their own element, and beyond their special preparation. German philosophy they regard with pure hatred and disgust, just as they do the ways and instincts of a strange beast they may happen to know a little of. Even men of the

world, with a larger and more liberal education, would rather not attempt to tackle a philosopher in his own lair. You know the picture of the Christian martyr who is being waked by a brutal slave in the Coliseum, that he may walk out to meet a lion open-mouthed and glaring at him. The western and southern parts of Europe generally hate all abstract speculation on the nature of things and the constitution of society. They shirk it, they run away from it, they close their ears to it, they sleep it off, and eat and drink it off, they laugh at it, they shout it down, they stamp it out; and, if the worst comes to the worst, and either one must be sacrificed or the other, they will burn, hang, or drown the nuisance altogether. The Irish and the great mass of the English people may have their besetting sins, but rationalism is not one of them. Why are they to be told of forbidden pleasures which they have now no relish for? In the twenty thousand congregations of the Church of England there is not one in which it would not be downright madness to broach the subject of rationalism, or even to combat expressly any one of the propositions catalogued in the Syllabus. It would be greater madness in any Irish congregation. So this is what the Fathers are saying, as I understand. They don't want to go into the streets, as it were, and get up 'a town and gown row' with intellectual athletes and metaphysical bullies. Leave them alone to fight out their quarrels among themselves. A controversy, once started, goes on. Even the chaplains at the English Church here say that whenever they allow a controversialist to open fire in the pulpit a good many of the congregation go next Sunday to hear what Father Something-

or-other, has to say for his system, in the Piazza del Popolo.

This, then, I believe to be the tone of the Opposition hitherto. But it takes up time. It makes the Council seem to fall flat. It reduces affairs to that stagnation in which mischief breeds most easily. The hours killed in an idle solemnity of specious attention are valuable, and not to be recalled. Nor is there escape. You may receive fifty printed discourses, and throw them all into the fire, but if you are to hear them read, it must be one after the other. What, too, if the objectors should purposely take the obstructive process, and kill time, which would be killing the Council too, with floods of Latinity? Already it is very probable that the grand declaration of present results—a sort of reporting of progress—fixed for next Thursday, will have to be postponed indefinitely, for want of results so far. No doubt, it will be possible to reap the crop green, for fear of worse weather. The discussion stands adjourned to next Monday, and on that day, or one of the two days after, it will be possible to make short work of the three remaining speakers inscribed on the list, to propose the fifteen anti-rationalist propositions and get them passed, as they must pass, as soon as put to the vote. But at the least half the Council will say it was not this they came to Rome for.

CHAPTER XXXIII

CONCILIABULA

Rome: Jan. 3.

IN company with a good many of my countrymen and countrywomen I have just been performing the discreditable part of eavesdropper for an hour or more at the entrance of the Council Hall. I cannot say that we had the usual fate to hear evil of ourselves, but neither did we hear good. Indeed, we heard nothing that mortal ears could frame into sense. Having seen a Council, I wished also to hear it, and report the sound as well as the sight. Outsiders are not allowed nearer than the tomb of St. Peter, which is about twenty yards off. In the intervening space a few Swiss Guards stand at ease, and they are handsome and picturesque enough to fill any space in the world. Any one of them would be a presence in St. Peter's if one saw no other living thing in it. But for the sound. There is a partition sixty feet high before you, but a hundred feet of clear space above that. It is a little against the escape of sound that an inner screen has been drawn across the Hall, with a projecting canopy towards the assembled Fathers, reducing the size of the Hall considerably, and separating it that much from the dome. Well, but what

like was the sound? It was human, and there begins and ends pretty near all that can be said of it. It was not the sound of lions, or of oxen, or of street cries, or of the Stock Exchange, or of a Primitive Methodist Chapel. The nearest likeness I could conceive was that of a good loud speaker moving a political resolution in a town-hall, with open windows—yourself listening from the other side of a large market-place. An Italian bishop—Italian he must have been by his intonation—was tearing his lungs out. After a peroration on a continually ascending scale, he was succeeded by mellower and softer tones.

At last the bell rang. There was a long interval of silence, and then, at half-past one, two streams of colour poured down the nave, first one from the adjoining chapel, then from the Council Hall. Most of the many-coloured Fathers escaped fast into the open air, and hung awhile on the steps along the front before they descended into the piazza, roughly suggesting a rainbow over a waterfall. However, they were off as fast as their secretaries or servants found their carriages, for they were evidently fatigued, this having been the longest sitting since the opening day. What transpired will not be known for a day or two, that being the pace of publicity at Rome. But even what is whispered in the ear will at last be proclaimed from the housetop; and a Council of the Universe must become one day a thrice-told tale. At the meeting on the 28th, Strossmayer, Bishop of Bosnia and Sirmio, a very good orator, was called to order by the President, Cardinal De Luca. He maintained that he was in order, and went on. Yesterday morning the cardinal was relieved of his

duties in the Council, and Cardinal De Angelis put in his place. I can only be surprised that the President sufficiently caught the meaning of the speaker; but the arrangements are such that the President shall hear, even if nobody else does. Such is the amount of discussion allowed in the Council. Of course, in our own House of Commons when a speaker is called to order, the Speaker is always supported by the House; but in this instance, it is simply impossible that the assembly shall have any voice or even knowledge of the matter. On the opening day a good listener and hearer, one of the American bishops, could hear nothing of the Pope's Allocution except the first words, *Venerabiles Fratres.* All the rest was drowned in the echoes.

The Fathers who have spoken have asked for printed reports of their addresses, and have been denied. Of course, under the circumstances they cannot trust the accuracy of the reporters, even if the latter be ever so anxious to do them justice; and they are not a little concerned to find themselves at the mercy of reports which they will not be able to check or correct till it is too late for any purpose. I am not surprised to hear it steadily maintained in certain quarters that the Hall is a great success, that it answers every purpose, that there is no reason why the Council should migrate elsewhere. That, however, it is to do—so it is still said. The Fathers are almost rebellious against the Hall. It is a question addressed to the senses, and out of the province of infallibility. They cannot believe that they hear when they don't; that they are comfortable when they are not; that they have real liberty of speech when they

have not. So they are to go elsewhere; nobody can yet say whither.

There has been another struggle for liberty, with the same result. The French bishops having protested in vain, and the German bishops and others having taken warning by their fate, it was resolved among them that a few should meet quietly, with a view to united action. They met, so it is said, three from France—that is, Darboy, Dupanloup, and the Bishop of Grenoble; Rauscher and two others from Germany; and Kenrick and two others from America—nine altogether. They were to meet, and they did meet, at the lodgings of the Archbishop of Paris.[1] Yesterday, however, they had an intimation from the Court that no such meetings would be allowed in Rome; that the Council afforded ample opportunity of discussion; and all the discussion must be there. Any meeting not sanctioned by the Pope, they were told, was revolutionary. It is impossible not to feel for men in such a case, though the world at large will only smile at the folly of those who dream of liberty of action, thought, or will at Rome. Indeed, if what one hears is only a tenth part true, the language of the place is that 'You are committed to any extent, and there is no seceding.' 'If you really believe what you profess, you must believe whatever else is imposed on you.' These may be chance and uninspired expressions. Here is what some one puts into inspired lips;—'I, Giovanni Mastai, have always believed the Pope to be infallible; and,

[1] The Archbishop of Paris lodged in the Piazza de' Trinitari, at the junction of the Via Condotti with the Corso, and there were always to be seen several carriages waiting there for some time before and after the meetings of the Council.

whether the Church teaches it or not, Catholics will always believe it.'

I have mentioned two little winces against the rod of iron. Another has reached me. The Oriental bishops have made the unpleasant discovery that their mode of election is to be changed; indeed, for the future they are not to be elected at all by the popular process, as they always have been. They are to be nominated by the Pope, and put under Vicars Apostolic. This they object to for various reasons. If the Churches there submit they will not have men of their choice; they will be in subjection to foreigners, whom they will also have to maintain. I need not add that they will also lose caste with their more independent fellow-Christians of other Churches. They protest, and talk of resisting. You will see that up to this time, or rather up to the last possible information, nothing is known, nor do I believe that anything is decided, as to the action of the Council next Thursday. Up to last night it was said that nothing had been proposed, or fixed on, for promulgation on that day. Thus the matter waits. The French bishops profess to be confident of success. The diplomatists say that no harm will be done. But meanwhile no union, no concerted action, not even the means of learning one another's intentions or wishes, is allowed. No member of the Court, no person who hopes for Papal favour, can even open his house to the malcontents. They must muse and act by mutual sympathy. Yet they are sure. They even count heads. The minority still counts two hundred, and calls itself double that in moral weight. Of course, there is more here than appears, as you probably know by this time.

CHAPTER XXXIV

ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS

THE French Primate—as we should call him, though there is no such title in the Gallican Church, and Rome is especially jealous of its assumption—was Archbishop George Darboy, the immediate successor of two Archbishops of Paris murdered in the discharge of their duty, and himself soon to follow them, leaving a special sanctity to his most important see. The impression he has left on me—all hearsay, for I never saw him, except in portrait—is that he was a central and representative figure, without being very commanding, or self-asserting. Every day he was the subject of inquiry, for France has always had the reputation of dealing frankly, urgently, and effectually with her old neighbour, foe, and friend, across the Alps.

The French sovereign is the 'eldest son' of the Church, and eldest sons are traditionally entitled to have rank of their own, and to stand on a sort of equality with their parent. It was at Darboy's apartment that the international gatherings were held, and where, after their prohibition, there was every day, and most hours of the day, an assemblage of French bishops. They were said to protest against every step of

the long programme — against the reimposition of Ecclesiastical Censures; against the Regulations and the amended scheme of Regulations; against the First Form of the great Dogma. There seemed to be standing threats of withdrawal from the Council and demands for leave of absence, on one plea or another. Darboy's own position would not be made easier by the more active and prominent part taken by the brilliant and versatile Bishop of Orleans. Eventually Darboy and his party fell into the ranks after the declaration of the Dogma. Of course, whether they assisted or not on that occasion, they would have to communicate the new Dogma to their clergy, and express their entire concurrence.

It is not easy to deal with the case of those who, after contending long, with much earnestness and exactness, for or against a particular proposition, at once eat all their own words, and pronounce unreservedly against their former selves. Their only possible defence is that by some sort of miracle the whole order of things has been changed, and that what was really wrong yesterday is really right to-day. I have seen lately in print, and I remember hearing it, that Darboy was sure of his Hat whether he voted or not, as the Pope could not pass him over. But I have before me, in a large pile of unused memoranda, the statement that on the eve of the Council an archbishop called upon him in Paris, and urged him to compliance with the Pope's wishes, especially on the ground that as the Pope could not pass him, he was stopping the promotion of other persons entitled to seats in the Sacred College. The Pope did not wish to give him a positive slight, which it

would be if others less entitled were promoted before him. As I read in my own handwriting, Darboy pointed to his archbishop's hat and said, 'One hat is enough for me.'

Upon his return to Paris, Darboy immediately found himself in other scenes and other conflicts. Germany had been his friend at the Council. She was now his foe on the field of political action. The following are some passages from a circular he had now to publish to his clergy. They have an almost mediæval air in bringing before us imminent dangers, sanguinary conflicts, and supreme issues, to be encountered and mitigated by the offices of a Church at once threatened and invoked.

His Lordship the Archbishop of Paris has addressed to his clergy a letter, of which the following are the chief passages :

Paris : Sept. 8, 1870.

Monsieur le Curé,—'God and country!' These words, the grandest of the human tongue, I have never pronounced with more emotion than I do to-day. The country is invaded by the foreigner and menaced in its capital ; the efforts of our heroic army, crushed but unconquered, could not save us from this humiliation. These blows against France are poignantly felt in the heart of all her sons, and there is nothing which they are not ready to undertake, in concert with the Government of the National Defence, for the salvation of their cherished country.

'That which we have to do, Monsieur le Curé, in this terrible crisis, is to convey to our valiant soldiers, in the forts and on the ramparts, the aid and the consolation of our ministrations ; to solace the wounded and aid their families, especially their children ; to encourage the population and sustain them in their generous resistance to the attacks of the

foreigner; and, in fine, to pray to God, who is the supreme arbiter of our destinies.

All these things are already done, or being done. The Paris clergy have come forward in crowds to assist our soldiers; the twenty-one forts which surround the capital have each a chaplain; the ambulances established at the points attacked will be attended by a priest of the nearest parish. I have offered for conversion into hospitals the diocesan establishments, where every corporal and spiritual care will be lavished on the wounded. An establishment is about to be founded for the poor orphans whom the war will leave to us; I have associated myself with it, promising that you will join in helping it to the best of your abilities. In a word, we shall do all that is in our power to support with courage, and to lighten in favour of our brothers, the unheard-of affliction which Providence has imposed upon us.

But while fulfilling bravely the duties which that affliction throws upon us, we will supplicate God to remove it from us. The inhabitants of this great city will not refuse to unite with us in prayer; the most lofty spirits join with the most pious hearts under circumstances like the present in a unanimous appeal to heaven. The weakness of man makes everyone feel the more strongly the power of God.

One only thing ought to occupy us all, and unite us as brethren in a common prayer and in common effort. It is—

To Save France in Saving Paris.

May God protect our country, and aid it by conferring light and strength on those who are working in its defence!

Accept, Monsieur le Curé, the assurance of my sentiments, the most affectionate and the most sincere.

† Georges,
Archbishop of Paris.

Next year the Parisian Communists, strong in their own quarter, though taking little part in the defence of Paris, refused to acquiesce in the surrender of the city to

the Germans, and, among other outrages, seized several score clergy and respectable laymen as hostages in dealing with the new Government. The Archbishop of Paris, with whom they had no other quarrel than that he was a priest, was one of these hostages. Finding their cause hopeless, and their hostages useless for the intended purpose, the Communists gave way to the instincts of brutality and revenge, and, on May 27, murdered their hostages in cold blood.

A solemn service for the repose of the soul of Mgr. Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, was celebrated in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris. The interior of the building, choir, pulpit, and archiepiscopal throne were all hung with black, as well as the outside of the central door, above which was placed the escutcheon of the deceased, with his motto *Labore fideque.* A monumental funeral decoration had also been erected in the centre of the nave. The congregation comprised all the chief clergy of Paris and many prelates from the departments, and among others the Bishops of Orleans, Châlons, Angers, Chartres, Sura, Meaux, Versailles, Troyes, Nancy, and Beauvais, with all the chapter of the Metropolitan Cathedral. The service commenced with a Mass, performed by Mgr. Chigi, Papal nuncio, after which the Abbé Perraud ascended the pulpit and pronounced the funeral oration, taking for his text the words, 'O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets.' The impressive language of the preacher was listened to with deep attention by his hearers; his address, which lasted an hour and a half, being filled with allusions to contemporary events. Speaking of the Commune, he said, 'It was not a revolution, not even an insurrection, but something even lower.' He referred to the Advent lectures founded by the archbishop, the remarkable success of which, he said, was due to the impassioned eloquence of the preacher, Father

Hyacinthe. Then, apostrophising that dissentient ecclesiastic, he exclaimed, 'Brother, return! If my voice is not powerful enough to bring you back, listen to that of your pastor, who, from the depth of his martyr's tomb, cries out like David, "Absalom, Absalom, my son, my son!"'—*Galignani.*

In the order of events it will be necessary to return to the story of the French Archbishop, so bound up as it was with the Roman Papacy and the French Empire. But as his name will occur in connection with a distinct party and cause, it may be as well to anticipate comment. Nobody doubts that Darboy believed in the infallibility of the Pope, in a large, general, and practical sense. Nor can any one suppose that he would ever have hesitated to declare that belief upon sufficient occasion. Further, as a good Catholic, he must all along have been aware that he would have to accept the forthcoming form of dogma, and make the best of it. Such a position is not peculiar to the Church of Rome, for every Christian has to make the best of some utterance or other, some document or other, some symbol of faith or another. But there can be no doubt that Darboy did look with grave apprehension to the prospect of a new dogma, necessarily changing the position of all who accepted it, certain to provoke the hostile many, and not unlikely to unsettle the faithful few.

CHAPTER XXXV

TAKING THE COWL

Rome: Jan. 4.

THE Council is sitting to-day again—two days running. This must be killing work for the Fathers. An increasing number of them save cab-hire and walk to St. Peter's. They are wise, for a bishop walking, with a servant behind him, makes a better figure than three or four bundles of purple and fine linen in a hack carriage. I give the wall, and touch my hat to every Father on foot. We are in the mud together, though I trust it is not this mud we were made of. As for the cardinals, they must go about in their carriages, and one must bow to them, so that is all a matter of obedience. It is plain that a great effort is being made to have something to decree to the world on Thursday. Epiphany is a very great day here, and were it to pass without an event people would begin to lose faith in the Council. Not only must there be a decree, but a day, too, must be named for a second session—probably a month hence. Even persons accustomed to see programmes observed with infallible punctuality are looking serious, and saying matters must be pushed on. Indeed, I now hear it is possible there may be a sitting to-morrow, making three 'General Congre-

gations' and a 'Session' in four consecutive days. Anything rather than that it should be said already the Opposition has proved too strong for the Pope. Four Fathers spoke yesterday, making now more than the originally inscribed list of fourteen. They were Verot, Bishop of Savannah; Hassun (Armenian), Patriarch of Cilicia; Trevisanato, Cardinal Patriarch of Venice; and Gastaldi, a Piedmontese, and Bishop of Saluzzo. It was the last of these—a Conservative as he is called here, or an Ultramontane as I suppose he would be called in England—who made the greatest impression on my physical sense yesterday. He is an eloquent man, well known in England, they tell me, and I conclude that he must have spoken in favour of the propositions.

But up to yesterday it was still said all have spoken in opposition. That, of course, does not signify one straw in this affair. If fifty spoke successively in opposition, they might all be either replied to in one clever summing-up, or passed by in silence altogether, and the question put to the vote. The arguments of Rome are few and strong; they are against all reason, all prudence, all compunction, all contradiction of circumstances, and, upon her own grounds, incapable of confutation or reply. So entirely is the game of the Council in her hands that it is even conceivable every one of these speakers is only playing his part and exhibiting the arguments to be triumphantly refuted. That is conceivable; yet it matters nothing whether it be so or not, for Rome may do as she pleases within the Council and her city. To all appearance, however, there has been an actual and earnest opposition in the Council. It is called even stormy, and has angry incidents.

I must take the earliest opportunity of communicating a different version of Strossmayer's interruption, at the risk of having to supplant it with a third to-morrow, or before this letter is closed. It is that Strossmayer was enlarging on the difficulties encountered by the Catholic schools at Bonn and at Heidelberg, and elsewhere in Germany. Even as things now are, the Catholic schools and Catholic professors are very little attended. Were the Pope to proclaim a crusade against Rationalism in all its forms, the schools and the teachers might be deserted altogether. Hereupon, it is said, Strossmayer was called to order, not by De Luca, but by Cardinal Capalti, then in the chair ; and the call to order was seconded with cheers by three or four of the Fathers, whose example did not prove infectious. One story is that Capalti exclaimed, 'How can you insult the Pope in the face of the tomb of St. Peter?' If this was ever said at all, it sounds more like a private remonstrance afterwards than a call to order on the spot. The speaker, however, then said, 'Since I am not allowed to proceed on this point, I will pass on to discuss the organisation of the Council and the committees.' This he did, and was not further interrupted ; nor did Capalti come to harm in consequence. Indeed, he is said to give satisfaction at head-quarters.

For my own part I am seriously of opinion that the majority of the Fathers don't know one cardinal legate from another, don't know what is going on, whether it is an angry interruption or a friendly remark, and are in spirit no more present at the Council than the Swiss Guard doing duty at the doors, or the outer barbarians hanging about for what they can see or hear. Most of

the Fathers have passed the prime of life, and long passed the age at which faces and voices are easily learnt and remembered. The light of St. Peter's, sweet and pleasant as it is, does not show people distinctly a hundred feet off. The Fathers, though well manipulated for the objects in view, cannot possibly have many opportunities for learning much about one another, even if they still retained the requisite faculties. It must console them for many perplexities and some miseries that they have only to believe and obey, and they are all right. Even if they sicken and die they will be turned to account. Frascolla, Bishop of Foggia, is on the list of the Council, but he was dying when it met and is dead now. This morning the prayers of all the Fathers were asked for the peace of his soul, with a remembrance of his imprisonment and other sufferings for the Church. When I heard this I imagined he might have been a missionary and have met this treatment at rude heathen hands. The truth is that he was one of the clergy who held out against the new Italian Government at Naples, and the King of Italy is the tyrant in this morning's communication.

The Carnival, I suppose, is to break out one day, but hitherto all the festivities are solemn. The Pope had receptions yesterday, attended by the Empress of Austria and her suite in four carriages; there has been a reception at the Zouave barracks, and a 'high dinner' at the English College to the bishops and other distinguished visitors; but I doubt whether any or all of these would do much to remove the impression felt by some Englishmen, that Rome is a grave.

Oriental affairs belong to the things that for the

sake of peace, health, or sanity we must all wish to see settled or composed. I feel persuaded that no Christian on this side the Bosphorus will ever understand them; and I can therefore only admire the good sense of his Holiness in wishing to put them all under some Daniel, or other wise child, who has a specialty that way. It appears that at the Centenary in 1867 an arrangement was come to with the Orientals for the election of their bishops, which Rome, I now hear, denies to have been ever popular. Whatever sense Rome attached to that arrangement, it wishes the Council now to confirm it—or to recognise it, I should rather say. The inducement to the bishops was that they were thereby somewhat relieved from the despotism of the patriarchs, and promised more of their own way. It passes my understanding how anybody could ever believe a promise of this sort, or have such an opinion of anybody else as to make it; but so it is stated. If the promise, ridiculous as it sounds, might be garnished or disguised, it stands to reason that the more the bishops liked it, the less the patriarchs would—that is, the men I see with high jewelled crowns—as also that the bishops would only be exchanging one patriarch for another. This, however, is to come, and by rights the Council ought to have elected by this time the Fourth Committee or 'Congregation' charged with this and other Eastern matters.

I must add that it is vain to expect to get at the truth in these matters in this place. Nobody here, unless he be a profane person or an outcast, will admit that anybody has lawful power, or ever had lawful power, except the Pope, and whomsoever the Pope may endow with some portion of his authority. Certainly,

as regards the bishops, the Popes always have claimed all over the world, the right of 'confirming' bishops, though they have occasionally found it wise to exercise that right with becoming modesty and submission.

There will certainly be some controversy, when it is a day or a year too late, between the French and the German bishops as to their respective shares in the 'Opposition,' as it continues to be called. I myself conclude that the French would not wait till Schwarzenberg had settled with his bishops the exact terms of the protest they were to join in, and so presented their own protest independently, with a bad result. The Germans thereby saw the very terms of the reply they were to expect, and thought it useless to invite a repetition of the rebuke. The bolt has thus fallen on the French alone, as on the Archbishop of Paris, too, has fallen another bolt, dispersing the little bit of a Council, as it was called, assembled at his apartments. The names of the nine Fathers comprised in this affair I heard, and sent you yesterday; but I am told I ought to have particularised one of the ablest men now at Rome, Haynald, Archbishop of Colocza and Bacs. However, the little flock is scattered, and, as they must henceforth escape the vigilance of the Court, the Jesuits, and a whole world of eyes, ears, and intelligence, I cannot expect that my informants will be able to tell you much about their proceedings. For our Gallican neighbours this has been hitherto a most disastrous and all but disgraceful campaign. With all my heart I wish it may be true that Bonnechose received nothing but compliments from the Pope, in that, as it seems, mythical interview. When the nations—and certainly the French are a nation if

anything—were gravely invited to name their representatives in the Committee on Faith, they named Darboy, Dupanloup, the Archbishop of Rheims, and Ginoulhiac, Bishop of Grenoble, said to be a very remarkable man. But the Jesuits had entire possession of the field, and not one of these men was found on the committee elected. No wonder the French express their indignation everywhere at the succession of premeditated slights and more positive rebukes. If the Syllabus and the Infallibility are carried, they say, there will be an end of the 'Temporal Power' in six months. The threat is freely bandied about, and met with defiance. A well-known archbishop who has not the support of the Temporal Power, and who finds he can get on very well without it, declares that the sooner Concordats are put an end to the better for the Church, which will then be really free. If that hope be serious, it is at least a proof of faith.

When I despatched my last letter, the best bit in my budget lay still on the table, in the form of hieroglyphics which even you could not have deciphered. It was then stale at Rome, but on Saturday morning it was not only fresh, but in the future, and most curious and deeply interesting. The world in and around the Piazza di Spagna were inquiring, as usual, at breakfast, what were the entertainments for the day, and what was written up behind Piale's shop-door. There was the New Year's High Mass at St. Peter's—the Pope assisting, but without his chair—and there was the *Veni Creator* at the Gesù, as good music as the day before, but without the Pope; there were several Bambinos, and the little boys and girls still preaching at the Ara Cœli; but, besides

all this, it had transpired by confidential communication that a very wealthy American was to take the cowl. Anybody taking the cowl is a sight, but this was an American, and a rich one. The first idea suggested was that this was a Catholic Peabody, and that Rome was to show the world how much better she could do saintly munificence. Then it flashed across the mind that in the United States it is found much easier to make money than to spend it pleasantly and honourably; in which case a man despairing of other ways can lay his burden of dollars at the feet of the Holy Father. However, the ceremony was to be celebrated that very morning. Had it been nearer, or in Rome at all, I do believe that most of the gentlemen, and all the ladies, would have gone to see.

But the mention of the place struck a damp into the most generous and the most inquisitive natures. It was to be at St. Paul's—St. Paul's Without the Walls, as the site is inadequately described. The stoutest ascetics among us recoiled from the thought of a pilgrimage of three miles, on a cold raw morning, to a pestilential place, which it was by no means certain was not under water at the moment, or well soaked at least. No company likely to go could make the church even look warm, for a thousand or two people could hardly see one another there. Nobody could say what the man's name was, how old, or what his fancy was in providing this rather grim interlude in our Christmas festivities. I have tried in vain to learn his name, and conclude it to be not only hopeless, bnt also undesired. The name is now a matter of history, for the once bearer of it has taken the name of Jacobus, and, we will hope, has for-

gotten by this time his secular denomination. He has now the name of his choice, and he acquired it by going through a series of picturesque ceremonies on Saturday, and surrendering all his fortune to the Benedictine Monastery, to which St. Paul's, in a manner, belongs.

The first scene in the drama presented the American, in the dress of the period, standing in a group of worldlings, and looking as if he had come to see, and not to be seen. From this outer circle he spontaneously emerged, or was summoned, before the altar, where several score of Benedictine brothers stood in a row. He then declared his wishes, and had a gracious reply. Thereupon he laid himself flat on that horrid cold, shiny floor, and was covered with a black pall. While he was thus buried, forgotten, clean out of mind, Mass was celebrated—Mass for the dead, I suppose. However, upon I know not what impulse, the bishop—that is, the mitred abbot of the Order—lifts the pall, raises the dead man to life, and presents him to the brethren. They all interchange kisses with him and place him in their own rank. The new brother writes something on a long slip of parchment, which is forthwith taken from the altar, carried round, and held up before the eyes of all the brethren, all the officiating clergy, and the congregation generally. I must leave others to speculate on the probable contents of the document. One account is that it is the last will and testament of him who has died to the world, and risen again a holy monk, containing, of course, a proper disposition of his worldly gear. Let us hope that Brother Jacobus will not repent of his new vocation ; that he will not attempt to live

within a mile of that awful place; and that his money will not be all wasted in marble, brick, and stone.

There was always a sentry at the Roman end of the Bridge of St. Angelo, who had to salute every Father going to the Council, and, on the approach of a cardinal, make some sign to the Castle of St. Angelo, on which a trumpet was blown, and the guard turned out for a grand salute. Frequently going over the bridge as the Fathers were going, or returning, I found myself regularly saluted with the rest. How could I be mistaken for a Father? True, my hat was rather clerical, and my overcoat might be anything. But watching the sentry's eye, I found it directed to my gloves. They were yellow, with black ribs. But the Italian sky over head is intensely blue, and this blue, though neutralised by the yellow of my gloves, quite mastered the black ribs, and gave me the desired bit of purple constituting the passport of a 'Father.' In like manner your shadow, on a fine day, is not black but blue with a purple edge, receiving as it does the blue light of the zenith, and not the direct red and yellow radiance of the sun.

Rome: Jan. 4.

At to-day's sitting of the Œcumenical Council speeches were made by five bishops. Cardinal Capalti has been elected Prefect of Congregation, in the place of Cardinal Reisach.

Paris: Jan. 1.

The Papal Nuncio, in the name of the Diplomatic Body, congratulated the Emperor at the reception held to-day at the palace of the Tuileries, and expressed wishes for the prosperity

of France. His Majesty, in reply, thanked the Nuncio, and said that the presence of the Diplomatic Body on the occasion was a proof of the good relations which the French Government maintained with all foreign Powers. The Emperor afterwards addressed personally a few words of congratulation to each of the ambassadors present.

Evening.

The *Liberté* of this evening states that the Emperor signed yesterday a decree nominating the new Ministry, constituted as announced this morning by the *Constitutionnel.*

Jan. 2.

The *Gaulois* of to-day says that at the New Year's reception at the Tuileries the Emperor spoke as follows to the members of the Legislative Body :—

'We are undertaking a considerable transformation of our national institutions, and I rely upon your co-operation to bring the enterprise to a fortunate issue. Intrusted at first with the whole responsibility of power, I feel happy in relegating a portion now to the representatives of the country. I am like a traveller who relieves himself of a portion of his burden in order more quickly to reach the end he has in view. That end, gentlemen, is, after insuring order, prosperity securely guaranteed and liberty definitively established.'

Evening.

The following is the text of the Emperor's reply to the congratulations of the Diplomatic Body at the Tuileries on New Year's day :—

'Gentlemen,—Your presence around me to-day, and the speech to which I have just listened are, for me, new proofs of the good relations which exist between my Government and foreign Powers. The year 1870, I am sure, cannot but consolidate this general agreement, and tend to the increase of concord and civilisation.'

His Majesty replied thus to the Deputation of the Senate :—

'I am happy to congratulate the Senate upon the manner in which it fulfilled, some months back, the liberal task with which it had been entrusted by me of modifying the Constitution. I am confident that in the new path we have entered I shall always be able to rely for assistance on the enlightenment and patriotism of the Senate.'

To the Deputation of the Legislative Body the Emperor said:—

'I am gratified at the expressions of devotion which you have addressed to me in the name of the Legislative Body. Never has an understanding between us been more necessary or more advantageous. The new circumstances which have arisen have increased your privileges without diminishing the authority I hold from the nation. In sharing responsibility with the great bodies of the State, I feel more confident of overcoming the difficulties of the future. When a traveller, after a long journey, relieves himself of a portion of his burden, he does not thereby weaken himself; he gathers fresh strength to continue on his course.'

His Majesty replied to the members of the clergy:—

'I receive with gratitude the wishes of the clergy of Paris, and I ask them to accept in return my congratulations for the zeal they have displayed in spreading among all classes the doctrines of abnegation and of Christian charity.'

Nothing fresh has transpired in connection with the Ministerial crisis. The *France* of this evening says, it has reason to believe that a Ministerial combination formed of members of the Left Centre will ultimately prove successful. The *Journal Officiel* does not contain any intelligence on the subject. It protests against the exciting tone in which matters relating to the army are treated by the Paris revolutionary newspapers, and it reminds them that the law enacted in 1849 gives power to the Government to punish the authors of such manœuvres.

CHAPTER XXXVI

COMMITTEE ON THE REGULAR ORDERS

Rome: Jan. 5.

THE best account I can give you of Rome and the present state of things is that on the eve of an announcement, which, in its matter and its manner, is to be a Divine revelation of incalculable and unspeakable import, nobody, at least in this part of the city, knows or cares much what is to be done to-morrow, what is doing to-day, or what was done yesterday. The Council is sitting to-day, or rather has sat, for there must be an event to-morrow of some sort or other. There is something portentous in the force put upon Heaven that it shall unfold its mysteries to man to-morrow. The theatre is to be got ready, the every-day fittings removed, the great officers are to take their places, the throne to be set, and the Pope, *ex cathedra*, is to declare something or other to an expectant world. Should he fail, the audience assembled here will consider themselves cheated, and resort to other oracles. Nothing is more certain than that there will be a great blow struck, but I doubt whether one Father in ten, let alone the outer world, knows what it is to be. Here are some of the suggestions, which I tell just as I am told:—1. That

as a direct blow at Rationalism, there is to be promulgated the dogma of the Corporeal Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. 2. That the Council are to recite with unusual pomp and emphasis the Creed of Pius IV. 3. There remains the possibility of the anti-Rationalist propositions having passed the Council, and become ripe for promulgation. Another suggestion reaches me that something is to be decreed affecting the position of the Oriental Churches—something founded on the decrees of the Council of Florence, passed for the healing of the great schism, but repudiated by the Eastern Churches.

There are questions, however, that have the priority of all these, and that are to be settled to-morrow, so they say. They relate to the form of the decree. Is it to be in the name of the Pope and Council, or the Pope only? Are the reasons to be stated, or the conclusions without the reasons? Those of your readers who are well up to the Council of Trent may be glad to hear that the Court of Rome, while ready to improve on the precedents then set, professes to be ruled by them. That Council, it appears, favoured the world with what might be called a brief account of its reasons. The practical question is whether, in the schools of theology, the discussion is to survive or to be buried; and it appears to be thought here that a discussion can be buried and forgotten, like any other matter. But while conclusions are to be forced in order that decrees may be promulgated, it does not follow that any conclusion, however forced, is to be promulgated, for the present at least. It is the business of the Council to manufacture decrees and canons, and of the Pope to publish them at his discretion. They are wanted in a hurry, to be used at

leisure. Should the loyalty of the Fathers lead them to override a few scruples, or even to turn the work out not so well done as they could desire, that loyalty is to be its own reward, and it is even possible they may not see the reward of their labours. On the other hand, the hope of reservation and secrecy may disarm their caution. It is quite conceivable that, in the whispered suggestion that a thunderbolt is only to be laid up in the Pontifical armoury, they may produce it to order, hoping never to see it again, but be called on the next day to proclaim it to the world—indeed, to find it has done its work in their own nations and dioceses long before their own return home. You see the Fathers are involved in the cloud of secrecy and uncertainty which they help to raise. They consent to a good deal of it, but, as usually happens, they are taken at their word, and find that they have, indeed, to talk and act in the dark, for they cannot see which way they are going, and whether it be not a swamp or a precipice they are led into.

I have just mentioned the Orientals. I did yesterday. They are irrepressible. You will hear enough of them. They are very naturally in the front of the fight here. because, in theory, they are the most independent of the Pope, though I fear this independence is generally in name. They have their own rites. There is to be a curious exhibition of the Greek rite to-morrow at the Church of St. Athanasius. They are independent of the Court of Rome in matters of discipline. As to election, it has hitherto been the practice that on the vacancy of a see the successor is appointed by the metropolitan, if there be one, otherwise by all the bishops of the pro-

vince. So it was before the Council of Trent, and no alteration was then made. But in 1867 a 'compromise was effected, the bishops surrendering to the Holy See the right of appointing to vacant sees. This I hear, and this I tell. You will guess the true character of the compromise when I tell you that a large proportion of these Orientals are lodged gratis here, with an arrangement for their board, costing the Pope eight francs a day for each of them. They are bought, and must not complain if they are sold. It will not, however, surprise anybody if they do as their predecessors are charged with doing after the Council of Florence, and resume their own lines when they find themselves back in their own countries. The names of the Third Committee—viz that on the Regular Orders—are out at last. The greatest care is taken that the Papal organs all over the world have the priority of intelligence in any matter, from the greatest to the least. I ought to have had this two days ago. As has happened several times, a promised communication arrives with much pomp an hour after its appearance in the journals. I have not time now to reduce it to our own tongue.

Francesco Fleix y Solans, Arcivescovo di Tarragona.
Andrea Raess, Vescovo di Strasburgo.
Godofredo Saint-Marc, Arcivescovo di Rennes.
Ferdinando Blanco, Vescovo di Avila.
Giovanni Derry, Vescovo di Clonfert.
Giuseppe Benedetto Dusmet, Arcivescovo di Catania.
Felice Cantimorri, Vescovo di Parma.
Giuseppe Ignazio Checa, Arcivescovo di Quito.
Federico di Fürstemberg, Arcivescovo di Olmütz.
Carlo Pooten, Arcivescovo di Antivari e Scutari.

Paolo Micaleff, Vescovo di Città di Castello.
Stefano Vincenzo Ryan, Vescovo di Buffalo.
Simone Spilotros, Vescovo di Tricarico.
Alessandro Angeloni, Arcivescovo di Urbino.
Ignazio Moraes Cardoso, Vescovo di Faro.
Francesco de Leonrod, Vescovo di Eichstädt.
Guglielmo Giuseppe Clifford, Vescovo di Clifton.
Tommaso Michele Salzano, Vescovo di Tanes.
Giovanni Giuseppe Faiet, Vescovo di Bruges.
Maria Efrem Garrelon, Vescovo di Nemesi.
Luigi Nazari di Calabiana, Arcivescovo di Milano.
Giorgio Ebediesu Chajat, Arcivescovo Caldeo di Amida.
Gaspare Willi, Vescovo di Antipatro.
Giovanni Tommaso Ghilardi, Vescovo di Mondovi.'

Two appointments are announced, Cardinal Bilio to the presidency of the Committee on Faith, and Cardinal Caterini to that of the Committee on Discipline. Both are thoroughly of the Pope's school. Bilio was made cardinal at the age of thirty-nine. *A propos* of cardinals, I hear it laid down as a decree of the Medes and Persians that the Pope must be an Italian. Other races may aspire to the red hat, but the tiara is now in the blood Royal—or Divine it ought to be called—of Italy. Italian blood is an indispensable qualification for the Divine oracles. I grieve for any fellow-countrymen of mine who may be sighing for this unapproachable honour.

In due time we shall get to the truth of the interruption in the Council. De Luca is in disgrace—this is the last I hear—but not removed, in order to avoid scandal. He had been guilty of two acts of weakness. The first was that he promised the Archbishop of Paris that the Council should not be surprised into a declaration of the

Papal infallibility, it having been rumoured that some one of the Fathers was to propose it, and that all the rest were immediately to throw themselves on their knees in thankful recognition and assent. The second act of weakness was allowing Strossmeyer to proceed after being twice called to order. Cardinal De Angelis has been substituted, not for De Luca, but for Reisach, who is dead. If the 'interruption' be still in some obscurity, even more so is the 'Opposition.' The French aver that it is real, strong, and firm. They have not lost their faith in Schwarzenberg, whose professions remain the same, though overcome by the difficulties of a particular occasion. The Emperor of the French, it is said, has before him all the propositions now before the Council, either by the grace of his Holiness or by the compliance of some less exalted personage. They talk of a 'transaction,' but one shudders to think of an affair of barter between heavenly truths and political necessities. However, to-morrow, by this time, the lips of the Fathers, I trust, will be opened, and if they are, indeed, favoured with a new revelation from the skies they will be bound to assist us here in transmitting it to our poor benighted land.

At this date there had appeared all the Committees, amounting to about 120 bishops, presumably the *élite* of the assembled Fathers. One name was not there. This was Cardinal Pecci, who was given in the *Annuario* as Bishop of Perugia, sixty years of age, cardinal of seventeen years' standing, and a member of several standing Congregations or Commissions. It was afterwards stated that his name had been formerly suggested

to the Pope for a place in his Ministry—if that be the right term. The answer given to the world, and ascribed to Antonelli, was that Pecci was doing so well at Perugia it would be a pity to take him away. Various interpretations were afterwards put on this reply.

I have frequently reflected, with much pleasure, on a meeting, or concurrence rather, which to my own mind has a more than accidental, more than ordinary character. My brother James, the Regius Professor of Divinity, and, I may add, the great writer, gave himself very little opportunity for seeing the world, or society in its larger sphere. He deserved it, and none would have turned it to better account, for he had an almost passionate admiration of historical characters. If there could be no more, it was something that in his short life he had the chance to acquire a thorough appreciation of the man now filling the oldest, most anxious, and certainly not the least important, of the world's thrones. James, and three sisters, were taking a tour in Belgium in the autumn of 1843. In the Cathedral of Liège they noticed an ecclesiastic, whom they soon concluded to be the bishop, conducting round the chapels a personage, whom he evidently regarded with the highest respect, and who equally fascinated my brother and his party. The archbishop was the typical Belgian—a big, burly, kind, honest fellow. The Italian (for such they at once guessed him) was a spare, and singularly graceful figure, in a cassock, as we should call it, and a sash, with a gold chain, noting some high employment. Indeed, they ascertained that he was Legate, or Nuncio, as he came to be. He had been sent to rearrange the Roman hierarchy after the break-up of the

so-called Kingdom of the Netherlands. What most struck my brother and sisters was the constant play of expression on the Italian's face as contrasted with the Belgian's, and the subtlety of the one countenance as compared with the impas[illegible] of the other. I gather that, though their eyes [illegible]eted on the Southern stranger, they felt their sy[illegible]es were with the nearer and more cognate neighbo[illegible]'or myself I never see the present Pope's name w[illegible] being reminded of the Regius Professor.

CHAPTER XXXVII

EPIPHANY

Rome: Jan. 6.

EPIPHANY has passed and the Council has made no sign. After all, there was no meeting yesterday, it being found impossible to prepare a Decree, and also necessary to have a day for restoring the Hall to its original condition. It really is a pleasure to see it once more as on the opening day; but to-morrow the Fathers will have to pitch their tent again on that vast floor. It is a significant fact that the Council has been reduced to a tabernacle, a mere fabric of sailcloth. They cannot keep St. Paul, the tent-maker, quite out of St. Peter's. He will insist on sharing the place with the great fisherman. But for the Epiphany that loomed before us so full of events a fortnight ago! First, it was heralded with the usual booming, clanging, and clashing of bells, soon after sunset yesterday.

Later in the evening most of the world went to a fair in the piazzas and streets about the Pantheon, where everybody who can afford it buys a penny trumpet, or a sixpenny drum, or some absurdity. These they begin to use, and as the purchasers are many thousands, and the trumpets are of every variety of tone, designed to imitate all the vocal birds and

beasts known to man, the effect is at once tremendous and ridiculous. Large groups start from the Pantheon and traverse the streets, making night hideous. We had all been told of the fair, and that it was almost obligatory to go there; but it struck me as having a certain undefined and rather unpleasant resemblance to the Council, and as I was bound to the latter at present I would have nothing to say to its rival. But there was no escaping the tin trumpets. At all hours of the night, to sunrise, they were squeaking, or braying, or blaring under our windows, some accompanying ballads in the doleful-ditty tone which one hears so often in this City of the Past, and comes at last to like. Perhaps some antiquarian at home will tell us what the tin trumpets have to do with Epiphany.

As fate would have it, they announced the first Session of the Council—that is, the first after its opening. Long before sunrise this morning St. Angelo gave the more formal announcement in its own familiar but still solemn tones. The wind being this way, the first gun must have waked the strongest sleeper among us. One had nothing to do but to listen. The first report is double, the first half of it being the actual explosion on the bastion, the second half the instant reverberation from the Tomb of Hadrian behind. Then follow three seconds of not quite unbroken silence, and then comes a distinct report, an explosion in itself. This is the echo from St. Peter's and the Vatican; and it is followed, after half a second, by a long and loud mass of sound, reverberated from the semicircle of hills behind St. Peter's, stretching to Monte Mario. This last is a perfect imitation of the thunder of heaven.

The Epiphany Mass in St. Peter's is one of the usual solemnities; but it was now to be in the Council Hall, and with the assistance of a General Council. It was announced last night that the Council, for matters of business, had been adjourned to next Saturday. However, it was conceivable that an event might happen, and that something unexpected might crop up from the surface of the routine. So I went, got a good place, and stood my ground, under some pressure at first, from 8.45 to 1.30. It was the same spectacle as on the opening day, but better seen. Mass was celebrated by the Sub-Dean. The music was as usual, which was as good as good can be. The *Veni Creator* and the Litany of the Saints might almost persuade one to become a more rightful frequenter of that shrine. A pulpit, hitherto standing outside the Hall, was then wheeled in and placed between the Pope and the altar, but a little on one side. Then, from the throne, the Pope, as it seemed to us, delivered an address. The pulpit was then ascended, and from it was read, in a sonorous voice, the Creed of Pius IV., which I mentioned yesterday as one of the possible events of the day. As soon as it had been recited, there began what to us under the dome was a long, silent, and tedious process. Every one of the 800 Fathers of the Council went up to the Pope, knelt before him, laying his hand on the Gospels, thereby swearing adhesion to the Creed just heard. As the Fathers had to do this separately, and to approach and withdraw with regularity and solemnity, I was rather surprised to find it all done in about an hour and forty minutes. This has been described as an act of policy or convenience, as regards this or that Church; but I have been assured

that it is an indispensable form that every Council must begin with the results of the last, and that the only reason this was not done on the opening day was that the obeisance or homage of the Fathers took so much time as to compel the postponement of the Creed of Pius IV. After this came the *Te Deum*, the choir and the Fathers, with the entire congregation, taking the alternate verses. Fortunately for effect, there is never much after that.

All poured out, filling first the steps, then the piazza. The cardinals, Fathers, and royal or diplomatic personages were quickly in their gorgeous carriages, and in less than ten minutes there was a mile's length of equipages which all London would run to see, forsaking even royalty and mayoralty. It's all right, people say There could be no Decree, and there was enough without it. Nevertheless, it is felt as a blow. Rome has been at work a month, and many a month before, and has not yet forged a spear for Ithuriel. Time was when she could turn out a whole suit of armour in a day. There is nothing to be done now but look forward to February 2, the Feast of the Purification, or Candlemas Day, as we used to call it; unless, indeed, the Fathers should be educated in sufficient time to use the Feast of the Chair of St. Peter, on the 18th of this month, for some great act corresponding to the special significance of that occasion. That is possible. But, whatever it be, it is repeated on all sides that Infallibility is not to be 'dogmatised' by this Council—only 'affirmed.' Let us hope, neither.

On January 6, the feast of the Epiphany, was held the second session of the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican. At 9 o'clock in the morning the cardinals, patriarchs, primates, archbishops, bishops, abbots nullius, abbots general, after adoration of the Holy Sacrament and being invested with the sacred ornaments, together with the generals and vicar-generals of Regular monastic congregations and of the Mendicant Orders, repaired to their respective places in the Council Hall.

Then the Holy Father, having assumed the pontifical ornaments in the Gregorian Chapel, surrounded by his Court, by Monsignor the Vice-Camerlengo of the Holy Roman Church, the Prince Assistant of the Throne, Custodes of the Council, by Monsignor the Auditor and Monsignor the Treasurer of the Reverend Apostolic Chamber of the Senators and Conservators of Rome, by the Master of the Holy Hospital, and by the officers of the Council, entered the Hall, whereupon his Eminence Cardinal Patrizi, Bishop of Porto and Santa Rufina, Sub-Dean of the Sacred College, commenced the solemn Mass. At the throne of his Holiness stood his Eminence the Cardinal De Angelis, in his quality of assistant-priest, and their Eminences Cardinals Antonelli and Mertel, in their quality of assistant-deacons. Monsignor Appolloni, Auditor of the Rota, officiated as apostolic subdeacon.

The Mass being concluded, his Grace Monsignor Fessler, bishop of S. Ippolito, secretary of the Council, placed upon the small throne prepared upon the altar the holy Gospels.

After the three supplications the Holy Father recited the prescribed prayers; the singing chaplains chanted the proper anthem.

The Litanies succeeded, and his Holiness, upon arriving at the invocations that the Almighty might vouchsafe to bless, direct, and preserve the Synod and the ecclesiastical hierarchy, rose and repeated them, making six times with his right hand the sign of the cross towards the Holy Assembly. After the Litanies his Holiness recited the prayers.

Then his Eminence Cardinal Capalti solemnly chanted the

gospel from the 18th chapter of St. Matthew. That being done the Holy Father intoned the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, which the fathers and the singing chaplains repeated alternately, and then delivered the prayer. After this the two promoters of the Council, the consistorial advocates De Dominicis, Tosti and Ralli, presented themselves, beseeching his Holiness to require of all the Fathers the profession of faith prescribed by Pius IV. of sacred memory. The Pope, having consented thereto, rose and first recited the formula in his own name, all the Fathers standing. Then Monsignor the Secretary and his Grace Monsignor Valenziani, Bishop of Fabriano, approached the throne. The former placed the formula within the hands of his Holiness, who handed it to the second, who read it in a loud voice from the tribune. Then all the Fathers came, one by one, according to their hierarchal rank, before the throne, and each kneeling, with his right hand upon the Gospels, declaring his name and his dignity, ratified the promise in these words —'*Spondeo, voveo, et juro juxta formulam prælectam*,' invoking to this effect the help of God and of the holy Gospels, kissed the book, and returned to his place. The Fathers read the formula of ratification each in the language of his own rite ; thus it was heard in Latin, Greek, Arabic, Armenian, Bulgarian, Chaldaic, and Syriac.

This act completed, the promoters of the Council appeared again before the throne and prayed that the prelates protonotaries might draw up the formal statement of what had just occurred ; to which the elder of these prelates replied that it should be done, taking as witnesses Monsignor the Majordomo and Monsignor the Master of the Chamber to his Holiness.

Finally, the Holy Father intoned the *Te Deum*, which was completed alternately by the chanters and the Fathers, together with the people. His Holiness then said the prayer and gave the Apostolic benediction, and the Cardinal assistant-priest publicly proclaimed the plenary indulgence.

Thus terminated the second Session of the Council. Having

divested himself of his pontifical ornaments, the Holy Father returned to his apartments, and the assembly separated about 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

There were present at this ceremony, in the galleries, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Parma, the Count and Countess of Caserta, the Count and Countess of Girgenti, her Imperial and Royal Highness the Grand Duchess Marie Antoinette of Tuscany, and his Serene Highness Prince Hohenlohe, as also the members of the Diplomatic Body accredited to the Holy See, and other distinguished personages, Roman and foreigners. The upper galleries were occupied by the theologians and canonists of the Council. The crowd of spectators was immense.

The approach to the Council Hall was kept by the Knights of Malta and the Noble Guards of his Holiness.'

Rome : Jan. 6.

The second public sitting of the Council was held this morning. The number of persons present was considerably smaller, and it was opened with less ceremony, than on the previous occasion. The labours of the Council in reference to questions of dogma have not made sufficient progress to allow of any decree being promulgated. After Mass had been celebrated every prelate presented to the Pope a written profession of the Catholic faith in accordance with the formula laid down by Pope Pius IV. The health of his Holiness continues excellent.

Afternoon.

The ceremony of the profession of faith was first gone through by the Pope, who made it in his own name. It was then read by the Bishop of Fabriano in the name of the other Fathers, each of whom took the oath in his own language on the Gospel. The Pope then bestowed his benediction. The Bishop of Panama is dead.

Yesterday being the festival of the Epiphany, there was a full choral service, consisting of Morning Prayer and the Ante-Communion Office, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, when a curious practice of mediæval origin was duly observed. After the reading of the sentence at the offertory, 'Let your light so shine before men,' &c., while the organ played, two members of her Majesty's household, wearing the royal livery, descended from the royal pew and advanced to the altar rails, preceded by an usher, where they presented to one of the two officiating clergymen (the Rev. James Garden and the Rev. Thomas Helmore) a red bag, edged with gold lace or braid, which was received in an offertory basin, and then reverently placed on the altar. This bag or purse was understood to contain the Queen's offering of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, in commemoration of the gifts of the Magi to the infant Saviour. There was not a large congregation, although the feast of the Epiphany is the only day of the year on which people can go to the Chapel Royal of St. James's free of charge.—*Echo.*

These 'curious' medieval practices, founded as they were on Nature and on Grace, have done much to make the world akin. On the chancel screen at Plymtree, Devon, are the figures of Henry VII., Prince Arthur, and Cardinal Morton, making their Epiphany offerings to the Mother and Child. The said Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury, after assisting at the ceremonious reception of Charles VIII. on his expedition to Naples in 1495, did the honours of Rome to the French king on his return, Pope Alexander and his Court having retired to Orvieto.

Paris: Jan. 6, Evening.

Most of this evening's newspapers express great satisfaction at the removal of Baron Haussmann, which event they consider as a striking evidence of the inauguration of parliamentary government. The *Liberté*, however, blames the measure.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

SPREAD OF OPPOSITION

Rome: Jan. 8.

'THERE never is a fog at Rome,' said some one yesterday, who had tried Madeira, Cannes, Pau, and a dozen more of Nature's hospitals, and was now satisfied Rome was at least as good as any. However, this morning, long after sunrise, there was quite fog enough to hide one end of a street from the other, and to make the Archangel a very indistinct object from this end of his bridge. It was also very raw and cold. A wind had come from some bad quarter, and curdled into mist the sirocco we had yesterday. But the blue sky began to show itself as one approached St. Peter's. The Fathers were coming to the Council fast; those on foot first, as usual; and more of them on foot than ever, though the mud was horrible. There they are hard at work on the propositions, addling their poor brains as if a Mephistopheles was among them in the form of a mitred philosopher. They are weighing every word, I am told, with the most anxious deliberation. That is the pious phrase to-day, not what it was a fortnight ago. A less pious phrase is that the Council is a 'wasps' nest.' No, 'not quite that,' a good Father quietly says. Tempers,

however, have been ruffled, and the personages who most betray their uneasiness are just those who a few weeks ago expected the entire Council would be thrown into a trance, translated to the third heaven, and there hear unutterable things. Even now we are implored not to suppose that we know anything that is going on in the Council, though the scraps of paper called journals here do not conceal that the propositions are under discussion, and that the subject is Rationalism.

The chief complaint made by the remonstrant Fathers is that while the theologians here are sitting at their ease, drawing up propositions, the bishops have to go out and do battle for them, each single-handed, all over the world. We all know the difference there is between sitting in one's study, slowly elaborating 'the work of the century,' as it is hoped to be, and making a speech which is to be no sooner spoken than pulled to pieces and stamped under foot. Many a preacher is most dove-like in the pulpit, but very like other people in the vestry. Placed in a strait between two difficulties, the Bishop of Halifax, for example, finds it easier to appeal, in the interest of prudence, to 800 assembled Fathers than to fight for every thesis they may put into his mouth, with a mixed crowd of English, Irish, Scotch, Germans, and Americans. But all the Fathers are in the same strait. It is evident that the majority, compliant as they may be, will be equally well pleased that some of these questions should be waived. The Opposition, once a myth denied altogether, increases, and takes form and solidity. The numerical estimate of it is between 200 and a third of the whole Council. It claims a third of the United States' bishops. Its tone

is called 'moderate'—that is, gently dissuasive. But the names of the speakers are no longer published, and are now declared to be secrets of Council. Speeches and speakers alike are to be revealed to the outer world, nobody knows when. Some of your readers will know better than I whether the discussion was public in the Council of Trent. Some say it was. The good Catholics here say they want publicity above all things, only put off a little, just to prevent unseemly comments that might affect the temper of the debate. But publicity next month is not publicity at all to any purpose.

The Council however has its Report and its official acts and documents, from its indiction to its end. The first three numbers are out, and lie before me. They are printed at Turin, and well printed too. But they have not yet got to the Council at all. There are all the documents that have been in the papers long ago, including the two letters explaining to Dr. Cumming the precise terms and the exact standing on which he might confer with the Pope's people here. That is given to prove to all future time that the gracious invitation to Protestants and 'Acatholics' had met with a response, and that the terms themselves had been recognised. The last 'official act' of the Council in the published numbers is the now famous Bull for remodelling and re-enacting the Censures and Excommunications. It has got to be called *Latæ Sententiæ*, with what propriety I know not. But here it appears as an act of the Œcumenical Council, and the Council will be held partly responsible for it. Of course I know this will be explained away, and I shall be referred to the second part of the title given to these documents, which is that

they are all that has been done at the Vatican since the indiction of the Council. But as they are all expressly called the official acts of the Council, the Council adopts them, and will never escape the responsibility. This is a matter of great importance, for it is evident that by the same process any doctrine may be promulgated, and the silence of the Council taken for consent. Let me repeat the title of this evidently official record :—'The Official Acts of the Great Vatican Council, or the documents, in which is contained everything done at the Vatican from the first indiction of the Council to its end.'

The real importance of the Opposition consists in the fact that a great question has been raised, and that it is found impossible to settle it, either satisfactorily or at all. A virtual appeal has been made to a Council, and here is the Council saying that it will think about the matter. When a Council thinks, of course the Church will think too, and we are all thinking about it. The journals taking the Pope's side say they rather prefer thinking, and that there can hardly be thinking enough, but that the thinking ought to be done in complete silence and secrecy, like the conversations between our Saviour and His Apostles when He took them aside and revealed to them mysteries. In our country we are accustomed to hear rather strange arguments founded on the sacred text, but it would be hard to find one less justifiable than this. I will not, however, dwell on it. There will not be secrecy, or anything like it, with all these 800 men, the greater part of whom do not possess the first condition of secrecy, which is that they should apprehend the matter upon which their lips are to be closed. The outer world, thus taken into council, will

very naturally concentrate its interest on the questions between the teacher and the taught, and feel little concern in the internal affairs of the teachers.

There is a great deal of most important business to be done at this Council, as you will shortly have to learn; and if I have not yet troubled you with it, that is because it must have full justice done to it. The three Committees charged with Discipline, the Regular Orders, and the Oriental Churches, have three revolutions to effect, and I am assured that the men chosen for the Committees are quite equal to their several tasks. But wholesome, and indeed necessary, as the approaching changes may be, the world at large will care but little about them, pending the larger question, at the very base of all the rest, how Divine Truth is to be found and what is the authority of the existing teacher. Good Catholics have not even asked the question. The theologians who surround the Pope regard the discussion, or the very thought of such a question, over the tomb of St. Peter, as nothing less than the abomination of desolation in the Holy Place. I have been told of one of the most distinguished and important of these good men exclaiming with astonishment and horror: 'Why will they not believe? It is an article of faith believed by all.' This was not declamation; it was no premeditated burst of oratory, but in confidential talk with men as earnest and as important as himself. Had matters moved on slowly and imperceptibly to some declaration of authority larger and fuller, and less avoidable than those now among the Papal titles, that would have been an unqualified success. Now the Pope is in a dilemma; he either commits his seven

hundred, or, rather his thousand bishops—to a fearful controversy, or he suffers a reverse. He will be found not invulnerable.

The last bishop dead here is Vasquez, Bishop of Panama. He had been ill ever since his arrival. The Empress of Austria paid last Tuesday a long visit to the very interesting Basilica of St. Clement, near the Coliseum. The church had always been known to be one of the oldest in Rome, but the Rev. Joseph Mullooly, has exhumed an older church, directly under it, evidently one occasionally alluded to by the Fathers, and under that again has discovered the oratory or the very house of Clement himself, a fellow-labourer of the Apostle to the Gentiles. The antiquarians go in great bodies and light up the whole place some twenty or thirty feet underground. The frescoes are most interesting, as the photographs show. On this occasion the Empress was accompanied by De Rossi, the great Italian antiquary, and several members of her suite.

Rome : Jan. 8.

The Committee on Matters of Faith held their first sitting to-day. Cardinal Bizzarri has been appointed President of the Committee on Regular Orders. Four Fathers spoke at to-day's congregation of the Council.

Evening.

Some of the Fathers of the Council belonging to the Ultramontane faction have drawn up and signed a petition to the Pope maintaining the opportuneness of defining the dogma of the personal infallibility of the Pope. Their intention would appear to be to force this dogma upon the Council and upon the Pope himself. It is doubtful, however, whether 100 out of the 750 members of the Assembly can be induced to

sign the petition. It is, moreover, ascertained that the Pope will not allow this question to be raised in the Council unless it is certain to obtain relative unanimity of support from the assembled Fathers. It is believed, therefore, that the petition will be received by the Pope only as an act of homage.

Yesterday a deputation, consisting of the Rev. W. R. Scott, incumbent of Christ Church, Hunter Street, Liverpool, and his officers, waited on the Archbishop of Syra and Tenos, and presented an address, expressing the hope that God would hasten the reunion of Christendom. The Archbishop briefly replied, expressing the same hope.

Mention has already been made of a pretended bishop who had ventured to take part in the proceedings of the Œcumenical Council. The correspondent of the *Univers* confirms the fact, and gives the following details upon the authority of the Roman police :—'The person in question engaged a tailor in Rome to make him the complete costume of an Oriental bishop. When the costume was finished the ill-advised joker dressed himself up, and at one of the sittings of the congregation made his way into the hall of the Council, and sitting there with grave face and modest looks, listened attentively to the addresses, sometimes affecting by respectful gestures to express his admiration of certain remarks. This disgraceful fraud he repeated on several occasions. At length, however, he was discovered. The gendarmes warned and posted for the purpose seized him, and he is now in a Roman prison, to which the tailor has also been consigned.

The Rev. James Fraser, of Ufton Nervet, will be the new Bishop of Manchester. He was at Oxford, Ireland Scholar, took a first-class in classics, and was Fellow of Oriel. He took an active part in connection with education under the Duke of Newcastle's Commission, and as Commissioner to the United States, where he examined and reported upon the system of national education.

CHAPTER XXXIX

RATIONALISM, MATERIALISM, AND PANTHEISM

Rome: Jan. 9.

EVENTS cannot be done to order. Even Popes cannot always make history, though Pius IX. has had a good deal ready-made for him. There was to have been an event yesterday—so says the Roman world out of the Council. The Papal infallibility was to have struck somebody as a happy thought, and thereupon to have been received with universal acclamation; only, so runs the tale, Paris and Orleans had declared that in this case they would rise and leave the Council. I confess myself staggered by the extreme probability of the story. It is too like truth to be true. With the outer Romans I shared the suspicion that there might be such a design as that dreaded by the French bishops; and therefore it was that yesterday I stood for five hours on the very same spot, straining my eyes, for the chance of a movement that might seem to bear out the suspicion. But it was evident no one was moved that day, or they were moved only to caution or common sense. Pius IX. never is, but always is to be, infallible. That is hard, for the value of the gift is in its immediate use. What is a fact, however, is that a good many people are disappointed.

The 'Opposition' is recognised and felt to be a power. The bishops are taking their time, weighing every proposition separately, and refusing to go at the fast pace of Rome. A fortnight ago it was confidently believed that, at all events, with the regularity of a programme, the Epiphany of 1870 would immortalise itself by laying Rationalism, Materialism, and Pantheism under anathema. Thus far the only result is that these eight hundred believing and thinking men have been supplied with some rather appetising bones of contention. I forget what it is a monk is said to carry under his cowl, but there are few mitres which do not hide a little philosophy. The Fathers of the Council may be as good believers as the Pope, but they do not wish to precipitate themselves and their clergy into controversies and conflicts for which their education has not expressly prepared them.

This looks like a long Council. People say it will sit till the end of May, and be then prorogued to the winter. The Court can have no objection to that, in itself; for it has shown of late years a remarkable anxiety to collect the Episcopate at Rome, on one occasion or other. There are people here who call the Council a great sham, a mere exhibition got up by the Jesuits to sustain the credit of Rome, to replenish its funds, and to employ the population. These explanations are hardly required. Rome has a great part to play. It always had. It exists by movement. It must put on steam, and more steam continually. But, then, it is for the rest of the world to weigh well before it sacrifices itself to the demands of an exaggerated and furious egotism. It is weighing well. Every sovereign or

other political power at all likely to be affected by the action of the Council is receiving regularly from the bishops connected with it as much information of the proceedings as the oath of secrecy allows. There can be no secrecy as to the matter of the propositions, for it is that of the Syllabus. But all this can only be the groundwork of the great design. The Council of the Vatican is not only to smite all the philosophers of the earth and level them to the ground, but also to build something on them, as the Chair of St. Peter itself is erected on the ruins of old Rome. That something which is to be is infallibility, which is to be declared in one form or another. It is to be affirmed, perhaps even subscribed, so as to be obligatory on the clergy, and therefore a doctrine of the pulpit. This is possible, even though the world may not yet be ripe for an anathema and excommunication upon every human being who will not acknowledge the Pope to be divine. The promulgation of an actual dogma puts an end to discussion; but discussion there is and will be; so the dogma waits for better times.

Another bishop is dead. He had been at a photographer's only a few days before, and died on the 5th. Father Hyacinthe, it is reported, has been in Rome since the 3rd, and frequents the house of a bishop near the Sapienza. Rome tolerates or not, according to rules of her own. There are many clergy here—besides, of course, a large body of laity—whose opinions are sufficiently offensive to her. Perhaps it is thought they may as well be here as elsewhere. On the other hand, I am told that a distinguished ecclesiastic is now at Paris, and not here, because he has written to show that the Pope

ought not, by rule, to be present at the discussions of the Council. The Pope is not present, but maintains that he may be if he thinks fit. Every bishop is expected to bring a 'theologian' with him. This is, no doubt, a most excellent provision for many reasons; two are always better than one; but it appears some of the Fathers have failed to comply with the modest requirement. In that case they are desired to engage a theologian in Rome, and the Jesuits are charged with the duty of supplying them. No one can object to the arrangement made for rectifying the neglect, and, no doubt, the 'theologian' will be useful. I should be glad of one myself.

It is not the Council here that is the mystery; it is the life of these 800 men, and how they associate. All that one hears betrays a wonderful amount of ignorance of one another. East and West, North and South, cannot ever learn one another's names and outward ways. Every night there are gatherings in this or that house, but, of course, in cliques, schools, and nations. They are all discussing what relates to themselves, and the order of the day commands very little attention. The order of the day is Rationalism, and its religious, political, and philosophical aspects. Sixteen Fathers have spoken, some, I am assured, with a force and eloquence never known before. Five are waiting for their turns. More yet inscribe themselves. Thus the ball is rolling. Meanwhile the Regulars are dreading fusion and suppression; the Seculars see the days of discipline at hand; and the Orientals are foreseeing the disappearance of their quaint little rites, and dear little privileges, customs, and independencies, in the iron uniformity of Rome.

CHAPTER XL

SOME EPISODES

Rome: Jan. 10.

A SIROCCO again to-day, which means heat, rain, and wind. I set off early to ascertain whether the Council meets, for unless one learns for one's self, it may happen, and has happened, that nobody at this end of Rome can tell you. In the narrowest and worst part of the long lane between this and the Bridge I came up to an aged Spanish bishop, with his 'theologian,' not quite abreast, holding an umbrella over him. How I envy these men their theologians, even though put upon them, as many are said to be. They would be invaluable to our own clergy, if they would keep their light under a bushel and speak only when they are spoken to. When I overtook the good bishop the mud had already made its way into my stout English boots. All sorts of vehicles were dashing this way and that, without the slightest consideration for pedestrians. A few steps further I saw in the distance the white cloaks of the dragoons, by which sign the Council is known to be sitting. Then a glance at the famous river, and a slow return behind twenty mules, each carrying a small hay-rick, and tied with halters nose to tail. When once they take possession of a narrow street, even a cardinal has to draw up where he can, and let them pass.

I could hardly tell you the number of small entertainments going on—some usual, some *à propos* to the Council. Every day at one church or another, chiefly at S. Andrea della Valle, there is a Mass of some strange rite. At S. Andrea's they have exhibited in succession the Armenian, Greek, Coptic, and Chaldean rites, to large congregations, and the curious report many differences more likely to catch Roman than English eyes. Many of them certainly look as if they had been kept up in the pure spirit of obstinacy and persistent distinction; but, for anything I know, they may be nearly as old as Christianity. What are we to think of canopies with bells, of a series of singular evolutions performed by a priest holding a three-branch candlestick in one hand and a two-branch candlestick in another; of a succession of appearances and disappearances to which no meaning could be ascribed? The tone of reading shows what our Reformers meant by the 'mumbling' they used to complain of. To-day the service has been after the Greco-Roumanian rite, and it will be followed by the Melchite, Bulgarian, Maronite, Armenian again, Syrian, and Ambrosian. Rome shows the tenderest regard for exotic rites, when Churches are to be comforted, coaxed, or won; but she has swept away with the severest uniformity any local or national peculiarities within our own Western Churches.

Yesterday morning half the Piazza di Spagna flocked to the church at the top of the 170 steps to see two African Mohammedan children baptised. The preparatory service was finished, and the two children, dressed in white, went round and round the assembled crowd expecting the chief personage; but they had to

wait near two hours, for Cardinal Bonaparte, who had to baptise, was not quite so punctual as his uncle generally was when a hundred thousand people had to be otherwise dealt with. In the afternoon Mgr. Capel had the throwing of the usual net to catch stragglers from the English and American churches. This gentleman has not the credit of being a first-rate theologian, but he is a very fluent and very persuasive preacher, and he handles a few stray topics with sufficient power to make an occasional convert. For example, 'Truth,' he tells us, 'is one, not many and diverse. There can be only one way to the one truth. A religious principle which tends to divergence cannot be sound. What is true must be that which is the same everywhere. True religion cannot be that which perplexes and distracts you, but that which extinguishes doubt and sets you at rest.' Like most preachers of his communion, Mgr. Capel supposes the chief yearning of the human heart to be for peace and repose. Of course, we must, at times have that feeling deep enough; but we have also other wishes, other aspirations, other instincts, and they are not satisfied, or quelled, or extinguished by a recommendation to think upon the most important of all subjects exactly as somebody else does. It is even more than this that is demanded. It is that we should accept upon human authority, as veritable facts, much that can only be imagined or urged with some show of probability. Mgr. Capel is welcome to all who seek only to be relieved of difficulty and doubt, and I regret that the state of his health will no longer allow him to take his place at the confessional.

His Holiness, it appears, is never excused attendance

anywhere. He is really the most thoroughly used and hardest worked sovereign in the world. He had a reception yesterday, attended by 500 gentlemen and ladies, who had sent in their cards some days before. People describe it as a bear-garden. As soon as the Pope made his appearance they all rushed at him, and the Swiss Guard had the greatest difficulty in keeping a space clear. He was pleasant, frank and short. I must give the purport. 'I'm very tired; I have a great deal to do; I've no time. I should like to make the round of you all and exchange a few words; but you really are too many for me. But you've come to see the Pope, and "*Voilà!*"' he exclaimed, clapping his hands on his side. Thereupon, they all cheered him loudly—this in the Pope's own library. The ladies, particularly the pretty girls, ran in between the Swiss Guard, seized the Pope's hands, and kissed them, to the indignation of the Swiss, one of whom called out, 'I hope you're satisfied now, Miss.' It was with difficulty the Pope escaped, leaving half the ladies in tears, so they say. It cannot be denied that Mgr. Capel has a good substratum to work upon.

The Fathers are holding private meetings—that is, they meet their own countrymen or they meet at the receptions given by good and true men. The Court does not object to any mode of assemblage that is natural and social, but does not like cross-combinations, nation with nation. They amount to an anti-Council, a thing in its nature anti-Papal, and therefore anti-Christian altogether. But an important distinction is revealing itself, and I have to announce that terrible personage so well known in British politics, 'a third party.' The

Moderates have allowed Dupanloup and the like, on the one hand, and Manning and the like, on the other, to show their colours, and now they present themselves and choose their own ground. On the one hand, they are not committed, and will not be committed, to the Dogma, which it is now evident neither Heaven nor earth will permit to be established; and, on the other hand, they recoil from the consequences of an audacious and consistent Gallicanism. They agree with the Gallicans in not doing what they won't do; but they will not go an inch further. Time will bring out the real difference between a positive and a negative agreement, so I merely say that it is held to be a very distinct basis for a moderate party, described as gaining adherents from both sides.

The Ultramontane party have rushed into this fray rather hand over head, and have been guilty of two errors, neither of them a great fault in itself, but suicidal in combination. First, they have pushed infallibility, as a fact, or truth, or inspiration, above all human reasoning. It exists, they said; we expect its manifestation and its universal recognition. Secondly, they have been so grossly inconsistent as to urge it also, and in the same breath, as a practical necessity of the Pope's position. As the Pope is the world's teacher, whether in faith or in morals, so he must also have the gift which alone qualifies for that position; and if we wish him to teach all the world, we must be able to teach all the world first and foremost that he is infallible. Of course, such arguments are only too intelligible; for all must see the necessity on the supposition that the Pope is indeed the world's teacher; but that throws us back upon the

supposition itself, and if it is found to involve infallibility, the supposition itself is weakened by what reason holds to be an absurd result. However, it is plain these Fathers have been using edged tools, which have cut their own fingers, and a very ingenious plan of assault to carry the Council this last week only has entirely failed.

The Fathers wish to give up nothing hitherto held by their Church, but for that very reason they wish to broach no more questions, and throw out no more challenges. They are implored by the Ultramontanes to speak in unmistakable terms, to leave no doubt whatever, and arm the Pope with absolute, undeniable, and irresistible authority, not only over belief, but also upon moral, and, by consequence, political questions. This they will not do, and the result is the unhappy Ultramontanes have given them an opportunity of considering their ways in good time. Hence 'the moderate party,' which they say is to carry the day. They say it will of necessity absorb the Ultramontanes very shortly, as they will find they have no chance one against two. In fact, they have had their day. It was rather a significant fact that at the Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury, when, by usage, all the cardinals ought to have been present, only three were there, though as many as twenty were at the christening of the Bourbon princess, that afternoon, not a hundred yards off.

The good Fathers do not despise human progress, whether in its political or its most material forms. They are ever descanting—at least, if we can judge from their utterances—on their freedom from the tyranny of kings, on the present peace of the world, on the immense diffusion of mankind all over the world, and on the

great improvements and discoveries of our times which have rendered a Council now so easy an affair. It is conceivable, of course, that mankind might have filled the earth without the capacities for quick re-assemblage. That steam and the electric wire make all the earth one, the good Catholics here hold to be a special intervention for the use of the Council. Be that as it may, the Council has yet to take a few other things as it finds them. The Council of Trent had the attendance of princes and their deputies, and in every step it took they were committed by their participation. As things now are, the civil powers have only to watch, and that deliberately, with the power of retracing their steps, and with or without sympathy, as the case may be. As regards France, it is plainer than ever, and better known than ever, since the formation of the new ministry, that her rulers will not permit the slightest encroachment on the province of the State, and, moreover, that any dogmatical excess, likely to produce political inconvenience, will meet with effectual discouragement.

The Council has been sitting to-day, and the Fathers may be congratulated on losing nothing by their confinement, for it has been raining without ceasing. The names of the speakers are not published, but transpire. On Tuesday, Greith, Bishop of St. Gall, was the most remarkable speaker. The Committee on Faith is now at work, and the Archbishop of Malines is said to have opened with a very good address. Among the receptions, which in importance almost vie with the meetings of committees, Cardinal Vannicelli-Casoni, Archbishop of Ferrara, has been assembling, under the most correct auspices, a large body of Italian bishops. He had made

an appointment with the Pope, but stood entirely excused when he stated the obstacle. There were four speakers at the Council on Saturday. Not one speech from the beginning has yet been given to the outer world.

Rome: Jan. 10.

Seven Fathers spoke in the Congregation to-day. The points for discussion in reference to ecclesiastical discipline were communicated to the Congregation.

The Pope's Infallibility.—The correspondent of the *Mémorial Diplomatique* at Rome says that though it is not possible to enter the Council and hear what is said therein, it is nevertheless, possible to glean from the conversation of the bishops outside its walls what passes there. He says that the question is rather one of form than substance; that the Pope really exercises the doctrine of infallibility when he pronounces *ex cathedra*, inasmuch as no bishop will take it upon himself to protest against a brief, a bull, or a decree emanating from the Holy See; so that, in point of fact, it is merely a question of covering the deed by a decree of the Council. From information he had derived from respectable sources, a method had been discovered of reconciling discordant opinions. In accordance with the traditions of past Councils, the proclamation of the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope will simply consist in establishing the absolute principle by adding comminatory clauses against those who gainsay it. Thus, for example, after having declared the infallibility of the Pope, the Council will conclude '*Si quis negaverit, anathema sit.*' To testify the spirit of conciliation with which it is animated, the Council will, under the inspiration of the sovereign Pontiff himself, essentially modify the old form, which would inevitably excite recrimination on the part of the adversaries of the Church. Instead of proclaiming the dogma in an absolute manner, the application will be restricted to matters purely

religious ; instead of imposing it as a law on consciences, the acceptation will be merely recommended. 'Layman as I am,' he continues, 'it is not for me to mention beforehand the precise terms in which the canon of infallibility will be promulgated, but I believe the substance will be this :—The Holy Synod declares that it is essential to the unity and good government of the Church to believe that when the Roman Pontiff, after having invoked the light of the Holy Spirit, speaks on matters of faith, he exercises the mandate which the Divine Master delivered to Peter when He said, 'Strengthen thou thy brethren in the faith, when thou thyself shalt have been confirmed therein (*confirma fratres tuos in fide, cum ipse in fide confirmatus eris*). I have reason to believe that many bishops who would have desired to set aside the consideration of the subject have shown themselves disposed to support it in the form I have indicated. So far as concerns the Catholic Powers, it is evident that, thus limited exclusively to matters of faith, the infallibility of the Pope, not being applicable to the relations between Church and State, cannot provoke the conflicts dreaded from the proclamation of such a dogma. In conclusion, I am in a position to assure you that on this point things will soon be sufficiently advanced for the representatives of the principal Powers accredited to the Holy See to consider it their duty to inform their respective Governments.'

CHAPTER XLI

THEOLOGIANS AND PHILOSOPHERS

Rome: Jan. 11.

THE Council has a holiday to-day, and a fine day for it—bright, warm, and sunshiny, though the Tiber is again in the streets, and is still rising, after yesterday's rain. This ark of an hotel has poured out its inmates over collections, churches, and ruins, and is quiet. The question asked all round at breakfast is, 'What are you doing to-day?' At dinner, 'What have you done?' This morning, the question was an anxious one. The hounds were to meet at the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, I hope to-day; some said to-morrow; the Empress of Austria was to be there, and various ladies courageous enough to take the very dangerous fences of the Campagna on the ill-trained horses of the country. Some of the Fathers would feel much more at home at the 'meet' than at the Council. They are getting very tired of sitting to listen to speeches, one or two of which have been received with actual laughter; such a farce it was to pretend to understand Spanish or German Latin. But I am told the French speakers are quite as difficult to understand, from their habit of dropping the last syllable. Failing to hear, the Fathers talk, which makes the matter worse. One good Father was so pro-

voked at the garrulity of those about him that he exclaimed, 'If you go on talking continually, you will drive me to commit suicide.' 'Parricide you mean,' was all the comfort he received from them.

But I must return to what I could only allude to yesterday. It is confirmed from various quarters that last week there was really a most desperate attempt made to carry the dogma of infallibility. The attempt was made by circulating a form of petition to the Council, to which it was expected a large majority of the Fathers would give their names. They would thus stand committed, and only waiting the requisite operations for securing their suffrages in Council. They were desired to entreat with extreme urgency that the Council would put an end to the question by affirming the dogma in the plainest and most unmistakable terms. The Council was supplicated to declare that the authority of the Pope was supreme, and therefore free from all possibility of error, inasmuch as in matters both of faith and morality he has to govern and teach the world, and tell the faithful what they are to believe and to do. One account says that in the hope that the ground had been prepared and the seed sown, two Archbishops did rise one day last week and make the above proposition, but that they were received with dead silence. This is difficult to believe, and even to understand, for one cannot imagine the Cardinal President allowing such a proposition to be made without an absolute certainty of effectual support. However, there are people—Englishmen and Americans, for example—who cannot be always kept in order, or even prevented from pulling down their own houses over their heads.

Meanwhile, the Fathers are being trained to bear the yoke. A second 'Methodus,' or list of regulations and forms of procedure, has come out, said to give more offence than the first. Of course, No. 2 will be followed by No. 3 in due time, as the occasion may require. On January 7, 1546, the Council of Trent held its second session, and itself promulgated its own decree regulating the life of the Fathers and the proceedings of the Council. The Pope has now done this himself, and his friends extol his kindness and consideration in saving the Council one session that would have had to be given to this matter. Cardinal Bizzarri, who was the Pope's president over his preparatory Commission on the Regular Orders, has been appointed by him president of the Committee on the same matter. This looks proper enough; still, the Fathers feel that formerly the Committees chose their own presidents. I see it positively affirmed that Schwarzenberg did present a protest against the Code of Regulations, with forty signatures.

But it is to France that all eyes are looking here. If the national organs are too sanguine and outspoken in reckoning upon Ollivier as a friend, the organs of the Papal party are equally unable to repress their misgivings. They are always talking about France—the sacrifices she has made here, the victories she has won (by the by, one never hears Mentana alluded to except as a purely Roman victory), and the high place she possesses in the esteem and affection of Rome. On a celebrated occasion the Emperor once said that he would 'never' allow Rome to be merged in the Kingdom of Italy. So they harp on this 'never,' and give it an oracular and prophetic force. Napoleon III., they say,

said that in an inspired moment, as the eldest son of the Church. As far-seeing as Daniel, but happier in the prophecy, he foresaw that this holy place never should be trodden under foot by the Gentiles. It is not at Rome that Gallicanism is denounced as a heresy; here it is regarded as a national foible, worthy of every indulgence. Indeed, there is no other alternative here, for unless Gallicanism be dispensable matter, the Decrees of the Council of Trent cannot claim to have been universally received. But why is France always uppermost in political talk here? Of course, it is the new Constitution, the new Government, financial economy, the reduction of the French army, the possibility that France, under new auspices, may restrict her enterprises within common-sense bounds, and the sad certainty that an army of 15,000 men will be as impotent against Italy as the Swiss Guard and the Guardia Nobile.

With regard to the rumoured attempt to secure a long list of names to the infallibility, it is to be considered that the Committee on matters of Faith is now sitting—it will hold its second meeting to-morrow—and that it consists, with hardly an exception, of extreme men. But when a body of extreme men meet one another face to face, they immediately perceive that they lie under a peculiar difficulty and disqualification for work. They represent themselves and nothing more. They are but a multiplying glass, repeating one image any number of times. They have nobody to discuss a matter with, to tell them the other side of the question, and stand for the world, with which, in fact, they have to deal. They are like the members of a large family always meeting one another at an entertainment, the

worst company for one another. They agree very well, for they are but one—if, indeed, oneness can be called agreement. As they have but one idea of the right thing to be done, all they can do, and all that they have to do, is to cast about, send about, fish, fathom, probe, and make reconnaissances in every direction. It has long occurred to me that the Committee would try first one formula, then another; but as these formulas could not possibly be subjected to the merest chance of actual rejection, the only thing to be done is to sound the great body of the Fathers, till they find how much they will bear, and what they will commit themselves to. I incline to suspect that it is some such process which has been magnified, not at all unnaturally or even unfairly, into an attempt to carry the whole Council by a sort of surprise. Certainly, I cannot see how any members of the Committee on Faith could themselves make a proposition that had not received the full sanction of the Committee, and, what is more, sufficient promises of support. You will see that a good many tongues must have been untied, when this has become a town talk.

As for lesser matters, they are oozing out continually —of course, where there are 1,200 persons with nothing else to talk about. I hear that there will be no more nominal excommunications, but an immense number of Canons. Against what? one asks. Answer—'Free-thinkers, Naturalists, Rationalists, and Pyrrhonists.' Though quaintly described, these are important classes in these days. How will they like being stigmatized in a catalogue of high-sounding Canons and Decrees? It will be a declaration of war, and they will ask the reason why. When the Pope selects a passage from a book,

and proscribes it as impious, or what not, he has challenged a man who most probably is only waiting for the challenge. Philosophers in general labour under the grievance that people won't listen to them. The Council listens, and puts them into the arena. They will render it savage thanks, and take it at its word. So a controversy is opened, not behind a screen in St. Peter's, or in a room in the Vatican, or the Quirinal, but in the whole world. The Fathers here boast they are proceeding with extreme caution, and that nobody knows the pains they take to escape slipping. But they exclude the first element of caution—sufficient publicity to see the danger and the foe. If you have a journey to make on a rough road, with perils of robbers, noonday will suit you better than midnight. Absolute darkness there is not; but, I must be allowed to repeat, the Council has now been sitting near five weeks and has not yet allowed the publication of one syllable of its proceedings, except some matter years, and even centuries, in existence.

It is noticed above that, on a great occasion, Napoleon III. said he would never allow Rome to be merged in the Kingdom of Italy, and that the Romans—that is, the Pope's friends—attributed to this saying a prophetic character, as the inspired response of the Eldest Son of the Church. The prophecy was fulfilled. Napoleon did not allow Rome to be merged in Italy. France did allow it. The French Republic was proclaimed on September 4. On September 8 Victor Emmanuel announced to the Pope his intention to occupy Rome, which he did on September 20.

CHAPTER XLII

THE REGULAR ORDERS

Rome: Jan. 12.

THE Fathers are confessedly in a strait, and perhaps we should understand them a little better if we entered into their case sympathetically. They are assembled here either to do a vast amount of work, far beyond even the energies of eight hundred bishops and cardinals, or to strengthen the hands of the Pope that he may do it with his own men. If the Fathers are to attempt the work by any other process than giving their confidence to the persons really qualified for it, they will die one after another in the process, and even their successors will never extinguish the arrears. While the Council sits the world goes on, and the electric wire has already informed it more than once that the question of to-day was decided by a nation, or a popular assembly, yesterday. Even the mass of arrears that can be measured, weighed, tabulated, and described is stupendous; for it is, in fact, an accumulation of three centuries. If I attempt to give you any idea of it at all equal to the descriptions I have heard, I shall be like a man looking for a volume and bringing down a library over his head. Everything has changed, everything has to be changed, everything is still changing, and Rome must be armed

to meet change with change. The whole daily life of the Roman Catholic is under review as to fasts and feasts, good deeds and religious observances. All the modes of enforcing discipline as well as the channels of dispensation have to be made simpler and more efficient.

More than half the Regular Orders are trembling for existence, and Rome has to do herself, with pious hands, what is being done by hostility, or time. Their rules, themselves—that is, their dress, their diet, their customs, and their laws as to private or corporate property—have all to be revised. What makes the matter urgent, and change imperative, is that the universal disestablishment of the secular clergy has thrown them upon those voluntary contributions which used to be the resource of the Regulars. If the people must maintain their parochial clergy, they have no money to spare for monks and friars. The parochial clergy have the priority ; there they are, and there they must be, with binding relations to the people. So they are starving out the Regulars, who cannot expect much pity, for their creed is starvation, and people are honoured, not pitied, when they get what they go in for. But fashion and sense have introduced, or at least re-introduced latterly, a still more formidable rival to the Regular Orders, in the Societies, or Congregations as they are strictly called, without vows, such as the Oratorians, the Missions, the charitable societies, the Christian Brothers, and Sisters of Mercy. Such institutions are founded on necessity, and, therefore, must be ; while fantastic proclivities of dress as inevitably go at length to the limbo our Milton has assigned for them. To the taste of these days—to the eye and the nose of these days, the Order, for example,

which stands or falls by the one rule of never changing a dress till it changes itself by falling to pieces, is a nuisance, and no more. But, while Franciscans are represented in this Council, none of the Orders without vows are. There are sitting in this Council six abbots without dioceses; twenty-one 'Abati Generali Mitrati,' and twenty-eight generals of Orders; altogether fifty-five representatives of the Regular Orders. They are representatives of the past, not the present; of the weakness, not the strength of Rome. She has to deal with them in some fashion or other, for they have lost their position, they are starved out, and other institutions are taking their places.

Such is the mass of work to be done in that quarter. In the East it is work of another kind, but work still. The position of the Orientals is most painfully exceptional in the eyes of Rome. Their claims to some sort of independence, their peculiar rites, their missionaries, and their cost to the Roman finances are but poorly repaid by a nominal recognition of the Holy See, their acceptance of the disputed article in the Creed, and their submission to the Roman rule for the observance of Easter. They know, and everybody knows, that they are to be made better worth their salt, if possible. But it is only forestalling the future to enlarge on all this work to be done. Who is to do it? The Council or the Pope? Neither can do it alone. This may seem flat blasphemy in this place, but there have been plenty of able and enlightened Popes, and for three centuries they have let things take their course, latterly with bad results. Why have they done so, if not from a sense of powerlessness? But I have asked the question, and I seem to have the

answer before me. It is, that Rome is endeavouring, not only to obtain a vote of confidence from her two hundred millions of subjects, but also to enlarge and strengthen her administration, and adapt it to the present circumstances of the world.

Let us see. The Council will not do the work. It cannot do it, sitting in splendid vestments, in the largest building in the world, and hearing long Latin speeches, of which few can catch even a word of meaning. This is only work in the sense that some of our Sunday inflictions at home are; nay, not even in that sense. The Fathers are anxious to be released. There are fifty or seventy requests for leave of absence, and now a much larger number are getting up a petition for a month's holiday, in which some, it is said, propose a tour in the Holy Land. The idea itself would be preposterous if the Fathers thought they were doing actual work here. On the other hand, by Saturday next at the latest, all the four Committees will have been elected, of course under Jesuit management. All that is to be done will then be in safe and strong hands, and under a superior Commission still safer and stronger. The four special Committees will have the name of an œcumenical election, and will carry the authority of the Council, at whatever it is worth. The business, already prepared and manipulated, will be in their hands. They will be able to take fully into account all that happens from day to day. They will be able to reckon on the majority of the Council, at least on all questions except those of supreme importance. As long as the Council sits it can hear speeches—it has already heard enough—and the Fathers can make propositions, previously sanctioned by

a Committee, and to be referred to it afterwards. This means nothing more nor less than that the Committee, through a Father, can make a proposition to the Council, see how it is received, consider it, report it to the superior Commission above all—that of the Pope's own direct nomination. Really nothing is left to the Council but those weary Latin speeches and passing the propositions from above, which they must pass, and will pass. They wish to be away, and who really wants them to stay? If the Pope can obtain, first a vote of confidence, under the name of infallibility, and then four Committees endowed with conciliar authority for a vast amount of most difficult and disagreeable work, it appears to me that he has extracted the kernel out of the husk, and may let the husk go its way.

If the Council sits by adjournments, the Committees may be permanent; but even if the Council be altogether dissolved, as some say here is intended, by St. Peter's day, June 29, it will be possible to construct and sanction four standing bodies, with power and authority equal to the four now sitting, or which will be sitting by the time this reaches you. Thus the Pope will receive an immense amount of assistance, and of that strength which fallible men can forge by welding themselves into one body at white heat; he will receive also the common human appliances of varied knowledge and experience without losing any of his special and absolute authority. But, lest he should find himself doing so, and indeed, as a proper preliminary to this new phase of the Papacy, he asks a vote of confidence as a fuller and more distinct recognition of what he believes himself to be, and what, no doubt, most Western Catholics have

believed him to be for a good many hundred years. This is the demand. When explained it is modest enough. It is most reasonable. Where, then, is the objection? Where is the scandal? Since we must answer, the demand is only too reasonable. We understand it too well.

The Pope asks a vote of confidence, having some strong things to do, and finding himself also in difficulties. A vote of confidence, pitched to one key or another, he will obtain. It will give him a stronger government, and one that can cope better with these evil times perhaps. But we, of the outer world, see too clearly the source of this new strength, and, even if the policy succeeds, we shall see that it is policy after all. Were it possible by any art of words, any command of minds, or any control of circumstances, to obtain a declaration of the Dogma that should disguise its object, that would be done, and we should have a new revelation. But that seems almost hopeless. On all sides it is asserted, 'There will be no Dogma of Infallibility.' But something of the kind there will be, in one form or another. The civil powers will see that it does not present itself in a too terrible and preternatural form. Votes of confidence they understand, and can submit to.

The Tiber is still in the streets, and this morning is higher than ever. I saw the Custom House in the water, and boats plying in the Ripetta. Our playgoing people here were disappointed of their opera last night, as they were informed they would have to be set down in the Tiber. This afternoon all the people are going to see the Pantheon under water. By getting admission at a

side door they can stand on an altar and see the vast dome perfectly reflected, upside down, in the water. It is the sudden melting of the snow on the Apennines by Monday's sirocco that has caused the flood.

All eyes, it is said above, were now turned to France. The electric wire was daily bringing news that quickened or superseded the deliberations of the Council and the Court of Rome. The French and German Fathers might differ, or agree, but they had other questions looming in the horizon. By the end of the year 1869, it had been found that large surrenders of power by the Emperor had been in vain, that Paris was still tumultuous, and the Chambers incapable of united action. On January 3, Ollivier took charge of the government, with Daru at the Foreign Office, and Le Bœuf Minister of War. Haussmann resigned on the 6th, and Pierre Bonaparte killed a popular journalist on the 10th. The new ministers were immediately exposed to a nightly fire of ingeniously varied questions, which they had to meet with ingeniously varied replies.

Rome: Jan. 12.

The Council will nominate the Commission on Oriental Rites and Apostolic Missions on Friday. The opening of the Exhibition of Objects of Ecclesiastical Art has been postponed for a fortnight on account of the bad weather, which has delayed the arrival of many articles.

CHAPTER XLIII

A FLOOD

Rome: Jan. 13.

ALL Rome has been this morning to the 'Chase of the Fox' at the tomb of Cecilia Metella. There must have been every presentable horse, every carriage, and almost every presentable person in the city. But they started with a bitter Tramontana, all but frost. Then, under the orders of gendarmes, they had to draw up by the road side to wait for the Empress. When she did come she was invited to lunch in a tent, where she spent, no doubt, a very pleasant three-quarters of an hour—the field, the hounds, and the fox all in the cold. The latter was the only sensible member of the party, for he was not to be found when wanted. Everybody looked at his, or her, worst, for Rome has been generally unhealthy the last fortnight, and an early appearance in a Tramontana brought it out. They are coming into the hotel as I write, perished with cold, and almost crying for hot soup. No doubt, however, they have been a good deal happier than the Fathers, half of whom would have enjoyed it exceedingly, and would have been the better for being there.

While on mundane affairs I may as well say that yesterday, before sunrise, I got into the Pantheon by the

sacristy behind, and saw a singular spectacle. The water was a yard deep, coming up to the very altars, and some way up the beautiful marble pillars. The pillars had the appearance of being prolonged an equal depth below the water. It was a sad sight. The Pantheon is never a bright or lively place, though the grandest of mausoleums. The only living thing I saw in the place was the cat of the church, sitting in a niche at the feet of a statue, with its eyes fixed on the water. They caught several fish in it yesterday.

Thence I went to see how near the Tiber could go to overthrow the Temple of Vesta. It half surrounded the temple, but was still forty inches below the floor of the peristyle. There was a tremendous rush of water against the bank, for it is a point where the Tiber reunites after passing the island;[1] but the temple is safe enough, for some very solid constructions have been projected into the water-way a little higher up.

Have I mentioned before that the Romans are looking very grave at the new works under the angle of the Pincian, looking towards the Villa Borghese? These new works will practically destroy, and entirely

[1] There can be no doubt that this set of the swollen stream from the opposite bank threatening to undermine the Temple of Vesta, was what Horace referred to in the lines—

> Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis
> Litore Etrusco violenter undis,
> Ire dejectum monumenta regis,
> Templaque Vestæ;

The Etruscan shore is the opposite bank of the Tiber, not the *Mare Tyrrhenum*, as schoolboys used to be told. No wind, no hurricane, could back the Tiber more than a foot or two, and the only result of the backing, if any, would be to diminish the force—that is, the downward rush—of the stream.

hide, the *Muro Torto*, or large fragment of leaning wall, which, almost ever since the early emperors, has been looked upon as a sort of Palladium of Rome. Over and over again, from the time of Belisarius, it has seemed an obvious necessity to repair it, in order to make the point defensible. But some oracular spirit—for Rome has never been without that—pronounced that it would last as long as Rome, and that Rome would never be entered there. I am sorry to say that if anybody wants to see the last of it he must come soon, for it will shortly be encased in concrete or brick, with the usual marble tablet recording the munificence of Pius IX. The Pope, however, is quite right to allow only one oracle in the city. When the work is finished he ought, by some solemn act on the very spot, to avert the omen which has held its ground so many centuries.[1]

As the Council now stands adjourned to Saturday, and the Committees are sitting in 'secret chambers,' the mystery still works, and every word has to be received with caution and suspicion. But when there happens to be something in common between half-a-dozen rumours, one cannot but believe it at least probable. In the first place, nobody here has the least doubt that the document I have already twice alluded to is in circulation among the Fathers, and that every Father has it now put before him, in a very authoritative and most

[1] The Romans, who looked very gravely on this needless interference with an old wall and an old prophecy, have something to say for themselves. In the ensuing September the Italian army entered Rome—not indeed here, but about a mile off, near the Porta Pia. The relation of the prophecy to the event will be variously regarded. Some will think there is something in it, some that there is nothing; both of them as they wish and are wont to think about such matters.

categorical way, to say in black and white whether he wishes the Pope to be declared by the Council the Supreme Infallible Teacher of Faith and Morals. I am even told that this terrible surrender of personal responsibility will be signed by five hundred and fifty Fathers, and declined by one hundred and eighty; as also that no more than seventy or eighty are opposed to the dogma of 'the Corporeal Assumption.' But the sovereign Powers will hardly permit the good Fathers of their respective States to be put to any such question as the first-named. This, however, is a sort of episode, though, like many episodes, more important than the story itself.

How does the regular programme go on? If I am to follow the above rule of believing what is the substance of many different rumours, I must believe, and therefore report, a very important matter indeed. It is that last Monday the Council—that is, the General Congregation—referred the Schedule of Anti-Rationalist propositions, upon which it has been making and hearing speeches all this time, to the Committee on Faith, for modification and amendment. Advantage may be taken of a word to contradict this, but nobody doubts it; and my only fear is that some of the long shots always firing over my head have forestalled me in the intelligence. Rome has no objection to give early intelligence to her friends anywhere north of the Po, but south of that river it is a crime to know anything before it is historical. The Schedule has had such ugly treatment, so many controversies have been raised, and so many doctrines brought into the discussion, that even the Pope's friends have seen the necessity of putting the propositions into some

less obnoxious—that is, less tangible—form. The good Fathers are saying, 'they thought all these questions had been long settled.' 'What questions?' you will ask. I asked, and here is the answer. Of course, I know I shall be contradicted; but, for once, improbability is on my side, for nobody could have ventured to complain of such questions being mooted had not the fact been so. The complaint—mind, the complaint—is that some of the Fathers have been handling irreverently, or unwisely, infant baptism, the Trinity, the sacrament of marriage, and original sin, besides, of course, rationalism, pantheism, and modern philosophy.

A reference to the first three sections of the Syllabus will show how the four doctrines may have been brought into these discussions. They are not themselves things to be argued about. Nobody will attempt to demonstrate them to the world by arguments addressed to the reason—that is, the pure reason of a philosopher. The attempt is usually ridiculous. There must be more than pure reason. There must be a predisposition only to be acquired by education and habit, not now to speak of spiritual influences. But the ingenious theologians who have drawn up these propositions have been only too anxious to prove that the heresies of nations and philosophers are denials of the doctrines of the Church, and that truth and error are running side by side. They are eager to inflame controversies which shall be at once doctrinal and philosophical, confident in themselves that they will triumph both by sea and land. They triumph within the walls of Rome, and see no reason why the same cause should not triumph everywhere. The Fathers, however, who come from the world to Rome,

and represent a battle raging everywhere, do not see the wisdom of so pointing these propositions as to stake everything on their reception or their rejection. Even the Italian Fathers, true as they are in their hearts to Rome, observe that if the propositions are too pointed and practical they will have to leave them behind at Rome, or only carry them out into prison or exile: anyhow, into poverty and ruin. It can hardly be doubted that a statement from so many quarters is substantially true, and that all the discussions and labours of the session thus far are entirely without result, and that the matter so carefully prepared by the preparatory Commission on Faith is already sent to its successor, the Council's Committee on Faith, to be reconsidered and put into a less dangerous and obnoxious form.

So many charges of falsehood were made against the Press by persons entitled to respect, that I had to look about to see on what ground they could have been made. The only conceivable ground, in most instances, was that any statement might be characterised as false if it wanted official authority. I have a letter, dated May 9, from an English gentleman, giving the unsatisfactory result of an interview with Cardinal Antonelli on another matter. My friend proceeds:—'The question of Infallibility has not yet been touched.' This when for half a year the Infallibility Petition had been the talk of Rome.

CHAPTER XLIV

MILITARY PRECAUTIONS

Rome: Jan. 14.

DUPANLOUP and Manning were to declaim this morning, the former in attack, the latter in defence; but Dupanloup was unwell, and the expected tournament is postponed. As I am informed, they could not speak either on the First Schedule of Propositions, which is said to have been sent up to the Committee on Faith, nor yet on the Second Schedule of Propositions issued to the Council last Monday, but on the matters already associated with the names of these two personages, and, nominally, upon the question of infallibility. Among other topics likely to be touched on by Dupanloup, I am told that he intends to warn the Fathers against frightening away those who are supposed to be veering round to Rome from various hostile quarters. The speakers this morning, I presume on the Second Schedule of Propositions, now first under discussion, were Cardinals Rauscher and Mathieu, both in 'opposition,' and the Primate of Hungary and the Archbishop of Granada, both in support. So I hear. It is said, by the by, that Dupanloup has sent round for signatures a petition of contrary import to that I have described. Instead of entreating the Fathers to make haste and decide, he advises them to hold their hand and con-

sider well. Let me say that there is no one, in this city at least, in whom Christians of all sorts should be more interested than the man we are speaking about. He has to be strong, to be decided, to be wise, and to be gentle ; and it is hard to be all at once. The temptation to that vanity which has some root in all minds is not inconsiderable. As the long succession of bishops passes down the nave people are everywhere forcing their way to the front of the avenue, asking 'Which is Dupanloup?' They ask the Swiss, they ask the Zouaves, they ask everybody with a suspicion of office or a glimpse of intelligence in his face. I have been asked a dozen times to point out Dupanloup, though I have never set eyes on him yet, and probably never shall. He was to speak to-day.

As I write I hear that my confession of eavesdropping made in behalf of myself and a thousand fellow-offenders has had a result. A cordon of soldiers is drawn this morning across the nave, from St. Andrew to St. Longinus, to prevent the nearer approach of the curious or the profane. I need not say that it is a most superfluous precaution, as nothing but the most inarticulate thunder can come outside that screen. The good Catholics here are anxious to explain that the Father who made so very great a noise—Gastaldi, I think—was stone deaf, and therefore incapable of measuring his own voice. If so, the lesson is not without a moral. It is the moral deafness of the Council altogether which makes them raise their tone so high. They have closed their own ears against a thousand useful warnings and all the lessons of experience. So they have lost the very measure of human expression, and are stunning the world which

they should convince and persuade. The cordon is there this morning, and little groups stand smiling at the disappointment of idlers and promenaders.

The Committee on Eastern Affairs is to be elected to-day. It was really elected a month ago at the Gesù, but to-day is the ceremony of the suffrages. Four Fathers spoke last Monday—Haynald, Archbishop of Colocza and Bacs ; Meignan, Bishop of Châlons ; Spilotros, Bishop of Tricarico ; and Lipovniczki, Bishop of Gran Varadino ; the two former in 'opposition,' the two latter in favour of the Schedule. Two more Fathers were to have spoken, but did not, and thereby obtained the inward and heartfelt blessings of eight hundred Fathers of the Church. But the Schedule of eighteen Propositions has now been sent up to the Committee on Faith, with the objections, and reports of the speeches. That Committee met the next day to consider the objections. Innocent people thought it would take them one by one, and weigh them all in the balance of justice, mercy, and truth. Who could say how long this would take them ? But it is now said they made short work of it, and did their doing in one sitting. So far as they are concerned, it is added, all is ready for a promulgation by the Pope and Council. So runs the rumour. I can hardly give it credit, except only on the supposition that the Pope and his friends are in a very great hurry to get something done which shall be ground for negotiation.

If the rumours I speak of be true, the Pope has now eighteen thunderbolts ready to be launched at nations and kings. It is true these are a little in the nature of blank cartridge. They are of the sort which flies over the head, leaving men and things to outward ken much

as they were. But the Court here is very anxious to 'make hay,' as we say at home, 'while the sun shines.' It is fully alive to the many possible changes and events which may stop further progress, and extinguish the vitality of the Council. It even hopes to get in a good harvest for present use by the end of April, when the Council can be prorogued or suspended indefinitely. Half the Fathers are utterly weary of it. Two Hungarian bishops, I hear, have left in disgust—why I don't know, for the Hungarians are relics of the age which talked and understood Latin. One is less surprised to hear that a Canadian bishop, Taché, has gone back to his diocese.

Either the occasion must be very great, or the value of episcopal residence very little indeed, when all these seven hundred bishops are kept at Rome, and the Universal Church, as it is here deemed, is deprived of its chief shepherds. Nobody can be long away from even his house and family without painful misgivings that his presence may be needed, but here the Church all over the world, in all its phases, from its ancient and crumbling foundations to its youngest and freshest enterprises in the wide waste, is fatherless, orphan, and, by all rights, in a deplorable state. For the sake of what? The great bulk of the Fathers—that is, all exclusive of the four special Committees on Faith, Discipline, the Regulars, and Eastern Affairs—have nothing to do except what is most useless and most disagreeable. They have to hear Latin speeches, to deliver votes already counted, to make inevitable decisions upon a foregone conclusion, and about once a month to assist at a grand ceremony, which has lost its novelty, and which none

of them can regard with unmixed satisfaction. I see, by the by, that even the friendly journals say that two of the deaths that have happened were hastened by the fatigues of the long opening day. Yesterday and to-day it has been blowing a Tramontana amply sufficient to nip a score or tw[illegible]oor cankered bodies I have seen so often [illegible]y to St. Peter's. I hear that the Schedule [illegible]he Council is on matters of discipline. Th[illegible], may be necessary in order to supply wo[illegible]mmittee now sitting on these matters.

Rome: Jan. 14.

This morning a congregation of the Council voted the election of a Committee to report upon the Oriental rites and on the Roman Catholic missions in foreign parts. The debate on the proposed changes in ecclesiastical discipline was then commenced. Five prelates spoke on the subject.

CHAPTER XLV

THE PONTIFICAL SECRET

Rome: Jan. 15.

THE Council met again this bitter cold morning. Somehow people's feelings have been wrought up to believe the occasion critical. Yesterday left an unfinished 'discussion,' as it is still pleasantly called, and two addresses still to be made, by Dupanloup and Manning. Both, I am told, had audiences with the Pope on Monday last. What passed I hope they will never tell, for if they do I shall have to tell you; and in that case you will certainly hear from the best authority that you have been grossly imposed upon. But I must confess my fears that, whatever stuff the French prelate is made of, he is either too sensitive or too full of virtuous indignation. Rome is used to all this. She is playing a great game, substantially the same she began B.C. 753—the game for empire. She always keeps her temper. But I will hope for the best, and that Dupanloup will be as cool as the practised veterans he has to cope with. Fortunately for him, perhaps, the expected passage of arms with Manning has not come off to-day. The speakers have been Losanna, Bishop of Biella, Piedmont (a bishop of more than forty years' standing), in a tone of opposition, and two Spanish and two French bishops.

The next sitting of the Council is fixed for Wednesday, the 19th, when the Archbishop of Paris has put down his name to speak. I do not know how the order of the speakers is settled; some complain that it is managed for them by those who are behind the scenes; but I hear that one rule is rigidly enforced in this unique debate, and that is that no speaker shall make the slightest allusion to what another has said. It would be an interference with that supreme right of criticism, comparison, and recension which here belongs to the higher powers. Any such offence on the part of Dupanloup would be both more probable and also more unpardonable than on the part of the English archbishop. It is stated, though of course nobody has any right to state it, that at the opening of the proceedings yesterday the Fathers were solemnly reminded from high authority that everything they did or said in Council was a sworn secret, and that the violation of the oath was mortal sin. Somehow things had come out, and had been published by journalists; therefore it had become necessary to remind them of their oath—in the case of the Fathers themselves, the oath of canonical obedience.

Whatever the form and substance of this admonition, it might make all the Fathers feel like naughty boys, and, accordingly, when the first speaker—Rauscher, as I told you yesterday, or Schwarzenberg, as another informant now states—enlarged upon the reforms which Rome had to make at home, it sounded as a rather saucy response to a good scolding—no doubt unintentionally. A man must indeed have a thorough command of mediæval Latinity to show as much tact and delicacy

in it as in his mother tongue. One account adds that Mathieu, who has returned from France, and who is said to have the confidence of the Emperor, supported the speaker in his comment that Rome had to reform herself as well as the world. This, however, would seem to indicate a conversation expressly and immediately on the admonition just heard, which is not very probable.

I must remind you that the present order of the day in the Council is a Schedule on matters of Discipline. The particular topic that one hears most of is civil marriages. It is evident that the Fathers are to be called on to declare them no marriages at all, and to denounce them as mischievous, wicked, damnable, and so forth. The Fathers say they are very sorry Catholics are not always married by the Church, and do not always have her blessing; but they feel it some violence to their own convictions to hear it said that a civil marriage is a positively bad and mischievous thing. On the contrary, they cannot but feel it to be better than no marriage at all, which in many cases is the alternative. They see with their own eyes much good come out of them, particularly in the better care of the children, whom, indeed, it is said they are to recognise as having come into the world according to law. *A priori*, they entirely agree with the strait sect at the Gesù and the theologians up high in their studies here. But they have themselves to go into the world and face human laws and social necessities. They have also to face some Governments quite as strong in their own way as that of Rome. They object, in fact, to be made the cat's-paw of men whom circumstances, as well as

their own nature and habits, keep far out of the way of danger, and who from their own calm shore can see unmoved all the storms of the outer world. However, the storms of the outer world may approach nearer than some expect. The Court here has been claiming with singular alacrity, in a sense of its own, the declaration of the new French Government, that they had no change of policy to announce in Italian and Roman affairs. The exact meaning of this declaration you must know well by this time, but as regards Rome it is not such an immutability as she had flattered herself. Whatever it is, it must share the fate of a responsible Government. The Committee on Faith has not yet done its will on the Schedule of Propositions sent up to it from the Council. But I cannot suppose that anything remains to be done but to put them into a form for promulgation. It is still just possible they may be promulgated on the day of the Chair of St. Peter—that is, on Tuesday, the 18th. Indeed, the last thing I hear is that the usual ceremonies on the 2nd of February would rather interfere with a session that day.

But all this time the great question goes on out of doors. Infallibility is pressed in season and out of season. The Fathers are very slow to sign themselves away altogether before it is absolutely necessary. Perhaps they would not object to be surprised, but in cold blood they recoil from the tremendous abdication of self, of reason, and moral responsibility. They say the Spanish Fathers will not sign. If they will not, who will next hesitate? All are waiting to see in what exact form the question is to come before them. Perhaps they have been enlightened this morning on this point;

perhaps they have even had the question put to them; perhaps they have even decided; perhaps the deed is done; and on Tuesday the great Dogma is to take its place among the institutions of the world. I trust your readers are aware by this time that whatever the supposed belief or opinion of Roman Catholics, they have hitherto been at liberty to discuss the question of infallibility, and to put their opinion into a great variety of shapes. There has been no formal definition. It has always been felt that the very keystone of the great Roman arch was loose in its socket, and that it must be better fixed if the arch is to bear more. So, whatever Roman Catholics may say, something is wanting, and something has to be done. The attempt is made now to do it, by entrapping the Fathers into a rash signature, leading, it may be, to consequences beyond their view.

The Governments which believe they are keeping such strict watch over the proceedings of the Council, and which think they thereby have the advantage of a virtual presence in its deliberations, must bear in mind that the Council here meets everywhere, and that wherever they meet a Jesuit is one of them. However, thus far the Fathers evidently wish to remain their own masters till compelled to sign freedom away for ever. The Court now talks sorrowfully of the long time the Council is likely to occupy. It may be only for an emergency that it is said to have engaged houses in the country for the Fathers from the more distant Churches, but people are talking seriously of a prorogation from May to October. 'We shall die here,' they say. The answer is, 'You'll die wherever you are. At your age,

and after your lives of labour, you cannot expect to live for ever.' It must be the Orientals that are to be cooped up in country villas, for the Americans would much rather go home, and return—at least so I should think.

Rome: Jan. 15.

In the congregation Council held yesterday, the Senior Legate complained tha e Fathers did not sufficiently observe the rule of secrecy i that their speeches in the Council were too long.

CHAPTER XLVI

HOW THE COUNCIL OCCUPIES ITSELF

Rome : Jan. 17.

THERE is no sitting to-day, nor will there be a 'session' to-morrow. But the Committees are at work, the Jesuits and their allies are at work, French and Germans are at work, and everybody is busy. The sun is shining on the just and on the unjust. I am staying in like the prophet, expecting the birds to bring me scraps of news; but there are temptations out of doors. As I write the peasantry are bringing up their horses and cattle to be blessed by St. Anthony. Would that the Saint could give every horse in Rome a superficial foot of new coat and skin on that portion of his side within reach of whips and sticks! He ought to be able to do so, as he is good for sore skins on the human subject. This afternoon is the great annual show at the Propaganda, when, I believe, fifty students will deliver addresses in as many different languages. There is always a crowd to hear a performance of which few, indeed, can understand more than a tenth. Yesterday Dr. Manning delivered a promised sermon, in a pacific and healing tone. He dealt on the various points on which this Council had much the advantage of all its predecessors.

On most of these points we can judge for ourselves. The archbishop, however, further averred that all was peace, quietness, and unanimity in the Council, and that the journals were entirely mistaken in their stories about disagreement. What could people learn by hanging about a Council door?

Certainly, what goes on in that Council is a mystery, and it can be no shame to anyone to make that confession. It has now sat about a dozen times. On every occasion the Mass has been celebrated. There have also been elected four committees and two boards of judges by the process of suffrage papers. There has been much formality, and many papers read by the officers. There have also been delivered about fifty long Latin addresses, nearly all from the manuscript, which was immediately handed to the official reporter. Yet these sittings cannot possibly have averaged more than three hours and a half; falling far short of an aggregate of fifty hours. Let anybody sit down and add up the Masses, the speeches, the elections, the formalities, and the official documents, and find what margin there can remain for what we call discussion. It stands to reason that there can be no time to speak of. Again, it can only be by the merest accident that one or two topics can so run through several of these Latin compositions as to be capable of being described as the subjects handled at that sitting.

I offer these considerations not at all to lower the value of what has been said or done in the Council, which I fully believe will turn out to be worthy of the occasion; but in order to counteract any idea of a debate on the one hand, or, on the other hand, of a marvellous un-

animity. All that can be said is that there have been delivered about fifty Latin addresses by as many Fathers, generally men of marked character and great abilities, and some with singular histories. Our chances of knowing a word they have said before the close of this century are slight. The fourth number of the 'Official Acts and Documents of the Council' has just come in, wet from the Turin press, and the latest novelties it presents to the impatient subscriber are a list of the Greek bishops who were asked and would not come; a grant of indulgences, past my humble understanding; the proper vestments to be worn at the Council; some minute ceremonial orders and rules, the commands laid on the Council in the event of the Pope's death, and the text of Gregory's Bull ordaining the forms and ceremonies of election to the Holy See. Well, I can only tell you what I am told; and then you must subject it to as many reductions and deductions as if it was an observation made with the great transit instrument of the Observatory here.

There has been more than the usual mystification, because evidently more than the usual feeling of importance about the 'discussion' of last Monday, the 10th. I have already told you it was stated the Schedule discussed that day had been sent back to the Committee above—for what purpose was not known. It was even said to have been 'rejected' by the Council. Since that, I have concluded, perhaps without due grounds, that it was still possible that Schedule might have been duly secured, and might be only on the anvil for shaping into a decree. However, there are those who consistently affirm that this very Schedule, the very first work given

to the Council, and its only work for a whole month, has been rejected, and is now simply old material lying on a shelf. Is it possible? Yet they say so. This looked like a debate, in effect, if not in British form. So I ask, What were the topics that day? There are people who remember what is uppermost, and what would you suppose to be answers given seriously, and in good faith? 'The nature of Christ, and the immortality of the soul.' There is only one possible meaning to be put upon this, and that is, that if the Pope chooses to proclaim a crusade against philosophy, then philosophy, always looking out for opportunities, and dreading nothing so much as being left alone in its garret, will rush out and do battle for its moral and material laws, just now, as it happens, with some political vantage-ground, and with the social movement in its favour.

It might, indeed, be that the speaker, or the speakers, said, 'The people believe just so much. You do but endanger that if you attempt to make them believe so much more.' But the most inventive mind must recoil from conceiving a discussion in a General Council without hearing or reading a word of it. However, I must proceed with that critical day, as it is regarded. Haynald spoke that day with very great power. His character, his views, and his history have given him, as it were, a mid place in Austrian politics, as also between Austria and Rome. In 1867 he was sent here by the Emperor to point out the dangerous consequences of some threatened act, or some enforcement of Church law. On the present occasion he claimed greater liberty of speech; he reviewed the arguments of the previous sitting; and he expressed himself freely as to the regula-

tions, and, in particular, as to the document before the Council, in substance and form. Then followed that which has been described as a 'rejection' of the said document. Cardinal De Angelis had been preparing to collect the votes of the Fathers, but when Haynald had finished his speech he gathered the papers, and said, with agitation, that he would refer it all to the Committee on Faith.

There it all is now, and when the Council met on Friday it was on matters of discipline. Well, what had they to say on these matters? Schwarzenberg spoke, and several others. The chief topic seems to have been the position of bishops towards the Court of Rome and towards the clergy. It is the old, old story. The bishops want power, the Pope wants power, and the clergy want their own way. Of course it is hard on the bishops. Whenever they try to enforce discipline they run the chance of an appeal to Rome, which, it appears, can be worked with the same mischievous and disastrous results as an appeal to our own courts of law. No doubt there is much to be said on all sides; but this is a case of Papal aggression—at least, so think the Austrian bishops; and, much as they love the Pope, they would also rather have a little of themselves left. Indeed, as Schwarzenberg complained, there is not enough left of them now. The Council of Trent took away too much. They have to administer their dioceses, and for this they want actual, immediate, and available power. It appears, too, that the bishops generally would like to have some voice, if not all, in the appointment of the vicar-generals, the men in whose hands the dioceses are left on such occasions as the present, for example. Certainly, it

seems strange to our notions that a man should be represented at his own place, and in his own work, by a deputy not of his own choosing—at least in such a matter as the charge of a diocese. However, these are old quarrels. On the same day—that is, on Friday, the 14th—the Fathers were presented with three new Schedules for consideration; one of them upon the rules of clerical life, and another on a subject which all over Europe seems to have caused much discussion latterly, the one universal Catechism proper for young children. The third Schedule, again, was one in which Bishops were most concerned. The sitting of Saturday last is said not to have proved interesting or important.

So much for the Council itself. I must take you again out of doors. The Supplica, as they call it here, asking the Council to declare the Pope infallible, does not prosper. Several of the foremost Cardinals offer it for signature—not over zealously, I am disposed to think, for otherwise they would have more signatures to show. It is said not yet to have 200 names. I hear that two or three English bishops, and more than a score others speaking our tongue, have signed a counter petition, or Supplica, deprecating any attempt to precipitate the question of infallibility. Already in the Council some of the Fathers have complained that this sort of agitation and canvass in behalf of the dogma is a usurpation of the rights of the Council to discuss it openly and altogether. So I cannot but expect these Supplicas will be stopped.

Rome : Jan. 16.

More than three hundred of the Fathers of the Council have already refused to sign the petition which declares the definition of the dogma of the Pope's personal infallibility opportune. Several others have postponed their replies. Those Fathers who are opposed to the definition of the dogma have resolved to present a counter-petition, in case the question should be referred to the Council. It is believed that the project will not obtain the moral unanimity required by the Pope.

Rome : Jan. 17, evening.

The Empress of Austria left to-day for Ancona, whence she will embark for Trieste. Her Majesty was accompanied to the station by King Francis II. of Naples and his family.

CHAPTER XLVII

INFALLIBILITY

Rome: Jan. 19.

IF infallibility could be sent back to the stable or put out to grass for a while, it would delight me as much as, no doubt, it would most of your readers; but it will insist on presenting itself always when least expected. To-day the Council is engaged upon matters of discipline; but on Thursday—this is the very best information—infallibility is to come on. One can only guess how. Is it a long-promised tilting match between the French and English knights, to be done in the old fashion, each delivering a huge lance, some twenty feet long, and the damage, if any, to be discovered when the armour has been slowly unbuckled? Two long Latin addresses, one on one side and the other on the other, will only indicate an opposite direction in parallel lines. But such is the fact, and again there are hopes and fears and counting of hosts. It is maintained on one side, and virtually admitted on the other, that 300 of the Fathers have refused to sign the Petition—think of a petition for infallibility—and are decidedly unwilling to commit themselves more than they are now committed. On the other hand, when I hear that the Infallibles claim 500 adhesions, I do not understand by it that they

have anything like that number of signatures. When pressed, the unhappy Fathers say they don't like to sign *now*. Why should they? The document itself tells them that Papal infallibility is a mystery, enveloped in words understood only by the initiated, full of difficulties, and open to doubts. That is the admitted state of the doctrine after more than a thousand years of controversy. Can they pretend to a clearer insight into divine things than all their predecessors? If they can, then this is, indeed, an age of progress, and 'What next?' we may all begin to ask.

It is notorious that very many good sort of bishops, men of the old school, real Fathers in years and experience, would return to their sees with very heavy hearts were they charged with this new weapon. It is not the Liberals, but the old-fashioned Catholics, who have stuck to Rome through good report and through evil report all their lives, who would most lament the pompous, and, I must add, vulgar innovation. Infallibility is a rough conception, at the best. In the sphere of thought it is only a form of 'forcible feebleness.' In England the oldest Catholic names are those most opposed to any change; in France and Germany the matter stands as it has done all along; in the United States a strong opposition is led by the ablest of their bishops, and by the fourth oldest bishop in their Church—a man who was consecrated in 1833—while the very oldest of Rome's bishops leads the opposition in Piedmont. All these men are most respectful and devoted to Rome. They would do anything for her but commit the sacrilege of giving to her that which is not theirs to give, and which is, over and above, the charter of her rule and their liberty.

Such is their view. On the other hand, Rome says that this is to judge of her as of earthly things and human institutions. She claims the presence of a Divinity, not only in a virtual or figurative sense, but in dread reality. The Pope, under Heaven, she holds, is the true and only Sovereign of the world. The pretention may be clothed in England, but it is naked here. It's all very well at Rome, where, after all, it is only received in a sense, and where people have been playing with this lightning so long that it does not even burn their fingers. But the world at large just now is an ugly place for these ambitious performances, and the year we have just entered does not promise well for the proclamation of a final triumph over the reason and conscience of man.

The result of this morning's sitting ought to throw some light on the prospects of next Friday. The Archbishop of Paris was to make an address, and I have no reason to doubt that he has ; but even upon that simple point I am not sure that I shall have information to-day, or, indeed, anybody not in the ' Pontifical secret.'

May I take this opportunity for a few words of mild protest to the gentlemen who think it extreme impertinence for anybody not in the great secret to betray the least curiosity as to what the Council is about ? All inquiries are met with a tone of injured innocence and outraged seclusion. ' It's entirely their own affair,' they say. ' Have they not a right to meet for private conversation and the transaction of their own business ? Have they not a right to " withdraw apart," to ascend, as it were, the holy " mount," or enter the " garden," ' or by whatever Scriptural figure they choose to describe their sacred seclusion ? This would be all very well if they were

a sweet little society of mystics, or Plymouth Brethren and Sisters, or Freemasons, or a genteel little coterie only anxious to avoid the contamination of a lower caste. But this is about the very last footing on which the Council of the Vatican could warn us off its very precincts. These are not Eleusinian mysteries. It is not a meeting of Friends. It is not a social gathering. It is an operation for the spiritual, intellectual, and therefore also social and political conquest of the world. There is not the least disguise about it. The code of subjection and servitude is before the world, and has only just been re-enacted and promulgated afresh. More coming. The Council itself is for the very purpose of laying down laws and limits to thought.

More than this—much more. Rome claims to interfere with all human laws and institutions. Through her clergy she can and does, for example, exercise immense influence upon six millions of our own fellow-subjects and fellow-citizens—a fifth part of our whole people. She can and does dictate the tone of advice given to a singularly credulous and susceptible race upon many matters usually left to legal and commercial principles. She can advise the people who, under our representative system, enjoy a fifth part of the control and management of our public affairs, including the royal supremacy over the Church of England and the patronage of the Crown. No member of the Church of England can claim the slightest voice in the management of the Church of Rome; but the Church of Rome, by its influence with its six million British subjects, has that much share, and a very important share, in the management of the Church of England. It is true that Rome

has latterly used her influence with unusual discretion; but the influence remains, and is not yet exercised quite upon English principles. Have we, then, nothing to do with this Council, even from this point of view?

Asserting these pretensions, possessing these influences, having her full share in these our own constitutional rights, operating upon us through our own political system, and with a much greater freedom of action than those who are bound by notions of common loyalty, Rome claims the absolute surrender of our souls. Of course, on that ground she cannot be surprised or indignant at any amount of curiosity as to the nature and the reasons of this enormous claim. If the Council is, indeed, no concern of ours, let it be so. The Church of Rome, then, is no concern of ours; the Pope no concern of ours; the eight hundred Fathers nothing more than eight hundred pastors of some pious denomination; and the whole thing no more than might occur any day in Exeter Hall or a mission hall in our own city. But that is not the ground taken by Rome. She deals, as she always has done, with the entire human race. It is her mission to subdue them that resist, and be gentle only with them that yield. She stands face to face with every one of us, bidding us surrender to her all that we most value. So I must maintain that we have a right to ask what she is saying and what she is doing now.

A dreadful incident at the Asylum in the Trastevere, last Thursday, takes its place among some recent horrors. Three brothers named Pinci, from Palestrina, were in prison for robbery. One of them, showing signs of madness, was sent to an asylum, in order that

the symptoms might be better watched. He became decidedly insane, and had to be stretched on a bed; but, becoming better, had a less painful apparatus substituted, one making him, as it were, keep his hands to himself. However, he so far disarmed the fears of his keeper that on Thursday he asked to have the bandage untied, and was actually left in bed with the door accidentally open. Sallying forth as he was, he met the asylum 'bleeder,' with a large pair of scissors sticking out of his pocket, and, flinging himself upon the poor wretch, cut his throat and half clipped him in pieces. At this ghastly operation he was found by a turn-key, who threw himself upon him and then and there strangled him on the floor. It is hard to say what moral to draw from this, except one I have often heard,—'Never be good-natured again.' The first keeper, of course, was breaking the rules, and the 'bleeder' paid the penalty. I am told there are no padded rooms in the asylum, though Pius IX., who takes much interest in the place, has introduced some other modern improvements and changed the character of the place. But the wonder is there are not more accidents, when you have to deal with creatures possessing all the strength, cunning, and wickedness of man without the restraints that usually keep him at least in order.

From Archbishop Manning's 'Pastoral Letter to the Clergy on the Vatican Council and its Definitions,' I quote the following 'Translation of the Postulatum' or *Supplica* for the definition.

TRANSLATION OF THE POSTULATUM FOR THE DEFINITION.

To the Holy Œcumenical Vatican Council.

The undersigned Fathers humbly and earnestly beg the holy Œcumenical Council of the Vatican to define clearly, and in words that cannot be mistaken, that the authority of the Roman Pontiff is supreme, and, therefore, exempt from error, when in matters of faith and morals he declares and defines what is to be believed and held, and what to be rejected and condemned, by all the faithful.

Reasons for which this Definition is thought Opportune and Necessary.

The Sacred Scriptures plainly teach the Primacy of jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff, the Successor of St. Peter, over the whole Church of Christ, and, therefore, also his Primacy of supreme teaching authority.

The universal and constant tradition of the Church, as seen both in facts and in the teaching of the Fathers, as well as in the manner of acting and speaking adopted by many Councils, some of which were Œcumenical, teaches us that the judgments of the Roman Pontiff in matters of faith and morals are irreformable.

In the Second Council of Lyons, with the consent of both Greeks and Latins, a profession of faith was agreed upon, which declares : 'When controversies in matters of faith arise, they must be settled by the decision of the Roman Pontiff.' Moreover, in the Œcumenical Synod of Florence, it was defined that 'the Roman Pontiff is Christ's true Vicar, the Head of the whole Church, and Father and Teacher of all Christians ; and that to him, in blessed Peter, was given by Jesus Christ the plenitude of power to rule and govern the universal Church.' Sound reason, too, teaches us that no one

can remain in communion of faith with the Catholic Church who is not of one mind with its head, since the Church cannot be separated from its head even in thought.

Yet some have been found, and are even now to be found, who, boasting of the name of Catholic, and using that name to the ruin of those weak in faith, are bold enough to teach, that sufficient submission is yielded to the authority of the Roman Pontiff, if we receive his decrees in matters of faith and morals with an obsequious silence, as it is termed, without yielding internal assent, or, at most, with a provisional assent, until the approval or disapproval of the Church has been made known. Anyone can see that by this perverse doctrine the authority of the Roman Pontiff is overturned, all unity of faith dissolved, a wide field opened to errors, and leisure afforded for spreading them far and wide.

Wherefore the bishops, the guardians and protectors of Catholic truth, have endeavoured, especially nowadays, to defend in their Synodal decrees, and by their united testimony, the supreme authority of the Apostolic See.

But the more clearly Catholic truth has been declared, the more vehemently has it been attacked both in books and in newspapers, for the purpose of exciting Catholics against sound doctrine, and preventing the Council of the Vatican from defining it.

Though, then, in times past many might have doubted the opportuneness of declaring this doctrine in the present Œcumenical Council, it would seem now to be absolutely necessary to define it. For Catholic doctrine is now once more assailed by those same arguments which men, condemned by their own conscience, used against it in old times ; arguments which, if carried to their ultimate consequences, would bring to the ground the very Primacy of the Roman Pontiff and the infallibility of the Church itself : and to which, also, is frequently added the most violent abuse of the Apostolic See. Nay more ; the most bitter assailants of Catholic doctrine, though calling themselves Catholics, are not ashamed to assert that

the Synod of Florence, which so clearly declares the supreme authority of the Roman Pontiff, was not Œcumenical.

If then the Council of the Vatican, being thus challenged, were to be silent, and omit to give testimony to the Catholic doctrine on this point, then Catholics would, in fact, begin to doubt the true doctrine, and the novelty-mongers would triumphantly assert that the Council had been silenced by the arguments brought forward by them. They would, moreover, abuse this silence on every occasion, and openly deny the obedience due to the judgments and decrees of the Apostolic See in matters of faith and morals, under pretext that the judgment of the Roman Pontiff is fallible on such points.

Wherefore the public good of Christianity seems to require that the holy Council of the Vatican, professing once again, and explaining more fully, the Florentine decree, should define clearly and in words that can admit of no doubt, that the authority of the Roman Pontiff is supreme, and, therefore, exempt from error, when in matters of faith and morals he decrees and ordains what is to be believed and held by all the faithful of Christ, and what to be rejected and condemned by them.

There are, indeed, some who think that this Catholic truth should not be defined, lest schismatics and heretics should be repelled yet further from the Church. But, above all other considerations, Catholics have a right to be taught by the Œcumenical Council what they are to believe in so weighty a matter, and one which has been of late so iniquitously attacked ; lest this pernicious error should in the end infect simple minds and the masses of people unawares. Hence it was that the Fathers of Lyons and of Trent deemed themselves bound to establish the doctrine of the truth, notwithstanding the offence that might be taken by schismatics and heretics. For if these seek the truth in sincerity, they will not be repelled, but, on the contrary, drawn towards us, when they see on what foundations the unity and strength of the Catholic

Church chiefly repose. But should any leave the Church in consequence of the true doctrine being defined by the Œcumenical Council, these will be few in number, and such as have already suffered shipwreck in the faith ; such as are only seeking a pretext to abandon that Church by an overt act, which they plainly show they have deserted already in heart. These are they who have never shrunk from disturbing our Catholic people ; and from the snares of such men the Council of the Vatican ought to protect the faithful children of the Church. For all true Catholics, taught and accustomed to render the fullest obedience both of thought and word to the Apostolic decrees of the Roman Pontiff, will receive with joyful and devoted hearts the definition of the Council of the Vatican concerning his supreme and infallible authority.

CH XLVIII

IT EITI , OR IS NOT

Rome: Jan. 20.

How I wish this infa would either come or go. It is like one of tho. rminable suits at law that never will come to a fina. ring. Half a dozen times I have had to tell you, in spite of my own convictions that the game was hopeless, and that even Rome did not see how to accomplish her own pet scheme. But yesterday I wrote that it was to make an actual appearance in the Council to-morrow. I have now to correct that. Saturday is the day, and we are once more beginning to simmer with expectation. Dupanloup is inscribed to speak. After all, the Petition—'begging letter' is always on the tip of my pen—for Infallibility is to be the base of the perilous operation. But the bulk of the expected signers are of the sort who wait for the eleventh hour, and who will not do to-day what can be done quite as well to-morrow. Only three hundred have given their hand and seal. At the risk of repetition I must observe that long ago Dupanloup Schwarzenberg, and Hohenlohe addressed to the Pope a solemn protest against this mode of operation as destructive of the liberty of the Council, and as tending to have things done for it, not by it. But the operation

has not been checked, and the French bishop has had to meet it with counter operations. When we hear, as we do day after day, of the perfect liberty and full flow of discussion in the Council, it is as well to bear in mind that the great question of all, and the one always daily threatening decision, is not yet in the Council at all, and has not even been whispered there, not, at least, if the published regulations have been observed. But, no doubt, the forces are all ready, and every man of the Italian, Spanish, Irish, English, American, and Oriental contingent may be reckoned upon the moment his services are really required. Of an overwhelming majority on that side there can be no doubt.

The difficulty is the mode of action; the form of the terrible definition that is to extinguish human liberty, and, especially, to cheat, or evade, the constant vigilance and incessant efforts of the French Government and of the Gallican clergy. But there you have the state of things as I write. The magicians stand round the great cauldron seeking for a stronger ingredient or more potent spell. They are trying to create that which they confess with their own lips does not exist. They are trying to introduce into this world that which is not here yet, and which, in its very nature, cannot be made by man. Either there is infallibility or there is not. If there is, why all this assembled universe and endless pother, and continual conjuration to make that which is already, and therefore does not want making anew? If there is not, the question falls to the ground altogether, and there is an end of infallibility. The design testifies against itself

that it is an attempt to bring a new divinity into t world.

But the long-expected dogma will be scrutinised scholars, theologians, and philosophers as acute and profound as any here. They will ask whether it be accordance with the existing doctrine of this Church, whether it be not. If it be, why add a superfluo phrase to an already overloaded mass of dogmatism If it be not in accordance with the existing doctrin and by the admission of all sides involved in it, it wi be pronounced a new heresy. There have been heretic Popes. There have been anti-Popes. There have bee Councils which believed themselves Œcumenical, b which Rome herself curtly sets down as synagogues Satan. Is there no danger if a plain innovation suddenly added to the inflammable materials lyin around us in careless profusion? Rome has lon made intolerable demands on the loyalty of eve the most Catholic countries. The prevailing Italia composition of the Sacred College, and the practic restriction of the Papacy to Italians, are much sor points than Englishmen, careless of their own nationalit above all nations, are at all aware of. There are rock ahead in this matter which even a Jesuit may founde upon.

The Schedule of Propositions on Faith is still in th hands of the Committee on Faith: and whether it wi be at once recognised when it reappears can only b guessed. It is, of course, in the form of a draft of decree, or *projet de loi*, or Bill, as it would be called a home. Since it was taken out of the Council, withou any vote upon it, the Council has been engaged on

Bill on matters of discipline. It touches the bishops, and as there is not and never was a man in the world who did not cry out when pinched hard enough, 'the Pontifical secret' has not prevented the episcopal outcry from reaching the outer world. It appears that there is not a bishop in this Church who does not feel himself straitened for power, and who does not speak freely of the Council of Trent, which did much to abridge episcopal liberty. Were the Court of Rome ever so willing and ever so honest, it could not prevent the evils which always happen when power is much centralised. The bishops, after their wont, see the remedy in leaving them more power; Rome, after her wont, sees it in leaving them still less power, and obtaining a stronger organisation at home. Upon these claims there is such downright indignation and plain speaking, that if the Council does come to grief I fear it will here, and not upon any point more within the compass of an abstract philosopher. The bishops want to feel masters, at least of the ground they stand upon. They also want to hold a tight rein over the clergy, with the power of applying an occasional stimulus. But in this natural wish they are much counteracted and vexed by the Court of Rome, as our own bishops are by our higher courts of law. Our clergy inveigh against the abominable oppression of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, but they could hardly speak worse of it than good Catholic bishops do of the machinery of the Roman courts, confessed, indeed, to be at once vexatious and inefficient. The proposed remedies, however, are thought worse than the disease.

The bishops like particularly to have the appointment

of their own vicar-generals. This is to be taken away from them. Another change is instanced by way of example. When a see becomes vacant, the present custom is that if there be no vicar-general, then the metropolitan chapter meet and elect one. If they allow eight days to pass without doing so, then the metropolitan himself elects. If he fails, then the choice lapses to Rome. According to the Bill now in Council Rome arrogates the absolute right to appoint the vicar-general under all circumstances. No doubt she has most excellent reasons for making the demand; no doubt, too, there are very excellent reasons for resistance. The quarrel is intelligible, and it is not very necessary that your readers should take either side in it. The Archbishops of Paris and Cologne both spoke on the subject yesterday with much moderation, I hear. It might seem strange that seven hundred bishops should all meet at Rome for the purpose of submitting themselves and their successors to some disagreeable and injurious restrictions, but there must be two sides to these questions, and Rome can urge her side by arguments stronger than logic. But the Ultramontane party, they say, are ready to do anything. Their religion is the Pope; and it is said that his Holiness will be very blind, or very remiss, if he does not immediately and fully avail himself of a fervour of devotion without precedent, and which may possibly never return. It has often occurred to me, during my present sojourn, that the first fellow-countrymen of mine who ever attracted the notice of a Roman Pontiff in his own city were slaves. Some of us, it is true, have broken loose.

It is a Tramontana again, and very cold. Of course

there will be a 'meet' of the hounds, at which some of the best horsewomen here are sure to be found. The Archbishop of Algiers is gone home, nobody knows why, but his home is not far off.

Lavigerie, now best known for his crusade against African slavery, was then prominent enough to excite curiosity by his absence. Quirinus gives him honourable mention, and I venture to quote it as an example of the high theological culture in which the Germans excel all other nations, and in which our own countrymen are so sadly behindhand.

Lavigerie, Bishop of Nancy, came to Rome coveting some striking work of distinction. It seemed worth while to bind him closer to the Curia, and so an article of ecclesiastical dress was hit upon, which he, and no other bishop of the Western Church, was to wear. It was called a superhumeral, and is described as a somewhat broader stole, thrown over the shoulders, and adorned with fringes, with two maniples of the shape of shields hanging down from it. The effect is said to have been enormous, and of course since then Mgr. Lavigerie is a profoundly convinced Infallibilist. 'C'est avec des hochets qu'on mène les hommes,' said the first Napoleon ; but it moves one's pity to look at bishops who let themselves be led by the nose by these childish toys.

Quirinus tells us that Lavigerie had now gone to coax the Emperor into the dogma of Infallibility, all the while declaring he had no such mission, and that he returned to Rome empty-handed.

CHAPTER XLIX

THE CHURCH AND THE CIVIL POWER

Rome: Jan. 22.

I DID not yesterday describe what I had just heard described by a most impartial observer, the breaking-up of the Council. About one o'clock, after an interval of silence, there is heard a sudden commotion like the breaking-up of a large school. It is a sound to startle, and even frighten, if you did not know what it was. The doors are then thrown back, and the Fathers issue forth, just as boys do out of school, and right glad to escape. The good people here are so touchy about the Council, and so anxious that the Fathers should not be considered men, that I hesitated to state the simple fact. It seems to me, however, that the language in which old Homer describes a Council of the Olympians breaking up suggests the same idea. But who would not be glad to escape from three hours of Latin speeches? It is what I hear from all quarters now: the Council is wearied out with the speaking. Dupanloup yesterday urged reform in the Roman Court. All the departments wanted reform. That of the Apostolic Protonotary seems to have been singled out for special animadversion; why, we shall probably know when the Council is over. But everybody has his pet aversions. Another bishop spoke

as strongly in the same line; it was, I believe, Parlatore, Bishop of St. Mark and Bisignano. On Wednesday, Spaccapietra, Archbishop of Smyrna, Vicar-Apostolic of Asia Minor, and a prominent partisan of the Roman Court, made an eloquent speech to the now favourite Ultramontane tune, a free Church and a free State. Of course, the relations between the Church and State at Smyrna must be either free or nothing; but whatever Rome sends to Smyrna she expects to receive back again with a little improvement and a certain exotic grace. Another speaker yesterday was Antonio di Rignano, Bishop of Potenza (though I do not find his name under that see), said to have been a friend of the new French Premier, and who was once Father Superior of the Order at the Ara Cœli. By the by, that was the church built on and out of the ruins of the Capitol, and they were 'the barefooted friars' whose chant inspired Gibbon's great work. This bishop still belongs to the Order, and is claimed as a great light in the Church.

But, whatever the arguments, or whoever the provoking party, the Fathers yesterday betrayed not only more weariness, but also more irritation than heretofore, even to a pitch of 'intense anger.' When an allusion was made to the eagerness of the outward rush, one explanation was that they had lost all patience with the Frenchmen. But the Frenchmen are not without a cause, nor are they too soon in the field. Indeed, they seem to me to be showing a little of our Saxon unreadiness and our national habit of idle grumbling. Yesterday there were introduced into the Council three new drafts or Bills for decrees and canons upon the relations of the Pontiff and Church with the civil Power.

This brings us to the great point at issue, and it is evident that on one side there is no intention to shirk or postpone it. The expression I have heard used is that the Council will reduce, not only infallibility, but the temporal power also to a dogma. It will not only tell the Pope what he may say and do, but also tell nations and princes the limits of their saying and doing. The work of Rome thrives apace, and everything here shows that alacrity which always enabled the old Roman to appear in the field a day before he was expected, and with all his arms and preparations about him.

I must get over my ground. Four Fathers spoke yesterday. The Council has been sitting to-day. Strossmeyer was to speak. The Archbishop of Algiers has not gone to his see, but to Paris. As the French people here know nothing about it, and the archbishop is a Pope's man, the surmise is that he has been sent on a private errand from the Court here to allay the apprehensions of the French Government, and to assure them that nothing the Council will do can hurt them. As to the great question of all, I should only confuse were I to report from day to day the signatures to that monstrous 'Petition,' the recusants and the hesitating. By the by, there are four different protests against it: better one only, I should think. Though this is not an affair of numbers, it is evident that there are still a good many in Israel who will not bow down to what they believe to be an invention. I can only treat the question as I should the fluctuations of anything depending on credit—our own Funds, for example. Indeed, infallibility is the Consols of the Papal Exchange, for it has assimilated and fused all the other uses or abuses of her credit. Whatever the quotation

yesterday—and I gladly leave others to supply the exact figure—it is just a fraction better to-day. Infallibility is looking up. You know I have always thought well of the stock. The man who carries his life in his hand is a match for the whole world. That is just the Pope's case. Declare him infallible, and he would be only too happy to shuffle out of all this coil to-morrow.

I have another list of names to give you, the last I expect. It is the Committee on Eastern Rites and on Missions :—

Bostani, of the Maronite rite, Archbishop of Tyre and Sidon.

Spaccapietra, Archbishop of Smyrna.

Lavigerie, Archbishop of Algiers.

Behnam Benni, of the Syrian rite, Bishop of Mossul.

Abdou, of the Græco-Melchite rite, Bishop of Farzul and Zahlè.

Papp-Szilagyi, of the Græco-Roumanian rite, Bishop of Varadin.

Ciurcia, titular Archbishop of Irenopolis, Vicar Apostolic for the Latins in Egypt, and Apostolic Delegate for the Orientals there and in Arabia.

De la Place, titular Bishop of Adrianopolis, and Vicar Apostolic of Tche-Kiang, in China.

Charbonneaux, titular Bishop of Jassa, and Vicar Apostolic of Massons, in the East Indies.

Grant, Bishop of Southwark.

Alcazar, titular Bishop of Paphos, and Vicar Apostolic at Tonkin.

Mac Gettingan, Bishop of Raphoe.

Pluym, Bishop of Nicopolis.

Nasarian, of the Armenian rite, Archbishop of Mardin (Mesopotamia).

Melchisedechian, of the Armenian rite, Bishop of Erzerum.

Bar-Scinù, of the Chaldean rite, Bishop of Salmas (Persia).
Lynch, Bishop of Toronto.
Marangò, Bishop of Tinc and Micone, in the Archipelago.
Laouenan, titular Bishop of Flaviopolis, Vicar Apostolic of Pondicherry.
Cousseau, Bishop of Angoulême.
De Goestriand, Bishop of Burlington, United States.
Valerga, Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem.
Quinn, Bishop of Brisbane.
Poirier, Bishop of Roseau, West Indies.

It is not everybody at Rome who troubles himself much about the Council. Our own countrymen, and their cousins, too, can make themselves at home anywhere. The hounds have met, this bitter cold, raw day, outside the Porta Sebastiana, near the Arch of Drusus and the Tomb of the Scipios. I hear that an American died yesterday from the effects of a fall at a bad fence a few days ago, and that an English lady has only just been pronounced out of danger.

Rome: Jan. 21.

At to-day's meeting of the General Congregation of the Council five bishops spoke, including Mgr. Dupanloup, the Bishop of Orleans. A sitting will be held to-morrow.

Rome: Jan. 22.

Two printed admonitions, signed by the secretaries of the Council, were distributed to-day among the bishops, enjoining upon them the strict observance of secrecy and the necessity of brevity in their discourses at the Council. At this morning's sitting of the Congregation the Archbishop of Cashel celebrated Mass and five Fathers delivered speeches. The infant Princess of Parma was baptised to day in the chapel of the Quirinal. Cardinal Patrizi officiated, and Cardinal Antonelli, representing the Pope, held the Princess at the font.

CHAPTER L

THE GALLICAN SIDE OF THE QUESTION

Rome: Jan. 23.

IF I have to relate that just now the Council seems to be sticking in the mud, and that not all the Cardinal's horses, nor all the Pope's men, seem able to move it on, I will try to reserve that to the tail of my letter, and give you something livelier at first. Dupanloup, I told you, was heard, like a *Vox clamans in deserto*, far down the nave of St. Peter's. Not a syllable, of course, could be made out, but the rising and falling tone indicated earnest and impassioned oratory. He had been so dreaded that it is said great efforts were made to induce the Fathers not to attend that morning. However, they did all come. Four others spoke first, receiving but little attention, and when the last of them rose, a great number of the Fathers went off into the refreshment-rooms, leaving the benches comparatively empty. The partisans of the Court plucked up courage, and hoped Dupanloup was to have a cold greeting. However, when the fourth man had finished, they all flocked in again, and the Hall was unusually full and expectant. Dupanloup, who had either studied the acoustics of the Hall, or had taken good advice, asked permission to

speak, not from the pulpit, which faces the Pope's throne, nor yet from his own seat, but from the president's bench, a dozen yards or so in advance of the throne, and in the focus of the apse. The apse would thus act as a sounding-board to propel his words forward, instead of throwing all back in his face. This must have been the intention of the tribune in the old basilica, and anyone may perceive the difference between speaking into it and from it. The request was complied with, and the Fathers thereupon left the benches and stood in a large circle in the open part of the Hall, facing the speaker. I confess the whole thing looks to me one of those dexterous surprises with which a Frenchman can beat even an Italian. It appears to have answered, though the large escape of sound did not promise well.

Dupanloup spoke for an hour and a quarter, in a tone of uncompromising opposition to the proposed canons and decrees before the Council. This, I must repeat, is the first Schedule, or Bill, in matters of Discipline, and concerns the relations between bishops and the Holy See. The Court of Rome, he said, had usurped the rights of the bishops ; it had dispensed privileges as favours, and that to priests without ever consulting their bishops. It was rather a time to restore the episcopal power to its integrity than to crush it altogether. Even as matters now stand, it was difficult for the bishops to keep their clergy in order, but the proposed changes would make them utterly ungovernable. Self-preservation compelled the bishops to stand up for their own order. There was need of more deference to them, instead of less, and for this purpose they ought to have back again the arms usurped by the Court of Rome.

The Apostolic Constitutions, he said, had been falsified. Of course, we all knew that, but I was not aware till now that this could be proclaimed on the floor of St. Peter's. The government of the Church, he said, was no longer in the hands of the Sacred College, but of a few persons who were hurrying everything to ruin.

I repeat what I hear, and what, indeed, is likely enough; but, for my own part, I seem to detect the angry tone of a special and partial grievance. Why is Dupanloup a Papist at all, and why does he admit a universal bishop, and by consequence a Court, over his head, if he dislikes so much any interference with his own episcopal action? However, he claims antiquity, fundamental law, and no doubt Scripture on his side, and he has committed himself to a conflict in which Anglicans cannot but sympathise with him, as far as he goes. It is taken for granted that the measures upon which Dupanloup expressed himself thus freely will certainly be sent to the Committee on Discipline to be amended. 'If the bishops,' it is said, 'made such a stand against the proposed canons and decrees on matters of faith, much more will they when their own order and its rights are in question.'

But, thus far, we are only in the first preliminary stages of the great question. I have told you that the proposed canons and decrees defining the proper relations between the Roman Pontiff and the temporal power are in the hands of the Fathers, though not yet on for discussion, and they are opening their eyes very wide indeed at the work cut out for them. I am sure that, if they could make to themselves wings like a dove, very few of them would be found in the dovecot, or even

in the farmyard, to-morrow. But they know there is no help for them. Nobody can release them, if even for a fortnight's holiday, except the Pope himself. He can stand the air of Rome very well. He talks of letting them take a ramble in the mountains in the two hot months of July and August, but in September he sees no reason why they should not be hard at work again, consolidating the spiritual dominion of Rome. As long as life lasts there is no doubt of the old man's resolute will, nor yet of his equally resolute surroundings ; and to all appearance the greater part of the Council may be relieved from its terrible service by one more potent than either Councils or Popes before Pius IX. has left his mantle to be scrambled for.

Meanwhile everything shows tremendous force and pressure from behind the scene. Propositions on faith or discipline are pitchforked into the Council, which has not recovered from one stupefaction before it receives another. True it has done nothing yet, but the work accumulates like a nightmare, and it must be done. Since Epiphany passed without a token, the Feast of the Purification is the next chance ; and should the Fathers get rid of the matter touching bishops, now before them, they will be able to turn their attention again to the propositions on faith, brought back to them from the Committee in an amended form. If they pass these, they will make matter for a decree ; and then, for the first time since the opening day, the outer world will have authentic intelligence of the doings of the Council. I have shown by figures that in these doings there can be nothing that we at home should call discussion. It is expressly forbidden to reply to anything

said by a Father on the same day. It must be, with due notice, on the morrow, or later.

To-day, for the very first time, there is a meeting of the Pope's own Commission of twenty-six to take into consideration the Postulata, or notices of motion made by the Fathers, not within the matter before the Council. They are evidently in no hurry to start a free discussion. With these private applications they may deal as they please, and if they choose to run the risk of starting the great question of Papal infallibility, by giving it the precedence of all other questions, they can. But to-day I hear the worst accounts of it—bishops from all parts of the world throwing the *Supplica*, that is the 'Petition,' aside, as contemptuously as they would a begging letter intruded on them. They will vote when called on, not till then, they say, and they will see what they have to vote for. Everybody says that one or two busybodies have gone too far—not farther, perhaps, than their instigators intended.

Where now is the discussion, and where is the virtual work of the Council? Well, the Fathers are meeting here, there, and everywhere. Cardinal Borromeo receives everybody to-day and every Sunday; Vannicelli on Thursdays; Caterini and De Angelis on other days; and so long as there is nothing which can be called an anti-Council, or a conspiracy, or a Club, or a Committee of Episcopal Safety, the Fathers may always place themselves under cover, and meet other Fathers, with whom they may at least exchange a few words of ecclesiastical Latin. Does this constitute progress or not? Is the crowd 'clubbed' or in motion? There is no progress that anybody can detect here. But I must

not omit an important article of news. A much-deplored deficiency in the Council has been unexpectedly supplied. The Emperor of Russia has sent Count Tolstoi here to meet the accusations launched freely against him for his treatment of the Roman Catholic bishops of Poland. He has not murdered a single bishop or sent one in[illegible]ia, or shut up one in prison; he has only [illegible]nto the interior in order that they may not c[illegible]e to pay homage to a foreign Power. This [illegible]ible; it is his line, not ours. We do allow the [illegible]s of Queen Victoria to be also the subjects of a [illegible] Prince and Potentate. However, while Count T[illegible]as it all his own way, suddenly there presents himself in the Council from Poland, not a bishop indeed, but the administrator of the diocese of Lublin, one Sosnowski, who, of course, tells his tale in reply to Count Tolstoi, and in the Council has it most to himself, as the Count and the Emperor have in Poland. The good Pole will most likely remain here throughout the Council; and, if he is well advised, a good long time after. Indeed, for the future he will probably leave Lublin to be administered by wiser or safer hands.

CHAPTER LI

TWO PROTESTS

THE first of the two following Protests will be read with interest by all who have ever had to consider seriously any actual question of government, whether civil or ecclesiastical, whether temporal or spiritual. The framers anticipate the reply that they are only attempting the old rebellion of the members against the head, by pointing out that if the members cannot discharge their functions without the head, the head is not the less dependent for vitality on the active co-operation of the members. The governor and the governed are nothing without one another. It is, however, easier to apply the ideal head and members to a whole State than to a single order in the Church; for any number of bishops will only make one order in one part of the Church—that is, its ministry. The Protest is in favour of giving more facilities and stronger results to the deliberations of bishops one with another, as against everybody else, whether in the Church or in the outside world.

The subscribers, though a fairly numerous body, do not go so far as to demand that every question raised in the Council shall be discussed and decided in and by the whole body—which would indeed be impossible. But they seem to want for every member of the

Council a substantial vote in the election of the Committees, or at least of some of the members thereof; the right of initiation, and the right of maintaining his cause in the Committee itself, where presumably there would be some real debate. As a constitutional and deliberative people we are bound to respect any such demand, when it is at all applicable to the matters in question and the persons concerned. On the other hand, as the British Legislature will not allow to the Church of England the least approach to such a form and manner of self-government as the German bishops here imagine, we are not in a condition to say they are right. Perfect freedom of debate is utterly inapplicable to the case, but nothing short of perfect freedom would satisfy those who have anything to gain by it. Were there anything to gain by it, the Council would be called on to sit *en permanence*; for even the long floating idea of a decennial Council would not satisfy the impatience of those who wish to see the fulfilment of their own hopes and the fruit of their own labours.

The very great names that appear at the head of the list suggest a confidence that they will themselves gain by a freer system, even if others lose, or are reduced to mere ciphers. But, in effect, the movement is by and for the many rather than the few, and freedom itself is certain to open many mouths now content with a silent submission to what cannot be helped. Now, it is doubtless for the best of purposes that the Almighty Dispenser of spiritual gifts has given to very few men the capacity for either governing, or reforming, or destroying their fellow-creatures. The fact, as so stated, will only be questioned by those who think

either one man as good as another, or that self-government consists in keeping what you've got, and getting all you can, without any regard to similar demands, and possibly juster claims. Representative institutions are apt to diffuse, not only responsibility, but still more what may be called the art, craft, and professional calling of legislation, till it becomes that *aqua diffusa* which the proverb says *nihil prodest.*

Inclined as I am myself to assign a preternatural rank and a miraculous origin to all extraordinary and really useful gifts, I have frequently noticed that at any given time there were not more than about forty men in these isles possessed of all the requisites for a Cabinet Minister. It would be carrying me and my readers too far from the great subject before us to specify those requisites. Nor is it necessary, for the calculation may be safely left in the hands of any sensible reader. The estimate includes all schools of politics and opinions; all nationalities, all faiths, and all varieties of personal character. Outsiders would be the first to challenge the estimate; but, in fact, there are seldom more than two or three men in the British Isles who could be regarded as approaching to Ministerial rank, though not yet in it. One thing or another stands in the way. It will be alleged, perhaps, that Ministerial fitness is a case of circumstances, of rank, of wealth, of inheritance, of power, of accident, more than of intellectual or moral qualification. But that allegation cannot extend to the republic of art, science, and literature, in which we see a dozen or two names dominating with an undisputed ascendency over a hundred generations of mankind.

It is not for me to say how the precious promise of being led to all truth is ever to be realised by the Catholic Church. I cannot think that it has yet been fulfilled, or is in the way to be fulfilled, anywhere upon earth. I cannot believe that the Pope—that is, the existing Papacy—is the way ; nor can I see much hope in such a gathering as I saw at Rome. For that matter, I do not see much to choose between such very big men as the prince archbishops, and the poor missionary bishops summoned from their Eastern sees to be boarded and lodged by the Pope at eight francs a day. Then I would ask, how does a man better his claims to dictate faiths to the world by exhibiting the immense population and political importance of his see, when he knows that the greater part of the flock he is so proud of believes nothing at all?

Let anyone just try to imagine the constitutional rights and standing orders of the British House of Commons in the hands of these seven hundred men, as applied to the question of Faith, its basis, its conclusions, and its practical development. The very idea is almost a blasphemy. It is ridiculous. That the discussions would be incurably hampered and circumscribed is a matter of congratulation, for one would rather see it not only difficult, but impossible.

It is true the German Protest stops very far short of our Parliamentary usages in its conception of a free and real discussion. But a single glance at the second of the two Protests below would dispel all idea of finality either in the matter or in the mode of discussion ; for it is impossible to say where a stand can be made when the one argument for doing nothing more is, that it would

only be putting one more weapon in the hands of the Church's worst foes.

Berlin: Jan. 23.

The following is the Protest of the German and Hungarian bishops against the rules and regulations of the Œcumenical Council:—

Most Holy Father,—All the bishops of the entire world, and among them we the undersigned, most ardently desire that the Œcumenical Council, so happily inaugurated under the auspices of your Holiness, may be successfully continued, so that it may supply the various nations with remedies against the many new evils oppressing them, and impart to the Holy Church of God fresh means and strength to fulfil the mission divinely imposed upon it. In order that this object may be the more surely attained, we take the liberty of acquainting your Holiness with the anxiety we feel concerning a matter connected with the debates of this ecclesiastical assembly. In taking this step we are animated by that devotion to the Holy Apostolical See always felt by the bishops of the entire world, and never more so than at this present time.

In the rules and regulations of the Council prescribed by your Holiness the most important clause, perhaps, is the second, referring to the privilege of the members to direct the attention of the assembly to such matters as they may think fit to introduce. There are those who think that by the clause in question the right of the assembled Fathers to start any discussion they may deem conducive to the public weal has been taken away, its exercise having been made dependent on a favour to be only exceptionally accorded. Most Holy Father, we are all firmly convinced, that the body of the Church cannot be strong and healthy unless possessed of a lofty and powerful head, and that the proceedings of the Synod cannot be correct and orderly unless the divine rights of the Primacy are properly protected and observed. But if this is undoubtedly true, it is

not less so that the other members of the mystical body of Christ likewise require to be protected in their special functions, and that the college of bishops, more particularly, must be in a position to exercise the rights inherent to them by virtue of their office and character, if the head is to retain its proper strength and to act safely and undisturbedly. By God's ordinance the head and the body are intimately connected and inseparably united with each other. Equally as, therefore, in the exercise of your Holiness's undoubted privilege, your Holiness has condescended to lay down the manner of procedure in the Holy Synod, and prescribe the wisest and most effective rules concerning the manner and order of treatment of the subjects introduced, so the Fathers of the Council, if feeling prompted to prefer aught connected with the welfare of the Church, or to make a proposition aiming at the furtherance of the same, have always justly enjoyed the right to do so by virtue of their position and office, the only condition exacted being that they should speak with the devotion and veneration due to the head of the Church. We state this the more confidently, inasmuch as your Holiness has yourself condescended to exhort us to express freely whatever we may consider to be calculated to promote the public weal ; and inasmuch as, in taking this step, we are only following in the footsteps of the most celebrated and most sacred Council of Trent (Sess. XXIV. at p. 21).

In our opinion, therefore, there can have been no intention to infringe our rights by the above-mentioned clause ; and we should be greatly strengthened in this our conviction if your Holiness would kindly permit that the committee appointed for the preliminary examination of propositions introduced by members be reinforced by some Fathers selected by the Council out of their own midst, and also that members introducing propositions be allowed access to the said committee, to enable them to take part in the examination thereof.

In submitting this, with filial devotion, to your wise consideration and judgment, we hope, most Holy Father, that

what, animated by the purest intentions, we have been prompted to prefer will be well received.

Prostrating ourselves at the feet of your Holiness, we are the most obedient servants of your Holiness.

Cardinal SCHWARZENBERG.
FÜRSTENBERG, Archbishop of Olmütz.
GREGOR SCHERR, Archbishop of Munich.
MICHAEL VON DEINLEIN, Archbishop of Bamberg.
LUDWIG HAYNALD, Archbishop of Kolosa.
HEINREICH FÖRSTER, Archbishop of Breslau.
PANCRATIUS DINKEL, Bishop of Augsberg.
VALENTIN VIERY, Bishop of Görz.
GREGOR SIMOŃOVICZ, Archbishop of Lemberg (of the Armenian Rite).
BARTHOLOMAEUS, Bishop of Trieste.
JOANNES ZIRZIK, Bishop of Budweis.
GEORG DOBRILA, Episcop. Parent.
JACOBUS STEPNISNIGG, Episcop. Lavantin.
ALEXANDER BONNAZ, Bishop of Csanad.
MATTHAEUS EBERHARD, Bishop of Trier.
EDUARD JACOB, Bishop of Hildesheim.
MICHAEL FOGARASSY, Bishop of Transylvania.
JOSEPH STROSSMAYER, Bishop of Bosnia and Syrmia.
STEPHAN LIPOVNICZKY, Bishop of Grosswardein.
SIGISMUND KOVACS, Bishop of Fünfkirchen.
LUDWIG FERWERK, Bishop of Lemberg.
JOANNES BECKMANN, Bishop of Osnabrück.
GEORG SMICIKLAS, Episcop. Crisiens.
HIERONYMUS ZEIDLER, Abbas Strahoviensis.
WILHELM KETTELER, Bishop of Mayence.
PETRUS KENRICK, Archbishop of St. Louis, United States.

I append the text of the Anti-Infallibility Address, drawn up by Cardinal Rauscher, Archbishop of Vienna, which will be shortly presented to the Pope, with the

signatures of a large number of the bishops taking part in the Council :—

Most Holy Father,—We have received the draft of a Petition circulating among the Fathers of the Œcumenical Council, and calling upon them to declare supreme and infallible authority to be vested in the Roman Pontiff when imparting apostolical teaching to all the faithful upon subjects connected with religion and morals. It is certainly strange that the judges of matters religious should be asked to decide a question before it has been discussed, but as thou, most Holy Father, divinely appointed to tend the flock of Christ, piously takest care of the souls redeemed by His blood, and with paternal compassion lookest upon the dangers threatening them, we have thought it right to address ourselves to thee in this matter. The times are past when Catholics used to contest the rights of the Holy See. We all are aware that as the human body, without the head, is but a mutilated trunk, so can no Council of the entire Church be held without the successor of St. Peter ; and we all obey the mandates of the Holy See with ready willingness. As regards the authority which the faithful are obliged to concede to the Roman Pontiff, this has been settled by the Council of Trent, and also by the Council of Florence. The decrees of the latter, particularly, ought to be the more faithfully observed, inasmuch as, having been enacted with the common consent of Latins and Greeks, they are destined some day, when the Lord will take pity on the Orient now oppressed by so many evils, to become the basis of the reunion of the Church. Nor must we leave it unmentioned that at a time when the Church is compelled more earnestly than ever to wage war against those who denounce religion as a mere fiction, vain and idle indeed, yet pernicious to the human race, it cannot be opportune to exact of the Catholic nations, already exposed to so much seduction and temptation, heavier duties (*majora*) than were enjoined on them by the Council of Trent. It is true that, although Bellarminus and with him the whole Catholic Church affirm

that matters of faith are to be chiefly decided by apostolical tradition and the common consent of the Church, and although the best way to ascertain the decision of the Church is to convene a Universal Synod, yet from the Council of the apostles and elders of Jerusalem down to the Council of Nice have the innumerable errors of the local Churches been checked and extinguished by the decisions of the successors of St. Peter, approved by the entire Church. Nor do we deny that while all faithful believers are bound to obey the behests of the Holy See, there are pious and erudite men teaching over and above this that any utterances of the Supreme Pontiff on matters of religion and morality, when formally (*ex cathedrâ*) made and announced, must be held irrefragable, albeit lacking the express consent of the Church. Yet we must not omit stating that grave objections to this teaching may be based on the acts and utterances of the Fathers of the Church—objections supported by the evidence of genuine historical documents and the Catholic doctrine itself. Unless the difficulties arising from this circumstance are entirely solved and done away with, it is possible that the doctrine advocated in the above-mentioned Petition will some day be inculcated on the Christian people as one revealed by the Almighty. We have a strong repugnance to the discussion of such difficulties (*verum ab hisce discutiendis refugit animus*), and confidently entreat thee to prevent the necessity of our having to deal with them. Performing episcopal functions among the more eminent nations of the Catholic world, and being by daily experience well conversant with the state of things in our respective countries, we think we may say that the enactment of the doctrine proposed will only supply fresh arms of attack to the enemies of religion, and enable them to rouse invidious feelings even in better and more virtuous men (*melioris notæ viros*) than themselves. We are certain, moreover, that such an event in one part of Europe, at any rate, would be taken advantage of by the governments to infringe the remnant of rights still possessed by the Church. Having laid this before thy Holiness with the

sincerity due to the common father of all true believers, we beseech thee to prohibit the discussion in the Œcumenical Council of the doctrine recommended in the above-mentioned Petition. Prostrating ourselves at thy feet, both in our own name and on behalf of the nations which we have undertaken to guide to the knowledge of God (*ad Deum perducendos*), we ask for thy apostolical blessing. We remain the most humble, most obedient, and devoted servants of thy Holiness.

The signatures affixed to this address are still unknown. It may not be superfluous to add that the above translations have been made from the Latin originals.

Jan. 25.

On Tuesday, the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, the Rev. John F. Mackarness, rector of Honiton, was consecrated in Westminster Abbey as Bishop of Oxford, in succession to Dr. Wilberforce, translated to the See of Winchester.

During the service, which lasted three hours, considerable interest was excited by the presence of the Greek Archbishop Lycurgus, who is now on a visit to this country. He came into the Abbey in state, attended by his three chaplains, and was accommodated with a seat near the altar-table. He wore a magnificent flowing robe of violet and white silk or satin, striped and broadly bordered with gold, and adorned with bells along the lower fringes. The Archbishop is a tall, portly man, with a long beard and magnificent presence ; and his 'assistance' at the consecration will, no doubt, be hailed in more quarters than one as a symbol of the real and substantial unity which exists between the Greek and the Anglican Churches in spite of all our differences in doctrine and ritual.

CHAPTER LII

OUR NEW WESTMINSTER DIVINES

Rome: Jan. 24.

THE Council is sitting again to-day. I begin to think of poor Theseus, condemned to perpetual session in the realms below, and growing into his seat. On Saturday I hear that an American bishop made a characteristic exhibition. He deplored the general corruption of the clergy in Southern Italy, of all places in the world, and insisted on something being done to stop it. His remedy was that the people should elect their own bishops. If, as is likely, the people are no better than their clergy, and indeed all are 'much of a muchness' as to the matters of complaint, the American specific is doubtful. But they are most welcome to try. The American also demanded that the bishops should have the power of prohibiting bad books. This reminds one of a rather animated controversy on a question very likely to decide itself after its own fashion. Are religious journals and periodicals to be conducted by clergymen or by laymen? Dupanloup has got his name mixed up with the question, but the sooner he gets out of it the better.

To-day's news about the 'Petitions' is that the one for Infallibility stands at four hundred signatures; that

the one against moving in the matter has a hundred and eighty, including, it is said, some of the most respectable names our own country can boast here. But the general tone is one of hesitation and suspense. Upon this point I have some remarks to make which partly concern your correspondent himself. I hear it said that I have been misled by the sanguine tone and forward pace of some of my own countrymen here, by their bold predictions and overwhelming calculations of success. If I have allowed the idle to be interpreted by the active, and the silent by the loud, I must plead guilty to an excusable error. One can only go by what one sees and hears. But why are the remonstrants so quiet and demure? On the other hand, why does Rome reckon on them so confidently in the hour of need? Let us go into this question. Very few of these Fathers are so lost to self-respect, and so stripped of their very selves, as to go further in act and deed than they are obliged to go, whether by conviction or by circumstances. They do not wish to proclaim before the day a new doctrine of Infallibility. But they are solicited; they are tempted; they are urged; they are pushed; they are conscious of being led into toils; they find themselves moving in a mass; they know there is a precipice before them, and, once in motion, they feel that they may roll helplessly over. What ought they to do? It is not for me to say.

What the Moderates are doing, in fact, is this:—They say they are not going so far or so fast as somebody else; they are not following a leader; they are nobody's tail. As they are conscious of looking something like this, they assume a point of difference in their

own favour. It is this :—The extreme party, now in the front of action, is assumed to hold the Pope infallible, when on his throne, acting or speaking with intended authority. This may or may not be a correct statement of the doctrine ascribed to them. On the other hand, the moderate and reasonable majority, as it believes itself to be, holds the Pope infallible, but as head of the Church from which he cannot be separated ; thinking, speaking, and acting in perfect harmony with the Church —that is, with the Bishops and the great body of the faithful. It is assumed that he consults the bishops; that he has done so ; that he always will ; and that if they think as he thinks, he will also think as they think, so that there will be a living and perfect unity in the matter. There are good and honest persons here who see all the difference in the world between these two doctrines. They think that under the former the head becomes everything, and the body disappears ; while under the latter the whole body survives and lives, with the head enjoying its proper place in the system, and its due honour. If I saw anywhere any exacter statement of the alleged differences I should hail it with joy.

But it is very clear that, while all these Moderates are privately protesting against the Ultramontane extreme, they are wholly unconscious of any approximation to the Gallican party. Yet, even if they do know themselves the point at which they wish to stop short, they certainly have no substantial reason for disagreement with Dupanloup and his friends. As I understand him, his cry is the Pope and the Church. He recognises the Council, indeed, as representing the Church, but he is ready to allow the Pope all the authority and honour

appertaining to the head of the system. No doubt I have only succeeded, many of your readers will think, in showing that it is impossible to dogmatise on the matter at all. But I think I can suggest that the burden of self-vindication, self-defence, and self-protection now lies on the above-mentioned reasonable and moderate gentlemen rather more than they fondly imagine. They have to do and say something. The Papal organs are twitting them most unmercifully all round with their terrible admissions. I will pass by a daily shower of unpleasant reminders poured upon the Italian Fathers now trembling between Pio Nono and Victor Emmanuel. What can add to their cup of misery? I will begin with my own country. In 1852 'the first Provincial Council of Westminster' offered its homage to the Pope, in these words:—

> Since the Lord admonishes us, saying, 'Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn; look unto Abraham, your father,' it is right that we who have received our faith, our office, and our true religion immediately from the Apostolic See, should be bound to it even more than other Churches, by the ties of love and regard. We, therefore, make that the foundation of our true and orthodox faith which our Lord Jesus Christ commanded us to make, that it should never be shaken: that is to say, the Chair of Peter, the Holy Roman Church, the teacher and mother of the whole world. Whatever has been once defined by her we hold to be thereby determined and indisputable. We embrace and venerate with our whole heart her traditions, rites, pious usages, and all the Apostolic constitutions respecting discipline. Lastly, we profess with all our mind obedience and reverence to the Supreme Pontiff, as the Vicar of Christ, and we give him our closest adhesion in Catholic communion.

Such was the language of our new Westminster divines eighteen years ago. Four years ago forty-four archbishops and bishops assembled at Baltimore declared in much the same style their solemn determination to understand the Scriptures always exactly as the Chair of Peter understood them—the Roman Chair, as they carefully explained. At the canonisation of the Japanese Martyrs, eight years ago, all the bishops present told the Pope :—

Thou art our teacher of sound doctrine ; Thou art our centre of unity ; Thou art the unfailing light prepared by the Divine wisdom for the nations. Thou art the rock and the foundation of the Church itself, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail. When Thou speakest, we hear Peter ; when Thou decidest, we submit to Christ.

On August 22, 1862, the bishops of the province of Cashel addressed the Pope thus :—

Christ our Lord said,—'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' The Church of Christ shall therefore endure to the end of the world, and therefore its foundation too ; for if it stand not how will the building stand? Peter, then, is the foundation, in the person of his successors, sustaining, teaching, governing, or, in other words, exercising spiritual power.

On September 21, 1862, the Archbishop of Oregon City transmitted across America and the Atlantic the following tender bleat :—

Walk before us, O Holy Father, like the good shepherd ; be our example, feed the sheep and the lambs. You are our teacher of sound doctrine ; you are the centre of unity ; you are the unfailing light of the people.

I have given you a good handful of these things at once, because it is not unlikely you may soon wish to have no more of them. No doubt there are thousands of such passages, all duly copied, labelled, filed, and indexed, ready for instant use whenever a bishop or fifty bishops show signs of thought or self-respect. Do these words mean anything or nothing? My countrymen at home, who take things very literally, will think it rather shocking to suggest that these expressions may possibly be mere compliments. But in Rome this sort of excuse is offered for everything. The most tremendous anathemas here are no more than a reveller's heedless words. It may be as with the amazing feats of transcendental Latinity with which the lamented Cardinal used to astonish the London world. It may mean nothing at all. Perhaps all this talk is much ado about nothing. There are plenty of people who think so. But that is not the line of the British public. It is apt to take people at their word; and it will agree with me, that, on the showing of the innumerable episcopal professions reproduced by the Recording Angels of Rome, the great majority of the assembled Fathers are bound to be at least frank and explicit, and to say for themselves what they mean by their own language, and what they don't mean. They are the guardians of their own honour; nobody else can do that for them; and Rome evidently has something else to think of.

We may feel for the overdriven and stumbling Fathers, but we may also feel a little for the good old man who now for near a quarter of a century has had it daily poured into his ear that he is the teacher, the guide, the sustainer, the ruler, the example, the light, the

shepherd, the foundation of the whole Church—indeed by right, of the whole world. Is he to be told all at once that this meant nothing at all? Are we to be charged with an obstinate intention of driving men to the edge of a precipice because, like the Pope, we take them at their own showing, and cannot believe them to be vapouring and empty impostors? However, they will have to defend themselves. Moreover, they will have to defend themselves from something more than exaggerated imputations; from something more even than reproduced excesses of ecclesiastical adulation. They will have to defend themselves from the actual consequences of being taken at their word. The measures now in Council, and forming the first batch of Propositions on Discipline, would deprive the bishops of every shred of authority. They would render them the merest servants, the humblest officials, and emptiest shadows of Rome. They would, indeed, make the Pope the one universal Bishop of the Church, the Vicar and everything else he asks for.

People are saying here, 'Will the Fathers do this? Is it likely they will ruin and degrade themselves?' I answer that nothing is unlikely where human weakness is the field of operation, and where there exist the means for working upon it. There are twenty 'hats,' and no one knows how many sees, places, dignities, and rewards of all kinds waiting the great day of distribution. Whoever can sell his brother is now sure of his reward. Meanwhile, there never was such an in-pouring of wealth, zeal, and tender offices of all kinds into this vast depository of the world's most lavish affections. I envy not, yet I cannot but admire the costly renovations now in

actual progress, the piles of precious marble, the beautiful monoliths, the inlaid floors, the rare material, the exquisite workmanship you may stumble upon in the very corners and waste places of this city. Rome is building for ages, as she was when Hannibal was at her gates, or in earlier days, when her kings were trembling for their thrones. I believe none who tell me that she is drawing to her end. You cannot believe it here. But the more overwhelming the prestige, and the more irresistible the impulse, the greater is the possible violence to the reason and consciences of men, and the greater is the need that the Fathers—those of them, at least, who are still masters of their own reason and actions—should ascertain for themselves, on the best grounds they possess, how much they are prepared to yield to the man who claims to be—ay, whom they have themselves acknowledged to be—the representative here below of Him Who ruleth in the Heavens above.

CHAPTER LIII

THE COUNCIL OLD AND NEW

Rome: Jan. 27.

THE English have often been charged—and perhaps the last generation was open to the charge—of trying to force their institutions on all the world. Meanwhile, other countries have started new Constitutions without greater success than usually waits upon human enterprises of a novel character. Confessedly, it takes time for the most enlightened nations to find exactly how to govern themselves or anybody else. But what we are now witnessing here is an experiment combining all the difficulties possible to either new or old nations. This Council is at once new and old. It is old in every form, every name, every word, every procedure; old in its matter; old in its very language; old in its principles; old in its pretensions; old in its examples; old in its site and history: in these and other respects the very oldest of old things. It is new in the men that meet here, and still more in the men that won't meet here; new in its utter insulation from the States and politics of the world; new, as it boasts indeed, in the modern aids and appliances which made it possible; new in the vast sphere it claims to represent and govern; new in the principles it has to combat, since it chooses to do so; new even in the almost

visionary nature of the dominion it now proposes to establish in the place of that older one of actual excommunication. A composition of new and old must needs be a thing of shreds and patches, and many a rent, it is already evident, has only been made worse. The Constitution will not work. It has been said in many cities this century, and it must now be said in Rome. Warned by sad experience, nations have lately invented that stage of reconstruction called a Constituent Assembly or Convention; but that is impossible here, where every idea has to come from above, and where such a kind of procedure is itself one of the things to be condemned. The Council cannot work, nor can it put itself into working condition, nor yet create the body that will work.

You will hardly be surprised when I tell you they are now whispering Prorogation. The bulk of the Fathers wish it as soon as possible, for they do not see how anything can be done. The Court, however, has to consult its dignity, and to move with deliberation, even if it should give up the hope of doing anything in decent time. It has an immense quantity of work to be done, for which power and confidence will be necessary. Moreover, it feels, as many not of the Court feel, that, once prorogued, the Council may never meet again. The next Pope may be of opinion that the experiment has failed, and that he must try another course, since a course there must be. It is the Fathers who talk of Prorogation, and if these seven hundred men wish to be off, and are convinced they can do no good here, it will not be possible to make any use of them. History, indeed, tells of Councils having been starved and worried into

submission, but that would be a hazardous thing to try now. Prorogation, indeed, there must be. Some say at Easter, when possibly, though not before, something may be promulgated. Some say in June, till next October. Some say till next October twelvemonth. Rome really has to do all her work over again, and she would take a year to do it. She has felt the pulse of the world, and has to learn or unlearn some things. She must alter the treatment. If she has had difficulties with the first three schedules that have been under discussion—difficulties so great that now, after two months' work, nothing is done—how will Rome fare better or get over the ground faster with the many more remaining? They are vastly more difficult in their matter, and delicate in the questions they are certain to raise, and one report estimates the whole number of schedules to be discussed—that is, of measures to be passed, if possible—at forty. It is impossible to calculate the time the whole would take, because we do not even yet know how much time a single one will take in coming to maturity. There really is nothing to prevent any one measure—that is, any one schedule of draft decrees—from being passed backwards and forwards between the Council and the Committee, or, as it is here expressed, between the General and the Private Congregation, for ever.

The last effort has failed, and, after all sorts of exaggerated statements, the Papal organs are now obliged to avow the disastrous figures and facts. The Petition for Infallibility is now in the hands of the Pope's own Commission, with only four hundred and ten signatures. All the excuse that can be made is the

assertion that a hundred more would vote that way, but don't like giving their names. They have 'certain reasons.' No doubt they have; we all have. The Papal organs affect to be charmed with this display of independence, and see in it a striking point of resemblance with the Council at Jerusalem, when the Apostles and Elders met together, and there was 'much disputing.' All this liberty of discussion and all this manifest independence will, they think, add to the weight and dignity of the forthcoming decrees. As in the Apostolic Council, when all have had their say, Peter they expect will rise, and at his word all will surrender. But thus far it is too manifest that there are those who will not bow to the voice which is called the voice of Peter. We have been told a thousand times that the voice has spoken, but Pio Nono still appeals to the Council. The German papers now publish Rauscher's Petition, with forty signatures, against the present agitation of the great dogma, with the Pope's reply. It was, as usual, ingenious. 'You ask liberty of discussion yourselves; surely you will not deny it to your brethren?'

There is indeed liberty of discussion, and what is more, there is publicity. How is this? Such is the fact. All the 1,200 with right of entrance into the Council are bound by the Pontifical secret. On the 14th inst., as you have been told, the Cardinal Legates solemnly reminded the Fathers of this awful pledge, and of the sin they would incur—nay, it was evident, some were incurring—by breaking it. A week after, the admonition was delivered to them all as a fresh reminder. It is now published in the Papal organs—

which itself is a violation of the 'secret'—as a third warning. It rehearses the solemn ban laid at the Council of Trent upon all who should divulge an iota of the business before the Council till it emerged into light in the full glory of a decree. It strictly forbids that a single word should be carried out of the Hall, or divulged in the city, or conveyed to foreign countries. Notwithstanding this warning, included as it had been in the Code of Regulations for this Council, the Cardinal Legates went on to complain that the substance of the speeches and of the business transacted did actually appear in the newspapers. The newspapers—we have now the important testimony of the Legates themselves—have been telling the world what is said and done in the Council. Well, how about the Pontifical secret? The truth is it does not exist. When the Fathers come out they find everybody talking about what has happened in the Council and what is likely to happen, and, since they cannot hold their tongues, they must either join frankly and honestly, or say what is not true without being for a moment believed. Thus, a Papal organ says that Dupanloup spoke the other day with great gentleness and moderation. It had better have said nothing than that, for it is not believed.

It has been frost, hard frost, here for two days. The sky is bright; the streets are dry and even dusty; the fountains frozen, and the water gods and naiads covered with icicles. The Fathers—that is, the walking Fathers—go to Council wrapped up in cloaks, comforters, and some even with bandages over their eyes. This at half-past eight in the morning, on nothing but a cup of coffee. However, they look satisfied, and even cheerful.

Let us us hope it is the testimony of a good conscience that supports them, and the sense of a great cause.

Rome : Jan. 25.

The Bishop of Nismes is seriously ill. He was visited yesterday by the Pope, who remained with him half an hour. Senhor Lavradio, the Portuguese Minister, is also ill, and Dr. Nelaton, who is at Naples, has been summoned to him.

Rome : Jan. 26.

M. Argy, the colonel of the Antibes Legion, died to-day of congestion of the lungs. Before he expired he summoned around him the officers of the Legion, and urged them to remain faithful to France and the Pope.

Rome : Jan. 27.

Cardinal Barnabo has been nominated President of the Commission on affairs connected with Oriental rites and Apostolic missions. At to-day's sitting of the Congregation of the Council six Fathers spoke.

Paris.

There are some twenty-five candidates for the vacant seats in the Academy. It is said to be settled that M. Duvergier d'Hauranne will have the chair vacated by the death of the Duke de Broglie. Monsignor Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, is talked of as the successor of Lamartine. M. Xavier Marmier is also a candidate for academical honours.

CHAPTER LIV

THE ARCHBISHOP OF SYRA AND TENOS

I TAKE the liberty of inserting here a leading article in the 'Times,' January 28, written, I know not by whom, on the occasion of a visit of the Greek Archbishop of Syra and Tenos to Westminster. It will be found to have important bearings on the whole matter of the Œcumenical Council, its composition and its work:—

The Archbishop of Syra and Tenos, in his visit to this country, is fortunate in being introduced to us in such a genial and accomplished speech as we reported on Wednesday by Dr. Stanley. Even among Deans of Westminster there has rarely been one who possessed the requisite knowledge, either of the East or of history in general, to interest his audience in the occasion by such lively illustrations. Without his assistance, the public, we fear, would have failed to appreciate the numerous coincidences by which he succeeded in making so unusual a gathering seem almost natural. A bishop who had received his first and last ordination at Jerusalem was welcomed within the precincts of an English cathedral, in the 'Chamber of Jerusalem.' In more ways than one we owe it to Greece that the Holy City is an equally sacred name to Eastern and Western ears.

The Dean tells us that a Greek archbishop once sat on the throne of Canterbury, and that to him we owe the first impulse to those schools of learning through which the influence of one who, if not a Greek apostle, was an apostle of the Greeks has been brought home to English hearts. It is certainly a curious historical coincidence that an Archbishop of Canterbury in the seventh century, named Theodore of Tarsus, should be mentioned in our chronicles as having been to us 'a fountain of knowledge and a river of civilisation,' and, in addition, as having first made our bishops English instead of Roman. However, as the Dean said, if the Greeks assisted us to learning and to nationality, we have liberally repaid both debts. An archbishop within whose diocese lies 'the sacred isle of Delos, the birthplace of Apollo the god of the muses, the oracle of Greece, and the inspirer of Grecian literature,' cannot be a stranger in a society of English scholars and clergymen. In short, in the gathering of Tuesday evening, ancient Greece shook hands with modern England, and, thanks to the harmonising influence of the religion which had brought them together, they did not meet as strangers.

We have said it required some skill to bring these circumstances into sufficient prominence. Our comparative lack of familiarity, however, with Oriental Christianity may be thought an instance of the injustices of history. It might be difficult to say what intellectual or religious influence we do not owe to the East and to the Greeks. The literature of Rome itself owes its inspiration to the diocese of the Archbishop of Syra and Tenos. The learning and thought of the Middle Ages are partly to be ascribed to the influence of Maimonides,

a Jew, and partly to the great Greek philosopher whose works reached the schoolmen through translations made by Arabs. The new learning which prepared the way for the Reformation was chiefly promoted by the Greeks whom the fall of Constantinople scattered to the shores of Europe; while the Reformation itself, with all its momentous consequences in science and in politics, owes its life to a few words of the apostle who united Hellenic and Jewish culture. With one exception, which wise men have long deplored, the creeds recited in all our churches every Sunday are Greek creeds, and the only part of our Liturgy expressly ascribed to its author is the prayer of St. Chrysostom. Yet, in spite of all this, the Greek Church has been almost a myth to generations of Englishmen, and the presence of a Greek archbishop at the consecration of a member of our Episcopate would, until recently, have been one of the most unintelligible of sights to the public eye. The fact is, the Imperial power of ancient Rome was never more signally displayed than in its relations with Christianity. It is more than doubtful whether it ought to be said that the Church conquered Rome or that Rome conquered the Church. From the moment when the Empire is said to have become Christian, Roman and Western influences almost appropriated the Church to themselves. They affixed their own stamp on its doctrines and practices, and almost transformed it into a Western institution. We have repudiated the claim, renewed the other day by the Council, that the Roman Church is 'the mother and the mistress of all Churches;' but in the general imagination, though doubtless unconsciously, she has been little else. The welcome now extended to the

Archbishop of Syra and Tenos is probably an instance that this historical illusion is being dissipated. There are many significant evidences of a growing disposition to renew our acquaintance with the old home of Christian thought and learning.

We are the more inclined to join in the Dean of Westminster's Œcumenical sympathies, because he took care to disentangle them from any artificial ideas of ecclesiastical union. 'The re-union of the Greek and English Churches' is a phrase which either means nothing at all, or something so exceedingly transcendental as to be little more significant. What is really desirable is that the various Churches should recognise and respect each other, but attend to their own affairs. Nothing could be better than the homely advice which the Dean quoted from his predecessor:—'There ought to be no secret antipathies between Churches for which no reason can be given, but let each house sweep the dust from its own door.' The Greeks, we believe, set an excellent example in this particular. They firmly adhere to their own traditions, but, as a rule, when they are in other countries they make no scruple of attending the worship they may find there. As the Dean observed, nothing better has been said respecting the pretensions of the Roman Council than in the answer of the Patriarch of Constantinople to the Pope's invitation; and the same eminent person offered some advice, the other day, to the Archbishop of Canterbury which is very pertinent to the point we are now noticing. Observing in our Articles a condemnation pronounced on some Eastern as well as Western Churches, it was not, he said, becoming in so grave a document to

presume to censure others. No doubt, one essential condition of self-improvement is the absence of exclusiveness, and it is worth observing that just as an exclusive temper is increasing in the Roman Church it appears to be diminishing almost everywhere else. The Greek Minister, in his eloquent speech, dwelt on the great practical object which all Churches should have in common, and in the pursuit of which, he said, his own Church was forward. He admitted that his country at present fell short of what might be expected. But he said it was young and would improve; he claimed for his people that they were active in the cause of progress, and 'among their more eminent sons none were more remarkable for energy and devotion than their clergy.' To judge by the accounts which reach us from Greece, the Government and the clergy in that country will have plenty of work in leading the Greeks to put in practice that ideal of civilisation with which, in the Greek Minister's opinion, the Church is entrusted. But it is no slight advantage to Greece if its Church is not, as in Italy, a reactionary influence. The English people have taken a lively interest in the fortunes of the Hellenic Kingdom, and they will be glad to be able to take a similar interest in the Greek Church.

The Archbishop of Syra and Tenos was present at the evening service at St. Margaret's Church, Liverpool, yesterday. The archbishop pronounced the benediction. The Rev. F. Parnell, the incumbent, preached on the necessity of union among Churches. He said there were visible yearnings for union, except among some who were so bigoted they could see nothing

good in any who differed from them. The presence of the archbishop was a sign of union, and a testimony that he thought Christian divisions arose from the past, and not from the dispositions of the living. If the English and Russian Churches were once united, Rome would hardly persevere in her pretensions to infallibility and supremacy.

On Saturday (Jan. 29), the Archbishop of Syra and Tenos (who was the guest of the Archbishop of York) attended the afternoon service at the Minster. The crypt of that edifice was illuminated for his grace, who was accompanied by an Archimandrite and a deacon of the Greek Church. The archbishop, the dean, and the other officials of the Minster were also present. At the usual time for the afternoon service a procession from the vestry was formed, in which the Greek archbishop assumed his vestments. The service terminated with the performance of the 'Hallelujah Chorus.' The procession was then re-formed, and the clergy proceeded to one of the vestries, in which an address, which had been drawn up by Archdeacon Churton on behalf of the English Church Union, was presented to the Greek archbishop by the dean, and was as follows :

'To the Most Reverend Lord Alexander Lycurgus, Archbishop of Syra and Tenos.

'Venerable Lord,—In the name of the members of the English Church Union, we take the earliest opportunity of offering to your august Holiness this address, to testify the friendly greeting we would fain express at your most welcome presence in our city, where, long ago, was graciously received our father in the faith, Theodore of Tarsus, your fellow-countryman, a holy priest sent from the East, and a pillar and foundation of the Church of Christ to the converts among our forefathers.

'We most earnestly pray that this visit of your Holiness to our city, and the graceful reception given to you by the father of our Church since your arrival in this country, may be a faithful omen of friendship on both sides, and a communion

of the Churches, locally separated indeed, but the same in faith and apostolic order.

'Signed, on behalf of the members of the branch,

'AUGUSTUS DUNCOMBE, Dean of York.

'York: Jan. 29.'

The acceptance of the address having been graciously signified by the Greek archbishop,

The Archbishop of York said,—May it please your grace, I was not prepared to take part in these proceedings, but my heart goes entirely with them, and I have great pleasure in welcoming your grace here, and also in informing those who are present with what great interest you regard all that belongs to our worship

The Archbishop of Syra then replied in Greek, which, as delivered, was interpreted by the Archbishop of York as follows:—'I have not understood your language, but my heart understands all that you have so kindly said to me, and experiences strong and grateful emotions, and thanks you cordially. Everywhere since I have been in England I have been much moved by the great sympathy that has been evinced towards my Church in my person, but this emotion is much stronger here in York. From this city sprang the Emperor Constantine the Great, who went to the East, and there overthrew idolatry and established Christianity on the imperial throne. He assembled the Council of Nicæa, and confirmed the true and orthodox faith. He built the greatest city in the East, which up to this time bears his name. In the East he died, and his memory is hallowed among us for ever. His mother, the sainted Helena, was born, as it is said, in this city. She also went to the East, and did much for the Church through her great piety. She erected in Palestine and elsewhere beautiful churches to the honour of our Saviour. She died in the East, and her memory, too, is hallowed by us for ever. Is that not a sufficient ground for binding the Greek Church to the Church of England, just as the naturalisation of Theodore of Tarsus unites us together? You will now give new life to this union

through the honour that you have shown to me as representative of the Greek Church, and through the love that your Archbishop, my brother in Christ, has shown to me in so hearty a manner. May God bless this union, and make it ever stronger and stronger, till we all come, in the unity of the spirit, to one and the same mind in Christ.'

The proceedings then terminated by the Archbishop of Syra pronouncing a benediction in Greek.

Cambridge : Wednesday.

By grace of Senate, at two to-morrow, this University will confer the honorary degree of Doctor of Law upon the Greek Archbishop of Syra. His lordship will be admitted to the degree on the 17th.

Oxford : Feb. 19.

In a convocation held this day, at 2 P.M., in the Sheldonian theatre, the honorary degree of D.D. was conferred on Alexander, Archbishop of Syra and Tenos, Vice-President of the Sacred Synod of Greece. The archbishop was presented by Dr. Payne Smith, Regius Professor of Divinity, who recommended him for the degree in a short Latin speech, noting

Twiss, the Rev. G. Williams (of King's College, Cambridge), Archdeacon Clerke, the Masters of University and Balliol, the Presidents of Magdalen and St. John's, the Warden of New College, the Rector of Exeter, the Provost of Oriel, Professors Wall, Bright, Williams, Rawlinson, and Westwood, Dr. Wood, of Radley, Dr. Hill, of Magdalen, Revs. H. P. Liddon, J. E. Burgon, W. Ince, J. Clutterbuck, Moultrie, Gordon, Wilgress, &c. The Vice-Chancellor presided.

The Archbishop of Syra and Tenos.—Last evening Count Metaxa invited upwards of one hundred friends to meet the Archbishop of Syra and Tenos at a banquet at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's. Covers were laid for more than one hundred guests. There were present the Right Hon. Spencer Walpole, M.P., Mrs. Walpole, his Excellency the Persian Minister, his Excellency the Greek Minister and Mlles Braila (three), Major-General Sir Francis and Lady Seymour, Admiral Sir William and Hon. Lady Hall, Sir Charles Trevelyan, the Earl and Countess of Glasgow, Colonel Hon. W. P. Talbot, the Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta Stanley, Mr. Horace Walpole, Lady Parkyns, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, Sir Thomas Parkyns, Mrs. Cassavetti and the Misses Cassavetti (two), Mr. E. Ralli, General Walpole, Alderman Sir David Salomons, Alderman Finnis, Mr. and Mrs. A. Ralli, Mr. and Mrs. Spartali and Miss Spartali, Mr. Mavrojani, Mr. Mavrogordato, Mr. Bailey, the Rev. Mr. Morfino, the Rev. Mr. Deacon, Mr. Cassavetti, Captain Stirling (of Her Majesty's ship *Clio*), Mr. Briggs, Mr. D. Spartali, Mr. Marcoran, Mr. Schlizzi, the Rev. Mr. Coward, &c.

We are informed that the address presented to the archbishop on his departure on Thursday did not emanate from the English Church Union, but was presented on behalf of the vicar and eight other clergy resident in Folkestone.

Great pains were afterwards taken, apparently by both the parties, to explain that the Greek archbishop's

benedictions were personal acts in no way compromising the ecclesiastical or theological position of either the giver or the receiver. It was feared that if there had been a mistake in the utterance, it might prove anything but a blessing.

It is now half a century since Mr. William Palmer, brother of the archdeacon of that name, and of Lord Selborne, gave much time and an immensity of trouble to an attempt to establish intercourse between the Churches of England and of Russia. No like design was ever prosecuted under better auspices, or with more preparation, industry, and honesty of purpose. Had it been possible, it would then have been done. But while it was a much more real business than an interchange of compliments between two groups of ornamental figures, it was complicated with national and political elements. Even if one could suppose England Russianised, Russia had to be Anglicanised before anything could be done. Indeed, the attempt reached the impossible when the authorities of the Greco-Russian Church explained that it was out of the question that they could deal with Mr. Palmer alone, or in the first instance ; that before coming to that, he would have to induce the Church of England to return to the Church of Rome, and then bring the latter to give up the *Filioque*, and acknowledge the concurrent and equal jurisdiction of the See of Constantinople. It is easy enough to rip up Churches, and found sects, schisms, and schools, but if anyone wishes to know what it is to heal schisms once made, he may be referred to 'Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church in the years 1840–1841,' by the late William Palmer, selected and arranged by Cardinal Newman, 1882.

CHAPTER LV

BISHOPS AND CLERGY

Rome: Jan. 29.

THE question of the hour is prorogation. In a few days there will be a decision, and perhaps an announcement. The Council will have to become ripe for a prorogation; but it might possibly pass the stage of ripeness, in which case there would not be a prorogation, but something else. It would fully answer the purposes of the Court here to have the Council sitting three or four months every two years; and, as the French Government recognises the importance of the work, it would not withdraw from its intention of protecting the Council, however long it may sit. Rome, too, is well aware that Councils may live long—the last, eighteen years. Nevertheless, the Papal organs do not show a quiet confidence in their most necessary protector. They are always bringing up, on one pretence or another, the scandals and weaknesses of his position, and the uncertainty of an empire which depends on opinion alone. The obvious inference, whether intended or not, is that they would prefer either another *coup d'état* or a more legitimate dynasty. They are telling the emperor that he is menaced and overruled by his own people, and that he is surrounded by conspiracies, which, it is evident, must

be met by like means. There is, of course, more candour than friendship in all this; but it is the immemorial candour of Rome.

The national party here, and their friends at Florence, have just been made to feel the reality of the French. Perhaps they are too sensitive; perhaps they could have afforded to let the occasion pass by; but they are indignant, and indignation makes itself heard. I told you yesterday of the death of Colonel D'Argy, commanding the Antibes Legion, after a very short illness. General Dumont and the whole of his staff came up from Cività Vecchia to the funeral. The body was taken to the French church—where it lay in state last night—escorted by a battalion of the Antibes Legion, another battalion of natives, and, they say, as many as four hundred officers of all ranks from all the forces in the Roman territory. The spectators mention, too, a lady in deep mourning—whom, it is not known. Among the pall-bearers were the colonel of the Papal Zouaves, a Swiss, and the commander of the French frigate. None of the Zouaves were in the procession last night, and their absence has been made a matter of remark. They are good Papists and Legitimists, while the Antibes Legion are thorough Imperialists. The Italians maintain that by all the laws of war the Legion is part of the French army; that its officers have their rank in that army, and are recognised by the French Minister of War. The Papal Zouaves escorted the body to the station this morning. I confess to having missed both processions, but when the thermometer is a good many degrees below freezing-point I may be thankful I had no temptation to stand still.

Another bishop is dead—Suares-Peredo, of Vera Cruz. The presidency of the Committee on Oriental Rites and Apostolic Missions was the only one remaining to be filled, and the Pope has appointed Cardinal Barnabo, who had been president of the preparatory Commission on these matters.

The one utterly unpardonable sin in this place is publicity. Everything may be forgiven, and even forgotten, so as it is not proclaimed to the world. I need not say who is the greatest sinner in Rome at this moment. If Dupanloup can hold his peace out of doors and confine his vehemence to what is called 'the bosom of the Council,' he may one day have a fatted calf killed for him at the Vatican. It is publicly stated that his speech the other day was most edifying and consoling. On the other hand, Rauscher has published his appeal to the Pope against the Petition for Infallibility, and his brother cardinals are furious with him. It is the *vox missa*, which cannot be recalled. Strossmayer, also, must have been rather too outspoken, or too much a man of this outer world, for he has no sweet voices in his favour. His tongue is his weapon, and he will have to make good use of it. He has been too successful in life to be much loved. For other speakers, I can only give you telescopic glimpses. One of the most distinguished supporters of the Court has been the Archbishop of Cologne, a man of flowery but effective eloquence. Special mention also is made of De la Cuesta, a Spanish bishop.

I come at last to the matter now before the Council. It is a Schedule of proposed measures *De vitâ et honestate clericorum*, whatever those words may mean. I am

assured that the bishops have every reason to be satisfied with this Schedule; that most of the French bishops, and some of the Spanish bishops, so express themselves. Of course, it is the first instinct of a bishop to desire the most absolute control of his clergy till some knowledge of human affairs, or his own experience, suggest another side to the question. The most learned bishops here say they don't want so much power, or to have things so much left to them. On the 27th, Simor, Archbishop of Strigonia, came to the rescue of the clergy, and, perhaps, of the bishops too, urging the danger and unfairness of placing the clergy under the absolute power of the bishops without an appeal. 'We all err,' he said, 'and if it is left to us injustice will arise. There should be a remedy.' The whole matter, he said, had been carefully handled and decided at the Council of Trent, and nothing more is wanted. I should myself be inclined to suspect that all sides have taken the proposed changes much too seriously, or rather, much too confidingly. Rome cannot have the smallest wish to stop or impede an appeal to her. She may wish to set the bishops on the clergy, and to give them both their hands full of work; but she cannot surely wish them to settle these things among themselves. Is it possible not to suspect when one is gravely told that even the Jesuits are to be placed under episcopal authority—people who swear to obey only one master? There must be some loophole, and something more than a loophole, for the Pope and the Jesuits to come through.

However, this Schedule is still under discussion, and should it be withdrawn, then comes the tug of war. That will be the next Schedule, on the relations of the

Church and Roman Pontiff with the civil power. The Council will then have to decide whether it will pronounce an anathema on every man who thinks the Pope had better be without his temporal power, or who acquiesces in any of the recent measures of disestablishment. The question lies in Europe, and the Pope will have to obtain the votes of the European Fathers. His Orientals, his Generals of Orders, his hundred and fifty bishops *in partibus*, will be of no use in this question. They are nowhere. They have no nations, parliaments, or princes to get on well or ill with. Their battles are fought with ceremonies, words, and ideas. But here, on this continent, it is something more than fighting the air, and unless Europe is heard in this Council Rome is only provoking a struggle of which none can see the nature or the end.

Paris: Jan. 29.

Private advices from Rome deny the truth of the news published in the *Unità Cattolica* to the effect that the petition advocating the definition of the dogma of the Pope's personal infallibility had been presented to the Pope with four hundred and ten signatures attached. The counter petition has been signed by the greater portion of the French bishops and almost the entire German and Hungarian hierarchy. Another petition, that of the 'third party,' demanding the adoption of a formula which shall have the character of a compromise, has been received with approval by most of the Spanish and English bishops.

Rome: Jan. 29.

The ex-Grand Duke of Tuscany died last night. Hussein Pasha, the son of the Khedive, has arrived here.

CHAPTER LVI

BISHOPS AND CARDINALS

Rome: Jan. 30.

THE Council is to be prorogued in May. How this squares with the Easter recess, or with St. Peter's Day, or with the Pope's own day, June 21, I know not. All say Pius IX. knows well he will not see the end of it. The summoners and the summoned feel alike that there is a great work to be done, and the spirit of revolution has invaded the Council. Rauscher is regarded here as another Rab-shakeh. Instead of whispering in the Pope's ear, he has been speaking in the vulgar tongue in the ears of the people that are 'on the wall.' But Strossmayer, it appears, came out with a new constitution for the Church, Provincial and Diocesan Councils, General Councils at brief intervals, important matters to be settled and grave questions defined, not by bulls or briefs, but by General Councils; the Sacred College to be reformed and made a representation of all Catholics, of whatever nation or language. Upon the last point he insisted very strongly. The measures now before the Council, he said, spoke only of the bishops. Why of the bishops? Why not of the cardinals too?[1] It was there

[1] The speaker was perhaps cutting at Antonelli, one of the most prominent and ornamental figures in the Court and Council. He was a good

the reform should begin. They ought to be so selected as to represent the learning and merit of the whole Church, without regard to party, instead of being raised to the most important offices in the Pontifical Government without proof of their fitness. The measures before the Council, he said, bore on their very face a design to concentrate all power in Rome. The general line of Strossmayer's remarks was irresistible, and could not be replied to without a candour that would be very dangerous just now. It would never do to stand up in the face of the whole world and proclaim—'We mean to govern you; we mean to govern you here, and in our own way. We mean to keep a tight rein, and allow no alteration that is not in our interest.' But the German orator pushed his attack too impetuously, and left himself open to reply. His abuse of the cardinals was beyond the bounds of decency, and even justice.

Cardinal Di Pietro seized the opening and used it well. Strossmayer, he said, must have taken his notions from the 14th century, when cardinals were nominated at the caprice of the popes, and when they thought only of accumulating benefices and money, which they spent in luxury and folly. He appealed boldly to the cardinals as they are at this day. They are venerable men, who have spent their lives in ecclesiastical and public affairs. As a general rule they have small incomes, and their expenditure is very moderate Certainly this entirely agrees with all one hears of these men, who wear purple and fine linen, go about

man in his way, but more of a layman than an ecclesiastic. By his knowledge of affairs and his established relations with political personages he had become a necessity.

in splendid equipages, give occasional receptions, keep one or two servants, and live on a few francs a day. Strossmayer, they say, is as well-to-do as any of them. Di Pietro went on :—All the world expects great things from the Council. It must not be encouraged to expect too much, for that will only hinder the much which has to be done. The Schedules hitherto have been necessarily of an abstract rather than a practical character. Some of the questions they open can afford to be postponed. But the actual state of the world proves that we must provide at once for the interests of Society and the Church. The world does not postpone its questions, or handle them only in the way of speculation. It decides and acts. The Church has to do the same. So much for Strossmayer's speech and the reply. The people here, I told you, are making the best of Dupanloup's speech. With the published accounts of it they are enraged, without, however, denying their truth.

Up to this time we have had to do with the Council sitting in what is called General Congregation, and with the documents circulated among the Fathers. The Committees, or Private Congregations, as they are called, are now at work, and people ask how they conduct their business. There are in each twenty-four men, more than enough, of course, for any matters requiring close and constant attention. The Articles of Faith sent up from the Council for amendment are now under the treatment, not of the whole twenty-four, but of three—Pie, Bishop of Poictiers, Dechamps, and another. These, again, I am told, have two secretaries, both of them Jesuits, who had themselves drawn up the said Articles. One of them is said to be Father Schrœder, who has

written on infallibility. Thus all the matter to be dealt with returns to the source it came from, and the Council, in fact, is engaged in a sort of dialogue with the whole staff of the Papal Court.

With regard to the Will-o'-the-Wisp I have just alluded to, this Infallibility, the position of affairs is as follows:—It must come on, in some way or other, some form or other, and at some time or other. There is no help for it. A petition signed by four hundred Fathers must be answered, and answered by the Council as well as the Pope; but that is a small matter. The Church, at the call of occasion, and following the bent of the human mind, has addressed itself to many theological and speculative questions in former ages with success. It so happens that various questions have not been raised before, as they are now, and have not even raised great controversies. There have been no great controversies, it is alleged, or any settlement, on the constitution of the Church and its relations to the civil power. To the want of accurate definitions on these points the Church of Rome ascribes many of her faults, as well as her misfortunes, and, in particular, her present difficulties. A question there undoubtedly is, and for want of preparation, of course by the dogmatic process, the Church has seen judgment go by default against herself. The long and short of all this is that there is a whole code on the relations of Church and State to be discussed. The Schedule, whether the whole or only that relating to the Pontiff, is said to run to 69 Canons. The Council must go through them, and they could no more expect to find no mention of the Pope's spiritual authority than to play *Hamlet* without the Prince of

Denmark. There are Canons which concern the Pope, but whether they are all that could be wished as they stand, or whether some improvement is to be improvised, I know not. The question cannot come on till late in the season. You will see that I have been letting the Roman Catholics s[illegible]nselves. It is an indulgence they do not [illegible]ur side.

The cold is still [illegible], though we are hoping for a change every [illegible]r saw so warmly clad a congregation as a[illegible]h Church this morning. The Bishop of Nin[illegible]of consumption, and had a visit from the Po[illegible]wo ago.

CHAPTER LVII

THE EX-GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY

Rome: Feb. 1.

I DID not tell you of the illness, or the death, or the coming obsequies of the ex-Grand Duke of Tuscany,[1] for the telegraph takes charge of these matters, and, moreover, the good old gentleman has been as good as dead and buried many years ago. But the ceremonies have been to-day and yesterday. I was on the Piazza de' SS. Apostoli as late as the dinner hour would allow, and it was then filling with troops. The body had only to be carried a few hundred yards, from a street leading into the Piazza, but all the army, clergy, and people of Rome were to attend, so it was necessary for them to make a detour. The route was known—the Corso, the Via Condotti, the Piazza di Spagna, and the fountain of Trevi, for Rome had to take the ex-Grand Duke half round the Campus Martius, as she used to do kings, consuls, and emperors. As we rose from dinner, all ears caught the trumpet notes, and every one of us, men and women, old and young, waiters and all, a hundred or more, ran off to the various points promising a view of the procession. It was freezing, but nearly all

[1] This was Leopold II., born 1797; succeeded to the grand duchy 1824; abdicated 1859.

went out as they were, without bonnets, cloaks, or hats, except your humble servant, who said to himself that a living dog is better than a dead lion. So I clothed myself as became one in his right mind. It is only ten steps to the Condotti, which I was really glad to see for once the scene of a grand solemnity. A quarter of a mile of cameos, mosaics, Tuscan necklaces, and pictures palls at last on the emptiest purses. Troops and a band were passing, and in a minute passed the hearse, gorgeous to English notions, surrounded by flambeaux.

But how would London stare to see a sovereign carried on his last journey in this fashion! The hearse was a large state coach, decorated as much as the removal of the panels would allow. The coffin, covered with a crimson pall, lay with the head much higher than the foot, and projecting behind. Priests, or what looked like such, in crimson copes, were sitting on either side. Then followed many carriages, with servants in splendid liveries upon them, or walking by their side; then all the Zouaves, all the Papal troops, as far as I could make out, half-a-dozen bands, buglers in the interval, a battery of artillery, and the dragoons. There would be five or six thousand, estimated by the ranks, the pace, and the whole time taken. Then followed thirty carriages of cardinals, nobles, and I know not what, with all sorts of fine liveries. The music, whether of bands or of bugles, was as near a chant of human voices as brass can do it, and if not so enchanting as our own 'Dead March,' was sadder and more solemn. All were silent about me except my countrymen and countrywomen, some of whom rather jarred on the scene. A handsome English lady, in her dinner toilette, profaned the occasion with

atrocious garrulity. 'What are they going to do with the old man? Why all this fuss about him? Who was he? What an ugly thing for a hearse! What are the lights made of? They're not candles. I don't care for the music. It isn't music. What's this next that's coming?' and so on. Taking advantage of a gap in the procession to get on the steps in the Piazza, leading to the Trinità de' Monti, I there found that, though there were flambeaux every twenty or thirty yards, the procession appealed to the imagination rather than to the eye, for it was always emerging from the darkness, and disappearing into it.

Well, what have we to do with Tuscany? I suppose it is something to have been a sovereign of Tuscany, for there were kings of Tuscany long before there were kings of Rome, and Horace flatters his patron by telling him he was descended from them. They came from Lydia; the archdukes from Austria. Both are gone now. Some one in the crowd said, 'He would have been in Florence now if he had not called in the Austrians.' I doubt that for many reasons; first, because he probably has lived the longer, instead of the less, from being dethroned and an exile. A good wrong is like a good incumbency. It fortifies the vital instinct. Bread of ashes may not be sweet, but it is good for length of days. My own meditations went another way. In my younger days I used to hear it daily boasted how much better Tuscany, then under this very man, was governed than the rest of Italy; that the laws were just, the land well tilled, the people contented, the streets clean, the roads safe, a golden future in prospect, and the reigning family loved and respected. If so, royal virtue

has been its own reward. But the truth is, there are aspirations, ideas, and even passions before which all material, and even all personal considerations will ever be as dust before the wind. Nothing that mortal man could do for Tuscany could ever blind her to the glory of Italian unity, freedom, and independence.

I saw the coffin again lying in state this morning, surrounded by candles and clergy, who had been chanting dirges all night. The funeral ceremonies were performed about noon to-day, the poor Pope not being able to get there earlier. He had himself to chant parts of the service, and several times to walk round the bier with incense or holy water. More than once he was on the point of breaking down. The crowd was more dense and dangerous than any in St. Peter's; and when ladies at the peril of their lives had forced their way out of the church, they found they could not move a yard in the Piazza. The ex-Archduke has left orders in his will that he should be buried in this church; and people notice the coincidence that here also lies Cardinal Ganganelli, afterwards Clement XIV., who 'suppressed' the Jesuits, against whom the Leopoldine decrees were also directed. The ex-Grand Duke must be enumerated among the victims of the Council. He was in fair health at the opening, and at the last public session, I think, too, with the Empress of Austria. The other day he caught a cold, had congestion of the lungs, and went off rapidly.

It is suddenly discovered that everybody at Rome—bishops, priests, and laymen, Ultramontanes, Liberals, Moderates, people in the Pontifical secret and people out of it, ambassadors—nay, I am inclined to suspect,

his Holiness himself, have all been most egregiously hoaxed. It is impossible for any stranger and pilgrim to get better information on Roman affairs than the Occasional Correspondent whose letter I have just seen in the *Times*. But it now appears that even he has been misinformed when he says: 'To-day, at the sitting, the Infallibilist address, till now mysteriously kept out of sight, was suddenly handed in;' and when he goes on to complain that the Infallibilists have been allowed to get the start. It is now affirmed that the address or Postulatum never has been handed in to the Council. Our own information was that it had been handed in, not to the 'General Congregation' of the Council, but to the 'Special Congregation'—that is, the Committee on Faith; and that, till to-day, was the universal belief in Rome. However, whatever was believed to have been done has not been done. The address has not been presented; and, what is more I have to request you to assume for convenience' sake that it has never been signed, that it has not been circulated, that it has had no existence at all, and cannot possibly have had any existence. The House of Commons, it is sometimes said, can do certain wonders, but cannot undo what has been done. There is no such limitation to the powers that be here. The real Petition for Infallibility, the coming event of which Dr. Manning's supposed petition was but the shadow, is to appear in a few days, and is warranted to be so entirely harmless that nobody need take the least offence at it. I am told by one who has seen it that it means anything or nothing. It is too natural, however, to suspect that all these petitions, which are in the very nature of private enter-

prises, are only so many red-herrings to draw the Opposition off the true scent, which I have myself no doubt lies in the Schedules or schemes laid before the Council. As the doctrine which pervades them all is that the Pope is, by Divine right, the absolute sovereign of the world, that implies infallibility enough, at least for all practical purposes. But I will pass this by now. You are expecting information.

Yesterday, Cardinals Bilio and Capalti spoke in defence of the proposed decrees upon clerical life and manners. They were answered very triumphantly, I am told, by Simor, Archbishop of Strigonia, whom I have had to mention before. The Patriarch of Babylonia, about whom so many stories have circulated, is said to have added to his amazing compliances the induction of two bishops nominated by the Pope after two of his own nominations had been set aside. As the Tigris and Euphrates are already represented in this Council by about a score of patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops, I am disposed to think that this case of Papal aggression will not signify very much there.

Saturday was a great day at the American College. The Pope selected that place and time for the publication of a decree for the beatification and canonisation of Juvenale Ancina, a great friend of S. Francesco de Sales. Ancina was a priest of the Oratory at Rome, and afterwards Bishop of Saluzzo. According to the decree read after Mass by the secretary, he combined in a remarkable degree the theological virtues of faith, hope, and charity, and was also an heroic example of prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude. Indeed, so many qualities apt to conflict with one another were

equally developed in him to the highest human proportion, that the Americans may be congratulated on having obtained a special interest in his favour. If the account be only half true, they cannot do better than study the example, and I doubt not they will be the better for it. To-morrow is a great day, a very great day here. It used to be in our own country, and is so still in some places and institutions, of which it will much and often remind me. But while I write I cannot say whether there will be a public session of the Council, or whether anything will be promulgated.

With regard to the above question of the actual handing in of the *Supplica*, it must be borne in mind that the chief promoters of the Dogma were on the Pope's own Commission, and also in the Committee on Faith.

Our Malta correspondent, writing on the 1st inst., says:—'Lately the cold has set in here with a sharpness that has called forth much remark, and I hear of water exposed at night being found with a film of ice on it—quite an extraordinary phenomenon in these low latitudes. As might be expected from this state of things, the accounts brought by the mail this morning from Sicily speak of the cold there as almost unprecedented, at any rate for the last twenty years. It freezes hard at Catania at night, and on January 30, although a fine sunny day, the puddles on the country roads were covered with ice as thick as plate-glass. The fruit crops—that is to say, almonds, oranges, and lemons—have been partially destroyed by hail and frost. The thermometer in the day seldom rose above 44° or 45°. The hills in the vicinity of Messina are covered with snow.'

CHAPTER LVIII

CANDLEMAS

Rome: Feb. 2.

CANDLEMAS is a name in England, but a day at Rome. I took it easily, and started for St. Peter's about ten o'clock. Never before have I seen such a continuous and steady flow of carriages and people—the latter including townspeople and the very roughest of the country people—as I found myself in. It is true the frost was gone, and the sun was shining; but a large part of the men had walked in from the Campagna, men of the sort that ladies know not whether to admire or to fear—spare, tawny, fierce, and not very pleasant-looking. As I neared St. Peter's it was evident the church would never hold them, and when I got there the people were pouring out as fast as they poured in. Ladies in black, ladies carrying movable seats, men, and strings of Zouaves off duty, were forcing their way out of the church into the open air. Inside, the state of things was evident. Two imposing lines of Zouaves and of the Papal infantry kept a broad avenue the entire length of the nave, leaving only half the width free. But there remained very little for such as myself. All the northern part of the church is shut off for the Council; the Fathers themselves on this occasion occupying the whole

west—that is, the part corresponding to our choirs. There remained the south transept and chapels; but these were all filled by good, honest worshippers at their devotions. The Pope was on his throne, and the service was going on. Before long, tall candles were being lighted; the Pope was raised aloft in his chair, candle in hand, and preceded by the Fathers, every one with his candle, was carried down the nave and back again to his throne. The red flare of the candles made a pretty contrast with the white mitres. As for the principal personage, as he had nothing to do but hold his candle, and had not his right hand at liberty, he seemed to be enjoying a little of that rest which he certainly requires.

Returned to the choir—I cannot otherwise describe it to an English Churchman—the Pope and Fathers resumed their seats in a forest of burning candles, casting a slightly lurid light around. The effect seen from a distance, indistinctly, was that of a heath fire. I think a cruel joke of William the Conqueror's was founded on the same association of ideas. The candles were burning long. After the usual service, in which the Pope's peculiar tones were often audible where I stood, under the dome, there was a short sermon or address, which sounded like his voice. He was raised aloft again, this time without candle or canopy, and carried out of the church. All left except the worshippers in the chapels and a few who stood, as I did, to see the soldiers, about five hundred, paraded and marched down the nave. I had forgotten that everywhere there were people going about with unlighted candles in their hands—candles of all sizes and colours, from tapers to pillars of wax.

Such is Candlemas at Rome. The first question an Englishman asks one is, 'What have candles to do with the Purification?' I fear you would never have space for the answers such a question is likely to elicit. There will be no public Session, it is now said, till Lady Day or Easter. But what changes may there not be in such long intervals! There is a seventh death, that of Mascarou-Laurence, Bishop of Tarbes. He caught a cold the other day and died. It must be said, however, that he was eighty, and had been bishop twenty-five years. I congratulate the Fathers on the return of more genial weather.

The *Times* of last Wednesday and Thursday have made no appearance in Rome. I cannot hear of a single copy having been seen here, and there must have been an extensive *auto da fé* at the usual place of execution, the post-office here. We can only guess the reasons. Is it that you have published Rauscher's terrible appeal to the Pope? It is said here that the appeal has not been made, inasmuch as it was returned without recognition. The King can do no wrong here, and, what is more, can have no wrong done to him, if it is possible to ordain it otherwise. The story of the Petition for Infallibility has yet to be told, and it will have to be told in some mood and tense with which grammarians are not yet acquainted. It first had no Papal 'imprimatur,' but had what was better, the shield of the 'Pontifical secret.' Some days afterwards it had the 'imprimatur,' but was no secret, and the secret was then most resolutely denied. Of course, secrecy would have committed the Court. Unfortunately, the good Fathers had the wit to see that if there was no secret

about it they could do much as they pleased, and with all the touting in the world the 'promoters' could not get more than 410 signatures, and those generally shadows in comparison with the substances to be dealt with. In fact, the recruiting sergeants could not walk through Coventry with their men. However, there was the Petition, and there were the signatures, and from day to day the very hour was fixed for the presentation of the Petition. All whom I am in communication with believed this implicitly.

I now think it possible that some diplomatic gentleman, or others endowed with a more subtle intelligence than I can pretend to, took a different view of the transaction, and acted accordingly. The Petition, presented or not, to be presented or not, was doing its work, by daily committing somebody or other off his guard, or deceived by representations. For the matter of presentation, that was a form, and nothing more; for the real promoters were members of the Committee on Faith, through which the Petition would have to be presented. The Petition, so to speak, was in their left pockets, and presentation would be nothing more than transferring it to their right pockets. In truth, they would present it to themselves. Meanwhile, the Petition went about among the Fathers as something momentarily to be presented, and put in train for dogmatising and decreeing. Diplomatists could see that such a process could only be stopped by a summary act, even if it seemed rather rude. So the German Protest—that is, the appeal to the Pope—was announced also for presentation. But the remedy could not wait till the disease had done its work. It must be applied at once, and there was no

other way than to send the appeal to Vienna, where the people, even though they are Austrians, sometimes know the only thing to be done. They certainly hit on it in this case by publishing the appeal straightway. Here, of course, the proceeding is described as most scandalous, but, as there was really nothing else to be done, the responsibility rests with those who compelled the course. It is seen by the result that if Rauscher was not to publish his appeal till the Pope had received it, the appeal would never have seen the light; this at the very time that it is denied there was any secrecy about the Petition against which the appeal is made! But there is nothing which is not asserted here, and nothing which is not denied.

People are not dying here faster than they ought to do, but when they do die they are noticed, and somebody must show cause. If the Pope's writ ran a little further they would be summoned before the *Judices Excussationum*. The Portuguese Minister, whose arrival I think I have had to mention, is dead. As he was in England twenty years, you knew him well. All that remains for me to tell is that, having to make a long journey in very cold weather and in very short time, he suffered some internal disturbance, from which he did not recover. People don't recover easily of anything here. Loughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn, is gone to his see, his vicar-general having died, and it is taken for granted that he will not return here till October. The Pope and his people are quite resigned to the prospect of the Council sitting and making speeches as long as it pleases, so as it turns out good work in the end. The Holy Father says, 'Let them have their talk.' The cardinals have a truly

English power of repairing defeats and forgetting mishaps; and they have a more than English power of making up their little differences.

To return to the Address. It is now nobody's child. The story is that when the Pope's pleasure was asked, he simply said it was no affair of his; it must go to the Congregation. It is still said there is to be a dogma declaring more expressly than has been declared the supreme authority of the Pope; but, whatever it be, it must still testify to the non-existence of that which it attempts to create, and so leave the matter as it stands. Just now I said that the Court and cardinals were taking their admitted reverses very easily. The shipwrecks, they say, are just where they want them to be; and if infallibility cannot be definitively secured for Rome, it is something to see fresh proofs every day that it does not lie out of the Eternal City. As to the Schedules, whether on faith or discipline, whether affecting nations, princes, bishops, priests, or the Holy See, every word of them is under discussion, without a chance of a public session till Lady Day or Easter. They can be sent backwards and forwards between Council and Committees for ever; and there appears to be some disposition to pursue that game. How long? some will say.

It is rather significant of the way in which the Council will be worked, and the resources of the Papal policy, that the Pope last Sunday made the Chaldean Patriarch of Babylonia, assisted by the Archbishop of Amadia and the Bishop of Akra, consecrate two of his own nominees respectively to the Chaldean Archbishopric of Diarbekir and the Bishopric of Mardin, in place of two men the Patriarch would have preferred. Meso-

potamia, with the region all about, thinly peopled
are apt to think it, swarms with bishops of all rites.
fill whole pages of the official list. The two na
men just made bishops of nameless places will co
the voting as much as the Archbishops of Pa
Vienna; and if you added the three equally insig
personages who performed the ceremony of conse
at the Pope's command, the five will count, I
computed, against the representatives of 7,000,000
pean Catholics, at least equal to Syrians and Babyl
But France and Austria are both resolved not to
terrible question at issue be disposed of by coun
heads.

Since writing the above, I have seen a copy
Times of Wednesday, the 26th. Two columns
tracts from a writer whose name must not be men
in Rome account for the suppression of that nu
Thursday's paper I have not yet seen.

So you have had a Greek archbishop and his
lains assisting in Westminster Abbey, and all the
is to find itself at Jerusalem some day! Wha
come to pass in the far-off times I dare not say, f
experience hath not turned in me to prophecy.
only I know, that before the things men are sure of
to pass, many other things will happen they coul
conjecture or even imagine. Excuse a little proof.
or twelve years ago one I know something of was t
a Sunday afternoon walk with a fellow visitor at A
Passing Mr. Drummond's church, the two heard
rather loud preaching within. They stood unde
porch for twenty minutes, and heard the consumm
of all things and the Millennium described with

energy and exactness. 'In those days we shall not say "Let us go to London." What will London be then? The saints will not say "Let us go to Paris." What could they have to do there? We shall not go to Rome. There will be no Rome then. We shall go to Jerusalem. It is there the saints will assemble, and all the world will be there.' On this theme he expounded with inexhaustible fertility. The listeners were struck with the confidence of the prophet. In a few years one of those listeners became Bishop of Calcutta, and, missing his steps in the dark, was drowned in the Ganges. The preacher himself was shot through the body with the ramrod of a London volunteer at a review near his place. My informant is now at Rome. They don't prophesy here. To be sure, some of their preternatural computations are very long, very remote, and very much out of any limbo I can conceive; but it is to the present they give their chief attention. They leave nothing to the future that they can do to-day. The Council has been sitting to-day, as usual now, till near one o'clock.

The Count de Lavradio, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the King of Portugal to Queen Victoria, had an audience of her Majesty to deliver his letter of recall on November 25, a fortnight before the opening of the Council. Upon hearing of his illness her Majesty sent kind enquiries—I fear, too late for him to receive them. Mr. Wreford requested me to acquaint the British public with this fresh proof of her Majesty's interest in old friends, and I much regret to have to say that I omitted to do so.

CHAPTER LIX

THE COUNCIL IN A GORDIAN KNOT

Rome: Feb. 4.

WHEN all is made known, we are told here, the world will be astonished at the immense work which the Council had to do, and which, it is hoped, it will have done. The work is stupendous. It is the codification of the Church —that is, of all humanity as it ought to be in all its relations, from essential principles to every kind of detail. If there are forty distinct schedules, and one may contain sixty-six articles or paragraphs, often lengthy, that suggests a *Code Napoléon* at the least. When thus much is told, and so little more, the intended inference is the immense respect we ought to feel for the Council which has undertaken this superhuman task, and the reverential silence with which we ought to expect the Divine accomplishment. As to the stupendous nature of the work, I trust I have done justice to it. But what I utterly fail to see, and what nobody here can help me to see, is how this work is to be done in deliberative and legislative fashion. Supposing there be only a thousand distinct articles, how are they to be licked into shape, for there is not one that does not require this operation? Nothing has yet been put in definite and final form. I cannot but suspect that there is not a single one of these thousand—more likely two thousand paragraphs, that an

Ultramontane would not write one way, a Gallican another. The destinies of the human race are to hang on the very wording. On the Roman hypothesis, the least slip or oversight is awful, unless it be in her own favour. The controversies set going by this Council and by the learned and vigilant Germans have been only resuscitated, for they date from the old Councils. But one thing is to be noted in them. It is that when a point has once been ruled in favour of Rome, ever so suddenly or by mere chance medley, Rome instantly shuts her eyes to all the mistakes, false assertions, forgeries, surprises, and downright absurdities that led to the desired result, and proclaims a voice from Heaven never more to be reasoned about. The case has been tried, the parties heard, the decision found and pronounced; there is an end of it. The answer of Rome to all the books that have been written is that they are buried and forgotten controversies, of which her decisions only survive.

Of course, Rome is not specially concerned to defend all the Councils, and the Popes can always put a good face upon their divers utterances. Thus, whatever is done now, if it fall on her side, is irreparable as regards those who may think her side wrong. It will be Heaven that stupefied them, if they were indeed stupefied, and overruled their many blunders for the good of the Church. Such are the issues depending on any one, perhaps every one, of the multitudinous and multifarious forms of words to be approved, amended, or rejected by the Council. It is needless now to repeat the difficulties in the way of any of these Fathers—from the greatest to the least, from the brilliant declaimers to the good

souls who sit there for long weary hours without the least notion of what is going on—taking a real and actual part in the examination and final formation of these canons and decrees. How, then, is the work to be done? How is it done? After the reading of the printed papers, if read, and the discussions at home and in private circles, if there be any, and the speeches, understood or not, the matter all goes up—or down, as they say here—to the Committees, and the Committees give it to sub-committees, and the sub-committees have Jesuit secretaries; and so through this funnel everything goes back to the Gesù, from which indeed it came.

But now comes the question immediately before us—How long will this process go on? Will all this matter, supposed to be under deliberation, flow backwards and forwards, sometimes rushing out of the gully-hole, sometimes sinking back into it, for ever, or for months, which is the same thing as far as we are concerned? That seems impossible. A knot has been tied which no Council can untie. A sword alone can do it, and the sword hangs over the Council. It is this—the presiding cardinal is to produce, perhaps after a previous distribution, perhaps not, a draft of decrees and canons, affirmed and pledged to have been corrected according to the opinions and wishes expressed in Council, and then at once put it to the vote. The vote taken, the thing is done, and nothing remains but the consent already given and a public promulgation, when the matter thus enacted becomes the law of the world.

What is to hinder this? First, the growing independence of the Fathers themselves, then the vigilance and decision of the great Catholic Powers. Wearied as the

Fathers are, their responsibility and their power every day they feel more. The Jesuits cannot manage them altogether as they have been accustomed to manage them each a thousand miles off, in the insulation of his own see. The regulations, though reinforced by supplementary rules and by several monitions, have become almost waste paper. The bishops move about in society expressing their own opinions, and referring to one another's, so that every opinion is known; some one says they have been ordered not to assemble in more than fifteens or twenties, but Roman palaces are large, and Roman receptions multitudinous, and the bishops make as large circles as they please there. The Pope's journalists are the first to break the rule of secrecy by telling as much as suits their space or their readers. The Pope himself, seeing how things are going in the Council, accepts the fact, and says, 'Let them talk,' and no doubt for one Latin declamation there are some thousand conversations in the several vernaculars. What is more, the really representative men are feeling their weight, and showing it. The Archbishop of Paris represents more Catholics than all the 'Roman bishops' together. The Opposition has been carefully computed to represent eighty millions, while the entire Roman Catholic Church cannot make out more than a hundred and seventy millions. Under such circumstances the bare chance of a schism is terrible.[1]

[1] In the *Times*, February 4, it is computed that the total number of Fathers now in Rome as members of the Council is 759. Since the opening of the Council four Fathers have quitted Rome and seven have died. There are 48 Austrian and Hungarian prelates, 84 French, 35 from Great Britain and Ireland, 19 from North and South Germany, 41 Spanish, and 276 Italian.

The Fathers are daily getting more insight into the whole situation, and they are even learning history. Then, for the other rock ahead, the pilots here have had their eyes opened. They see how promptly, and, as they say, how irregularly and scandalously, the German Protest was published at home, whereas, it is maintained here, it never was presented, and was not allowed to be presented, to the Pope. Austria, so apt to entangle herself, cut a knot there. As to France, it is sinking deep into the mind of Rome that the power which occupies Cività Vecchia is the majority in the French Chamber for the time being ; that majority which is itself one of the doctrines to be anathematised by this Council. The assembled Fathers see all that Rome sees, but not all with her fears or her inferences. Of course, Rome will never give up the game. If she is forced to send these Fathers away it will only be for a time, and if their presence would save her not one would be allowed to leave her territory. They are hostages. But I must close.

The Portuguese Minister, in accordance with his expressed wishes, had a private funeral, only the embassy and the bishops of his own country attending. When it was too late there arrived a despatch from Lisbon that he was to have a public funeral, at his country's expense. Frost last night again ; sun to-day. Rome is fuller than ever. The hotels all full, I hear. The hounds are meeting almost daily. Yesterday I met them as they were coming, under the care of the usual red-coated huntsman, from the Capitol, under the Arch of Titus, down to the Meta Sudans, and to the left round the Coliseum. Could Vespasian or Titus ever have imagined that ?

CHAPTER LX

ANGELIC FIGURE AND COSTUME

Rome: Feb. 5.

UNLESS a speech is so remarkable, and also so one-sided, as to set the Fathers talking about it, we are not likely to hear much, at least for some days. The Council sat yesterday and the day before, and speeches there certainly were, for the tones were heard far down the nave —beyond the cordon of Swiss Guard posted lower down every day. Thirty-seven speeches, I see it is reckoned, have been made in the seven sittings upon the first two Schedules upon Matters of Discipline. At the repeated request of many of the Fathers, the Presidents have issued an urgent recommendation that the speakers will use the greatest possible brevity, confine themselves strictly to the question, and not go over the same ground as former speakers.

One speech I revert to, because it seems to have attracted more notice than I gave it at the time, when I thought, too, there might be a touch of exaggeration in the account. A Neapolitan bishop went straight at the most conspicuous of all the differences between the Eastern and Western Churches, and I hope I shall soothe some wounded susceptibilities when I relate that his judgment was for the former. 'It is certain,' he said, 'that all the

saints, both of the Old and New Testaments, wore a robe falling down to the ground; nor can there be the least doubt that they do so now in Heaven. It is equally certain that they did not shave, for a curtailment of the beard is never mentioned in the Bible except as an ignominy. Nor can we suppose for a moment that they shave in Heaven. Whether we look, then, to the intention of nature, to sacred example—yes, to the most sacred—or to Heaven itself, we ought to wear long robes and beards, as long, at least, as nature allows. Whether the argument is held to extend to laymen is not stated. I have been most remiss not to give this before, but I hope the Greeks, Syrians, Chaldeans, Armenians, Maronites, Copts, Malchites, and the various rites compounded out of these, or with the Latin rite, will now see that I am ready to do justice to them in one of the most important objects of their regard. But it is just possible there may be a great reform in vestments, and that while our own clergy are following those of Rome at a very humble distance, the latter may take a fresh start on the true Scriptural model.

There ought to be something for every taste here, and a little amusement. Carnival begins a fortnight to-day; the preparations are in progress, but I do not know whether the Council is to be suspended for it. In the Council the only thing that amuses is the excessive earnestness of a few, for even on that holy ground it is necessary to disguise a too solid conviction. Truth itself must be dressed to make her way even there. One reality speaks for itself. There is another death, the ninth in the Council, that of Puigllat y Amigo, Bishop of Lerida. Four bishops, it is stated, took the

Communion last night, being dangerously ill. The Papal interpreters of these signs and tokens tell us the world ought to respect the judgment of men evidently on the threshold of eternity, as many here must be. Among other rumours, it is said that an English lady of high rank is expected to join the Church here after Easter. Without the least clue to the lady, I ask is she to be married at the same time? This is St. Agatha's Day. I ought to be on my way to the Irish college to attend Vespers and hear Father Burke. By the by, though the *Unità Cattolica* never alludes to your paper except as one of the 'infamous and libertine journals,' I will return good for evil by thanking it for some interesting bits of intelligence from my own country. It informs me that three hundred lord mayors and other municipal magistrates have been signing an address to the King of the Belgians. What it tells me in the next column I must give in the original:

'Il dottor Giorgio Ihle Berheros venne eletto Vescovo anglicano di Manchester, e prenderà quindi possesso del suo seggio alla Camera del lordi, dove è chiamato anche ad adempiere le funzioni di cappellano.'

The Opposition reckons confidently on carrying things its own way. Neither do I know quite what that way is, nor yet all the grounds of this confidence; but it certainly has all the grounds it could desire in the present confusion, and the disaster which has befallen the Pope's army. There is, indeed, a confusion—an 'abolition' they call it here—as of a city destroyed by an earthquake, when through the dust you hear, but can hardly see, the crash of falling walls. The defence of numbers, the defence of unanimity, the defence of

common kindness and of a common interest, and the defence of that majesty that was to win or overawe the assembled world, have all failed. I do not believe that Rome ever stood so friendless and so bare as she does in the midst of eight hundred mitred witnesses. France is but her jealous rival, Spain no more than her careless and unwilling dependent, Germany her candid friend, England her clumsy squire, the Italians her blood relations, the Orientals her mercenaries, the Americans her visitors. All have brought here that which is of themselves, and the unity which is to bind them does not yet appear ; it rather decays.

But what has become of the far-famed (Infallibility) Address? By the confession of its own promoters, the worst of curses has fallen on it, for it has not even come to the birth ; it has not even seen the light ; it has come to nothing. It is 'as the grass growing upon the housetops, which withereth afore it groweth up ; wherewith the mower filleth not his hand ; nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom.' The very list of names, so slowly and laboriously accumulated, is waste paper, which neither Pope, nor Committees, nor Council will look at. What was to be an omen of success now warns of many a failure. All this is bad, worse can hardly be imagined. But the description is negative, and the question remains what is to come out of all this obstruction and difficulty. Grant the Opposition ever so powerful, even as to command the situation altogether, what is it they mean to do? The world will look for a policy, and it must be one that will stand the sort of warfare which has hitherto served Rome well, and meet the circumstances out of which it has arisen. Ultramontanism avows itself

What is Gallicanism when it ceases to be a mere protest? There is the difficulty. It is the light that is to come out of this darkness.

Here I confess a misgiving as to the over-confidence of the Opposition. You know what Rome says to her national antagonists :—'You are great men, we doubt it not, in your own country. There are none like you there. You can dictate to your inferiors. You can preach where there are none to correct you. With the assistance of your political friends, you can make men good servants of the State. You cannot teach, train, and govern all the world. That is our mission. It is what we always have done, and what we will do still, since Heaven so wills it. You may be good lieutenants, but to command is not yours. You try and fail. We fail, too, but we rise again, and repair our worst calamities.' That is the language of Rome, and it has still to be confuted. What is the reply? We at home answer bluffly that we will have nothing to do with her. But it is not so easy to foresee the answer these three hundred liberal or moderate representatives of half the Roman Catholic Church will give—that is, what practical answer. We know what Rome offers. What is it they hold in their hand?

The *Civiltà Cattolica* publishes an article headed, 'Bad Politicians and the Council,' in which it treats of the menaces uttered by certain politicians, especially in Catholic countries, in view of the possibility of the Council enacting dogmatic decrees or disciplinary regulations contrary to the spirit of modern times. It declares that these threats will be treated by the bishops with contempt, and adds, 'If the civil Governments make laws contrary to the decrees of the Council, those

laws will be radically null and void, and will in no way compel the consciences of their subjects. To enforce compliance with them would be to commit a most criminal act of tyranny. If the Governments separate the Church from the State they will cause terrible revolutions, by which they themselves will be overthrown.' In conclusion, the *Civiltà Cattolica* praises Count Daru, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, for having openly declared in the Senate that the French Government respected the liberty of the Church, and it speaks in high terms of France as being almost the only country in Europe that has remained faithful to its Concordat with Rome during the last seventy years. 'France,' says the *Civiltà Cattolica*, 'may rely that the Council will take this loyalty on her part into account.'

The *Civiltà Cattolica* combines here the parts of the politician, the Churchman, and the prophet; the last the most perilous part, inasmuch as a prophecy may be haply fulfilled otherwise than expected or desired. The assumption underlying these sublime utterances is that the actual state of things in France was exceptionally good and promising—nay, certain of its reward. What was that state of things? It was the intimate union of the French Empire with the existing Church of France, as part of the Church of Rome. The Papal prophet boldly announced that the safety and glory of France consisted in retaining this state of things, while terrible revolutions and final overthrow would follow any departure from it.

CHAPTER LXI

THE BREVIARY

Rome: Feb. 6.

UP to this time the Council has held twenty-one sittings, and heard ninety-nine speeches. Not one of these speeches has yet escaped the Council Hall, except in the form of a rumour rather than a report. It is only quite certain that what the hearers don't talk about, either that day or the day after, has made no impression, and is no great loss to the world. It is confessed that the speeches are tediously long, that they often wander from the point, and are the same thing over and over again. Five spoke on Friday, the regulation number it would almost seem. Haynald was one of them, and his chief subject was the Breviary. In its present state it contains a great deal of unreasonable matter—that is, matter rather shocking the reason. All priests are obliged to recite it every day, under penalty of mortal sin; not only they who are well paid for the performance of religious duties, but they, too, who have no pay. As for canons, prebendaries, and other beneficed clergy, since they have the post and the pay, they cannot complain if they have to spend a couple of hours a day in intercession and devotion of a stated and formal character. But it is a great deal to expect from poor curates and under-curates.



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The Jesuits we all suppose to be wise in their generation, and when they feel themselves strong, or see a necessity, they practise no disguise. But it certainly is very remarkable that in the planning of this gigantic operation, as indeed it is, they have made it all proceed, as it were, so directly and so decidedly from the Pope. In the enormous programme the Church is in error, Rome itself faultless. Of course, this has elicited from east, west, north, and even south, 'Reform yourself, for Rome is the great offender.' At first this sounded terrible, but we became used to it, and the gentle and cautious Darboy makes it even a compliment to the Holy See. It is for the sake of the Church that he wishes the head sounder. All the difficulties, all the errors, all the anomalies of the Church find their way here, and come here to be tested and rectified. How necessary that the test itself should be searching, and the rule itself straight. Let Rome continue to govern the world, and, therefore, govern herself, first and highest of that which is to be governed. The archbishop has converted what looked like a bludgeon into a rapier, or, as we now say, an arm of precision.

By the by, you must know much better than we can do here what is going on at Paris. All eyes in Rome are fixed that way, with one hope or another. Prince Borghese has just gone to Paris, some say to look after his mother's property, some to take his son from college; but (and this is stated with certainty) he left Rome after a message from the Nuncio, who had just had a long conversation with Ollivier. The Papal organs here are

discussing, not too early, the possible action of the Catholic Powers in the event of any collision arising out of this Council. They may either prohibit, persecute, imprison, hang, burn, or otherwise slay, like the emperors of Pagan Rome, or they may declare a separation of Church and State. The latter appears to be thought the lesser evil of the two. It is a point in which Rome has the advantage of a large experience.

At present Rome is busily engaged in prohibiting, persecuting, imprisoning, burning, or otherwise destroying all the books and newspapers which say what she does not wish to be said, or tell what she would rather leave untold. Three numbers of the *Augsburg Gazette* have been stopped, viz. the one containing the Infallibility Address, and the one containing the Protest to the Pope against it; and another the contents of which I know, but say not. Surely this mode of conducting a controversy with the whole world is not wise. Nor is it wise or becoming a journal published in Rome, and enjoying the *imprimatur* and authority of the Council, to persist in ascribing to the impugners of Papal Infallibility the very basest motives. If men are justified in referring to purely mercantile considerations every opinion with which they cannot agree, it will go rather hard with some of the opinions of this place. I am myself ready to believe that a man may have a strong opinion, and yet not be a knave. The opinion, however, will have to fight its own battle. The Bishop of Tarbes, who died the other day, signed the Infallibility Address, almost in the last agonies, adding to his signature '*Papa est infallibilis.*'

CHAPTER LXII

THE 'CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA'

THE following leader in the *Times*, by I know not what hand, appears to me to call for insertion, both for its intrinsic claims, and for its critical bearings. I must, however, be allowed to observe that it is in fact impossible to prescribe to civil society the range of its duties in regard to this or that step of dogmatic proposition. The simple fact is that civil society takes its own course on each new occasion, and that course is the one dictated by political necessity, such, for example, as an overwhelming popular majority one way or the other.

February 7.

If there were any truth in the old phrase, *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*, we should have to conclude that the days of the Papacy are numbered. Certainly, men in their senses would scarcely allow themselves such outrageous and suicidal language as we read in the Jesuitical organ of the Papal Court, the *Civiltà Cattolica*. Had these firebrands of Loyola their own way, they would not hesitate to commit the Church to a mortal war with civil society. If we listen to them, men, as men, have no rights whatever in the world. They only exist as Roman Catholics—nay, as Ultramontane Roman Catholics. It is for the Church alone to rule the world;



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and regulations, is, and must be, left to the choice of each individual, unless we would go back to the days of Innocent and the Dominican Inquisition. So long as the Pope and his Council bring forth only new dogmas about the Immaculate Conception, the Bodily Assumption, or even Papal Infallibility, civil society may afford to overlook their doctrines, because they neither coerce individual consciences, nor interfere with the general order of society. But if the Council aim at anything more substantial; if it aspire to enforce intolerance, to impose disabilities, or meddle with private or public right; if it insist that a community, because it is called Roman Catholic, or because the majority of its people are Roman Catholics, must be absolutely and exclusively Roman Catholic, and must have no other civil or social organisation than a theocracy analogous to that which rules over the Pontifical dominions, there can only be peace in the world on condition of its relapse into mediæval barbarism. The mere question of education, for instance, cannot be brought to a settlement without a trial of strength between the whole clergy and the whole laity. The State and the Church have, or assume to have, certain rights over the citizen. But the State can and must enforce its own rights by law; the Church must be satisfied with claiming theirs by persuasion. The State provides secular instruction; the Church volunteers moral teaching. But the State must see that the Church in no way interferes with its own part of the work, or that she does not obtrude her co-operation where it is openly resisted. The same rule applies to marriage; the State looks upon it as a legal contract, and legislates accordingly.

The Church may hold marriage to be a sacrament, and, as such, claim to monopolise it. The State does not object to the celebration of the sacrament for those who desire it. It only provides for those who choose to dispense with it, and insists on the supervision of that part of the contract on which its validity in its social consequences may depend. Were the State and the Church to start fair in their mutual relations, such arrangements would evidently be the most natural and plausible. But Rome had once, in ages of tyranny and bigotry, established certain claims upon the lay Governments; she had drawn up certain compacts, or 'Concordats,' by which she coerced not only the State in the abstract, but every subject individually, to accept whatever decrees she might impose, however derogatory to the independent sovereignty of the State, and however onerous upon the conscience of individuals. Those Concordats are no longer compatible with the free exercise of man's rights. Even such backward communities as Austria and Spain, the last bulwarks of priestly ascendency, have been obliged to tear them to tatters. Where the Government hesitated to do it, it has been done either by the vote of a majority in Council or by the act of a clamouring multitude in the streets.

With that good faith which distinguishes Jesuitism in all ages and countries, the *Civiltà Cattolica* confesses that 'France is the only country in Europe which has remained faithful to its Concordat with Rome.' That Concordat, we are told, has lasted seventy years. It is very true; it arose at a time in which religion had ceased to exist in France, and when the Church, glad of a restoration on any terms, accepted all the conditions which

a strong-minded ruler was pleased to impose. The First Consul provided for the dignity and supremacy of the State, and only sacrificed as much of the rights of the citizen as would enable him to establish political rule on the basis of ecclesiastical authority. That Concordat was a covenant of despotism so far as it could go; but, fortunately, civil legislation had already achieved so much in France during the revolutionary period as to place society beyond the reach of any serious ecclesiastical encroachment. France could easily observe the terms of her Concordat, for the allegiance of her people to Rome was, in a great measure, spontaneous, and a Frenchman could perform every important act of his life without the intervention of a priest. The *Civiltà Cattolica* praises the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Daru, for his promise to 'respect the liberty of the Church.' But it forgets that the promise was given conditionally upon the Church 'respecting the liberties of the State.' On those terms there is no doubt Austria, Spain, and even Italy, would be ready to treat with Rome. But Rome is well aware that the liberty she allowed to France is precisely what she denies to Italy, Spain, and Austria; that those institutions of civil marriage, secular education, and civil law in general, which have been for seventy years flourishing in France, are precisely those points on which she has been at issue with all other countries. What purpose does the Jesuit journal hope to accomplish by the patronising tone it adopts towards France? Does it expect France to take up the championship of Papal pretensions; that she will exact from other Roman Catholic States the allegiance to Rome which she herself shook off when she imposed

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CHAPTER LXIII

COMMISSION TO RECEIVE AND EXAMINE NOTICES OF MOTION

It is time to supply an omission, not only in these Letters, but in all the contemporary records of the Council within my reach. This is the Commission of Cardinals and Bishops, specially deputed by the Pope to receive and examine the Propositions made by the assembled Fathers. For a considerable time before the opening of the Council there had been at work many commissions and sub-commissions, charged with the internal constitution of the Council, and with the selection and preparation of the matter to be dealt with. These preparatory commissions, composed of persons already at Rome, and in frequent communication with the Pope and his Court, were a necessity of the case, for a vast assemblage without a pre-arranged plan of operation and a definite design would only be a tumultuous gathering. Nevertheless, the existence and the work of these preparatory commissions had been a recognised grievance many months before the meeting of the Council. The bishops in their own scattered and isolated dioceses could not help feeling that those who were 'on the spot' would have an immense advantage



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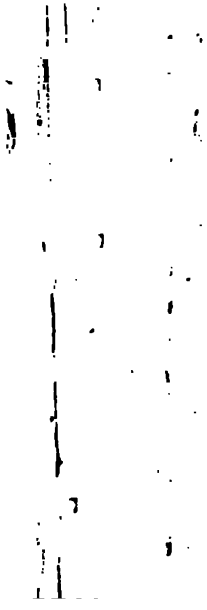
Emi e Rmi Signori Cardinali.

Costantino Patrizi.
Camillo Di Pietro.
Filippo De Angelis.
Cosimo Corsi.
Sisto Riario Sforza.
Giuseppe Otmaro De Rauscher.
Enrico De Bonnechose.
Paolo Cullen.
Lorenzo Barili.
Giovanni Ignazio Moreno.
Raffaele Monaco La Valletta.
Giacomo Antonelli.

Reverendissimi Padri.

Gregorio Jussef, Patriarca Antiocheno dei Melchiti.
Giuseppe Valerga, Patriarca Gerusolimitano.
Giuseppe Ippolito Guibert, Arcivescovo di Tours.
Alessandro Riccardi Di Netro, Arcivescovo di Torino.
Mariano Barrio-y-Fernandez, Arcivescovo di Valenza.
Raffaele Valentino Valdivieso, Arcivescovo di S. Giacomo del Chili.
Giovanni Martino Spalding, Arcivescovo di Baltimora.
Francesco Saverio Apuzzo, Arcivescovo di Sorrento.
Alessandro Franchi, Arcivescovo di Tessalonica.
Pietro Giannelli, Arcivescovo di Sardi.
Enrico Eduardo Manning, Arcivescovo di Westminster.
Vittorio Augusto Dechamps, Arcivescovo di Malines.
Corrado Martin, Vescovo di Paterbona.
Pietro Geremia Celesia, Vescovo di Patti.

If my readers will only glance over the names, they will admit that I was justified in believing this to be a strong, real, and quite businesslike commission. Cullen, Spalding, and Manning were not lay figures. The twelve cardinals were all well-known names; and



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composed?' The Germans certainly had a grievance, for they were almost entirely shut out of those Commissions, and any proposal they had to make would have to be sifted and well handled by old and inveterate antagonists. The 'two Commissions' were, first, the Pope's own Commission above quoted, and already in existence at the opening of the Council; and secondly, the Committee elected, at least in form, by the Council itself, and charged with a special class of subjects. The double obstruction was in the programme, and was certainly formidable.

How was it that a time came when my attention was no longer drawn to the proceedings of so august a body, occupying, as it did, the very entrance of the Council, supplying food for its energies, prescribing its sphere of action, and overruling its work? How was it that I had nothing to report?

Archbishop Manning was one of the members, and the sole representative of England. Surely his 'Pastoral Letter to the Clergy on the Vatican Council, and its Definitions,' would throw some light on the question. In vain have I searched through this multifarious effusion, in which the four elective special Committees are distinctly mentioned, without finding a word about the Commission which has led me this dance.

A second search through Quirinus, if it does not quite satisfy my curiosity, rewards my perseverance. Here I read: 'On Sunday, January 23, the Commission named by the Pope, for examining motions proposed, held its first sitting under the presidency of Cardinal Patrizi, and not of the Pope himself, as was thought, seven weeks after the Council met, and when a number

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the transmission of notice
speeches or motions. This
performed, the Pope's Com
walks across the stage. W
it ever met again; whethe
members, and still hopes
know not

vaguely to the idea of a Council; and to transmit to after time the impression that great pains had been taken, and the best men in Rome's service employed to nurse and educate the Council, and save it from wasting its strength on unprofitable matters.

At all events, I humbly suggest that I stand excused for my seeming default. I went to Rome to report news—events, incidents, hopes fulfilled, fears realised, triumphs, and failures. But these twelve cardinals, as many patriarchs and archbishops, besides a pair of bishops pure and simple, no sooner saw one another, and the heap of work to be done with some show of co-operation, than they dissolved at once into their individualities, sorted the papers before them, and walked home, never, as a committee, to meet again. Had they met again, somebody must have heard of it.

I have looked through Pomponio Leto to see whether he can help me, and can only find one passage with a possible bearing on the subject. He says (January, chap. ii., sect. 4):—'As the Pope at the beginning had named the first Commission [*quære* Commissions] to prepare his propositions, so now the Council chose an equal number to undertake the amendments. Not five, but four only were named, corresponding to the classification at the beginning of this chapter; indeed, only three were chosen at first; that on Eastern affairs remaining suspended, till finally nominated in the Congregation of January 19.' The first words of this passage can only refer to the preparatory Commission, and the whole passage leaves the Commission for Examining and Revising Motions out of the question.

It is stated above, on the authority of Quirinus, that

On February 22, as will h
the Pope issued a revised C
this he states that he had co
sidents and his Special Co
approval, he had ruled that an
on the matter before the Cou
position to the Secretary to
spective Committee, which, th
sident, would introduce it t
What then remained for the
sion?

If I, or my readers, felt any
mysterious Commission, there
within hail to whom I might a
I any doubt that he would giv
answer. But it appears to m
the Pontifical Secret so far a
giving any definite and circu
remarkable subsidence. I sh
ing to force him to the admis
some default or mishap in the

END OF THE FI



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